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LETTERS

FROM THE

HON. HORACE WALPOLE,

TO THE

REV. WILLIAM COLE,

AND OTHERS;

97122

FROM THE YEAR 1745, TO THE YEAR 1782.

NOW

FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR RODWELL AND MARTIN, BOND STREET,

AND

HENRY COLBURN, CONDUIT STREET.

1818.

The acknowledged excellence of the letters of Horace Walpole, will, it is believed, make this volume acceptable. It contains the greater part, if not the whole, of his correspondence with the Rev. Wm. Cole, during a period of twenty years; all now first published, by permission, from the originals in the British Museum. Mr. Cole was a distinguished antiquary, better known by the assistance he gave to others, than by publications of his own. He was vicar of Burnham, in the county of Bucks, and died Dec. 16th, 1782, in his sixty-eighth year, within six weeks of the date of the last letter in this collection. It may here, also, be observed, that some few unpublished letters, addressed to dr. Birch and others, having been likewise preserved in the British Museum, have been added to this volume.

London, Dec. 1818.

LETTERS

FROM

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE,

TO THE

REV. MR. COLE, AND OTHERS.

TO THE REV. MR. BIRCH.

LETTER I.

SIR, Woolterton, 15th [Aug.] 1745.

WHEN I was lately in town I was favoured with your's of the 21st past, but my stay there was so short, and my hurry so great, that I had not time to see you as I intended: as I am persuaded that nobody is more capable than yourself, in all respects, to set his late majesty's reign in a true light, I am sure there is nobody to whom I would more readily give my assistance, as far as I am able; but, as I have never wrote any thing in a historical way, have now and then suggested hints to others as they were writing, and never published but two pamphlets—one was to justify the taking and keeping in our pay the 12,000 Hessians, of which I have forgot the title, and have it not in the country; the other was published about two years since, entitled "The Interest of Great Britain steadily Pursued," in answer to the pamphlets about the Hanover forces, I can't tell in what manner, nor on what heads to answer your desire, which is conceived in such general terms: if you could point out some stated times, and some particular facts, and I had before me a sketch of your narration, I perhaps might be able to suggest or explain some things

that are come but imperfectly to your knowledge, and some anecdotes might occur to my memory relating to domestic and foreign affairs, that are curious, and were never yet made public, and perhaps not proper to be published yet, particularly with regard to the alteration of the ministry in 1717, by the removal of my relation, and the measures that were pursued in consequence of that alteration; but in order to do this, or any thing else for your service, requires a personal conversation with you, in which I should be ready to let you know what might occur to me.

I am, most truly,

Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant.

LETTER II.

DEAR ETOUGH,[1] Woolterton, Sept. 10, 1755.

I CANNOT forbear any longer to acknowledge the many favors from you lately; your last was the 8th of this month. His majesty's speedy arrival among his British subjects is very desirable and necessary, whatever may be the chief motive for his making haste. As to Spain, I have from the beginning told my friends, when they asked, both in town and country, that I was not at all apprehensive that Spain would join with France against us; for this plain reason, because it could not possibly be the interest of the Spaniards to do it; for should the views of the French take place in making a line of forts from the Missisippi to Canada, and of being masters of the whole of that extent of country, Peru, and Mexico, and

[1] The Rev. Henry Etough of Pembroke-hall, Cambridge. He received his education among the dissenters, and archbishop Secker and Dr. Birch were among his schoolfellows. Through the interest of sir Robert Walpole he was presented to the rectory of Therfield in Hertfordshire, where he died in his 70th year, Aug. 10, 1757.

Florida, would be in more danger from them than the British settlements in America.

Mr. Fowle has made me a visit for a few days, and communicated to me your two pieces relating to my brother and lord Bolingbroke, and I think you do great justice to them both in their very different and opposite characters; but you will give me leave to add, with respect to lord Orford, there are several mistakes and misinformations, of which I am persuaded I could convince you, by conversation, but my observations are not proper for a letter. Of this more fully when I see you, but when that will be I can't yet tell.

I am ever most affectionately your's, &c.

TO THE REV. DR. BIRCH.

LETTER III.

SIR, Arlington-street, 4th May, 1758.

I THOUGHT myself very unlucky in being abroad when you was so good as to call here t'other day. I not only lost the pleasure of your company, but the opportunity of obtaining from you (what however I will not despair of) any remarks you may have made on the many errors which I fear you found in my book. The hurry in which it was written, my natural carelessness and insufficiency, must have produced many faults and mistakes. As the curiosity of the world, raised I believe only by the smallness of the number printed, makes it necessary for me to provide another edition, I should be much obliged to whoever would be enough my friend to point out my wrong judgments and inaccuracies,—I know nobody, sir, more capable of both offices than yourself, and yet I have no pretensions to ask so great a favour, unless your own zeal for the cause

of literature should prompt you to undertake a little of this task. I shall be always ready to correct my faults, never to defend them.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient servant.

TO THE REV. DR. BIRCH.

LETTER IV.

SIR, Arlington-street, July 8th, 1758.

As you have been so good as to favour me with your assistance, I flatter myself you will excuse my begging it once more. I am told that you mentioned to Dr. Jortin, a lord Mountjoy, who lived in the reign of Henry VIII. as an author. Will you be so good as to tell me any thing you know of him, and what he wrote? I shall entreat the favour of this notice as soon as possibly you can, because my book is printing off, and I am afraid of being past the place where he must come in. I am just going out of town, but a line put into the post any night before nine o'clock will find me next morning at Strawberry-hill.

I am, sir,

Your obliged humble servant.

TO THE REV. DR. BIRCH.

LETTER V.

DEAR SIR, Tuesday, Feb. 7th.

THE little leisure I have to-day will, I trust, excuse my saying very few words in answer to your obliging letter, of which no part touches me more

than what concerns your health, which, however, I rejoice to hear is re-establishing itself.

I am sorry I did not save your trouble of catalogueing Ames's heads, by telling you that another person has actually done it, and designs to publish a new edition ranged in a different method. I don't know the gentleman's name, but he is a friend of sir Wm. Musgrave, from whom I had this information some months ago.

You will oblige me much by the sight of the volume you mention. Don't mind the epigrams you transcribed on my father. I have been inured to abuse on him from my birth. It is not a quarter of an hour ago, since cutting the leaves of a new dab, called "Anecdotes of Polite Literature," I found myself abused for having defended my father. I don't know the author, and suppose I never shall, for I find Glover's Leonidas is one of the things he admires, and so I leave them to be forgotten together—*Fortunati Ambo!*

I sent your letter to Ducarel, who has promised me those poems—I accepted the promise to get rid of him t'other day, when he would have talked me to death.

Adieu, dear sir,

Your's very sincerely.

LETTER VI.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, May 20th, 1762.

You have sent me the most kind and obliging letter in the world, and I cannot sufficiently thank you for it; but I shall be very glad to have an opportunity of acknowledging it in person, by accepting the agreeable

visit you are so good as to offer me, and for which I have long been impatient. I should name the earliest day possible; but, besides having some visits to make, I think it will be more pleasant to you a few weeks hence (I mean any time in July), when the works, with which I am finishing my house, will be more advanced, and the noisy part, as laying floors, and fixing wainscots, at an end, and which now make me in a deplorable litter. As you give me leave, I will send you notice.

I am glad my books amused you;[1] yet you, who are so much deeper an antiquarian, must have found more faults and omissions, I fear, than your politeness suffers you to reprehend; yet you will, I trust, be a little more severe. We both labour, I will not say for the public (for the public troubles its head very little about our labours), but for the few of posterity that shall be curious; and therefore, for their sake, you must assist me in making my works as complete as possible. This sounds ungrateful, after all the trouble you have given yourself; but I say it to prove my gratitude, and to shew you how fond I am of being corrected.

For the faults of impression, they were owing to the knavery of a printer, who, when I had corrected the sheets, amused me with revised proofs, and never printed off the whole number, and then ran away. This accounts, too, for the difference of the ink in various sheets, and for some other blemishes; tho' there are still enough of my own, which I must not charge on others.

Ubaldini's book I have not, and shall be pleased to see it; but I cannot think of robbing your collection, and am amply obliged by the offer.

The Anecdotes of Horatio Palavicini are extremely entertaining.

In an itinerary of the late Mr. Smart Lethiullier, I met the very tomb of Gainsborough this winter that you mention; and, to be secure, sent to

[1] On Painting.

Lincoln for an exact draught of it. But what vexed me then, and does still, is, that by the defect at the end of the inscription, one cannot be certain whether he lived in CCC, or CCCC, as another C might have been there. Have you any corroborating circumstance, sir, to affix his existence to 1300 more than to 1400? Besides, I don't know any proof of his having been architect of the church: his epitaph only calls him *Cœmentarius*, which, I suppose, means *Mason*.

I have observed, since my book was published, what you mention of the tapestry in Laud's trial: yet as the Journals were my authority, and certainly cannot be mistaken, I have concluded, that Hollar engraved his print after the Restoration. Mr. Wight, clerk of the House of Lords, says, that Oliver placed them in the House of Commons. I don't know on what grounds he says so.

I am, sir, with great gratitude,

Your most obliged humble servant.

LETTER VII.

SIR, Strawberry-hill, July 29th, 1762.

I FEAR you will have thought me neglectful of the visit you was so good as to offer me for a day or two at this place: the truth is, I have been in Somersetshire on a visit, which was protracted much longer than I intended. I am now returned, and shall be glad to see you as soon as you please, Sunday or Monday next, if you like either, or any other day you will name. I cannot defer the pleasure of seeing you any longer, though to my mortification you will find Strawberry-hill with it's worst

looks—not a blade of grass! My workmen too have disappointed me; they have been in the association for forcing their masters to raise their wages, and but two are yet returned—so you must excuse litter and shavings.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant.

LETTER VIII.

SIR, Strawberry-hill, Aug. 5, 1762.

As I had been dilatory in accepting your kind offer of coming hither, I proposed it as soon as I returned. As we are so burnt, and as my workmen have disappointed me, I am not quite sorry that I had not the pleasure of seeing you this week. Next week I am obliged to be in town on business. If you please, therefore, we will postpone our meeting till the first of September; by which time, I flatter myself we shall be *green*, and I shall be able to shew you my additional apartment to more advantage. Unless you forbid me, I will expect you, sir, the very beginning of next month. In the mean time, I will only thank you for the obliging and curious notes you have sent me, which will make a great figure in my second edition.

I am, sir,

Your much obliged humble servant.

LETTER IX.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 30th, 1762.

It gives me great satisfaction, that Strawberry-hill pleased you enough to make it a second visit. I could name the time instantly, but you threaten me with coming so loaded with presents, that it will look mercenary, not friendly, to accept your visit. If your chaise is empty, to be sure I shall rejoice to hear it at my gate about the 22d of this next month: if it is crammed, though I have built a convent, I have not so much of the monk in me as not to blush—nor can content myself with praying to our lady of Strawberries to reward you.

I am greatly obliged to you for the accounts from Gothurst. What treasures there are still in private seats, if one knew where to hunt them! The emblematic picture of Lady Digby is like that at Windsor, and the fine small one at Mr. Skinner's. I should be curious to see the portrait of Sir Kenelm's father; was not he the remarkable Everard Digby? How singular too is the picture of young Joseph and madam Potiphar! *His Majora*—one has heard of Joseph's, that did not find the lady's purse any hindrance to Majora.

You are exceedingly obliging in offering to make an index to my prints, sir; but that would be a sad way of entertaining you. I am antiquary and virtuoso enough myself not to dislike such employment, but could never think it charming enough to trouble any body else with it. Whenever you do me the favour of coming hither, you will find yourself entirely at liberty to choose your own amusements—if you choose a bad one, and in truth there is not very good, you must blame yourself, while you know I hope that it would be my wish that you did not repent your favours to,

Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant.

LETTER X.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, Nov. 13, 1762.

You will easily guess that my delay in answering your obliging letter was solely owing to my not knowing whither to direct to you. I waited till I thought you may be returned home. I thank you for all the trouble you have given and do give yourself for me; it is vastly more than I deserve.

Duke Richard's portrait I willingly wave, at least for the present, till one can find out who he is. I have more curiosity about the figures of Henry the 7th at Christ's College: I shall be glad sometime or other to visit them, to see how far either of them agree with his portrait in my picture of his marriage. St. Ethelreda was mighty welcome.

We have had variety of weather since I saw you, but I fear none of the patterns made your journey more agreeable.

I am, sir,

Your much obliged humble servant.

LETTER XI.

DEAR SIR, Arlington-street, Dec. 23d, 1762.

You are always abundantly kind to me, and pass my power of thanking you. You do nothing but give yourself trouble and me presents. My cousin Calthorp is a great rarity, and I think I ought, therefore, to

return him to you, but that would not be treating him like a relation, or you like a friend. My ancestor's epitaph, too, was very agreeable to me.

I have not been at Strawberry-hill these three weeks. My maid is ill there, and I have not been well myself with the same flying gout in my stomach and breast, of which you heard me complain a little in the summer. I am much persuaded to go to a warmer climate, which often disperses these unsettled complaints. I do not care for it, nor can determine till I see I grow worse: if I do go, I hope it will not be for long; and you shall certainly hear again before I set out.

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER XII.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, May 16th, 1763.

I PROMISED you should hear from me if I did not go abroad, and I flatter myself that you will not be sorry to know that I am much better in health than I was at the beginning of the winter. My journey is quite laid aside, at least for this year; though as lord Hertford goes ambassador to Paris, I propose to make him a visit there next spring.

As I shall be a good deal here this summer, I hope you did not take a surfeit of Strawberry-hill, but will bestow a visit on it while its beauty lasts: the gallery advances fast now, and I think in a few weeks will make a figure worth your looking at.

I am, dear sir,

Your obedient humble servant.

LETTER XIII.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, July 1, 1763.

As you have given me leave, I propose to pass a day with you on my way to Mr. Montagu's. If you have no engagement, I will be with you on the 16th of this month; and, if it is not inconvenient, and you will tell me truly whether it is or not, I shall bring my friend Mr. Chute with me, who is destined to the same place. I will beg you, too, to let me know how far it is to Blecheley, and what road I must take: that is, how far from London, or how far from Twickenham, and the road from each, as I am uncertain yet from which I shall set out. If any part of this proposal does not suit you, I trust you will own it, and I will take some other opportunity of calling on you, being most truly,

Dear sir,

Your much obliged and obedient servant.

LETTER XIV.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, July 12, 1763.

Upon consulting maps and roads and the knowing, I find it will be my best way to call on Mr. Montagu first, before I come to you, or I must go the same road twice. This will make it a few days later than I intended, before I wait on you, and will leave you time to complete your hay-harvest, as I gladly embrace your offer of bearing me company on the tour I meditate to Burleigh, Drayton, Peterborough, Ely, and twenty other places, of all which you shall take as much or as little as you please.

It will, I think, be Wednesday or Thursday se'nnight before I wait on you, that is, the 20th or 21st, and I fear I shall come alone; for Mr. Chute is confined with the gout: but you shall hear again before I set out. Remember I am to see Sir Kenelm Digby's.

I thank you much for your informations. The countess of Cumberland is an acquisition, and quite new to me. With the countess of Kent I am acquainted since my last edition.

Addison certainly changed *scies* in the epitaph to *indicabit* to avoid the jingle with *dies*: though it is possible that the thought may have been borrowed elsewhere.

Adieu, sir,

Your's ever.

LETTER XV.

DEAR SIR,

WEDNESDAY is the day I propose waiting on you; what time of it the Lord and the roads know; so don't wait for me any part of it. If I should be violently pressed to stay a day longer at Mr. Montagu's, I hope it will be no disappointment to you: but I love to be uncertain, rather than make myself expected and fail.

Your's ever.

LETTER XVI.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, Aug. 8th, 1763.

You judge rightly; I am very indifferent about Dr. Shorton, since he is not Dr. Shorter.

It has done nothing but rain since my return; whoever wants hay, must fish for it; it is all drowned, or swimming about the country. I am glad our tour gave you so much pleasure; you was so very obliging, as you have always been to me, that I should have been grieved not to have had it give you satisfaction. I hope your servant is quite recovered.

The painters and gilders quit my gallery this week, but I have not got a chair or a table for it yet; however, I hope it will have all its clothes on by the time you have promised me a visit.

I am, dear sir,

Your much obliged humble servant.

LETTER XVII.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, Oct. 8th, 1763.

You are always obliging to me, and always thinking of me kindly; yet for once you have forgotten the way of obliging me most. You do not mention any thought of coming hither, which you had given me cause to hope would be about this time. I flatter myself nothing has intervened to deprive me of that visit. Lord Hertford goes to France the end of next week; I shall be in town to take leave of him; but, after the

15th, that is, this day se'nnight, I shall be quite unengaged, and the sooner I see you after the 15th the better; for I should be sorry to drag you across the country in the badness of November roads.

I shall treasure up your notices against my second edition; for the volume of engravers is printed off, and has been some time: I only wait for some of the plates. The book you mention I have not seen, nor do you encourage me to buy it. Sometime or other, however, I will get you to let me turn it over.

As I will trust that you will let me know soon, when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you here, I will make this a very short letter indeed. I know nothing new or old worth telling you.

Your obedient and obliged humble servant.

LETTER XVIII.

DEAR SIR, Arlington-street, Dec. 6th, 1763.

ACCORDING to custom I am excessively obliged to you: you are continually giving me proofs of your kindness. I have now three packets to thank you for, full of information, and have only to lament the trouble you have given yourself.

I am glad for the tomb's sake and my own that Sir Giles Allington's monument is restored. The draught you have sent is very perfect. The account of your ancestor Tuer shall not be forgotten in my next edition. The pedigree of Allington I had from Collins before his death, but I

think not so perfect as your's. You have made one little slip in it: my mother was grand-daughter, not daughter of sir John Shorter, and was not an heiress, having three brothers, who all died after her, and we only quarter the arms of Shorter, which I fancy occasioned the mistake, by their leaving no children. The verses by Sir Edward Walpole and the translation by Bland are published in my description of Houghton.

I am come late from the House of Lords, and am just going to the opera, so you will excuse me saying more, than that I have a print of archbishop Hutton for you (it is Dr. Ducarel's), and a little plate of Strawberry; but I do not send them by the post, as it would crease them: if you will tell me how to convey them otherwise, I will. I repeat many thanks to you.

I am, dear sir,

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER XIX.

DEAR SIR, Arlington-street, Jan. 31st, 1764.

SEVERAL weeks ago I begged you to tell me, how to convey to you a print of Strawberry-hill, and another of archbishop Hutton. I must now repeat the same request for two more volumes of my Anecdotes of Painting, which are on the point of being published. I hope no illness prevented my hearing from you.

Your's ever.

LETTER XX.

DEAR SIR,

I AM impatient for your manuscript, but have not yet received it. You may depend on my keeping it to myself, and returning it safely.

I do not know that history of my father, which you mention, by the name of Musgrave. If it is the critical history of his administration, I have it; if not, I shall be obliged to you for it.

Your kindness to your tenants is like yourself, and most humane. I am glad your prize rewards you, and wish your fortune had been as good as mine, who with a single ticket in this last lottery got five hundred pounds.

I have nothing new, that is, nothing old to tell you. You care not about the present world, and are the only real philosopher I know.

I this winter met with a very large lot of English heads, chiefly of the reign of James 1st, which very nearly perfects my collection. There were several which I had in vain hunted for these ten years. I have bought two, some very scarce, but more modern ones out of sir Charles Cottrel's collection. Except a few of Faithorne's, there are scarce any now that I much wish for.

With my Anecdotes I packed up for you the head of archbishop Hutton, and a new little print of Strawberry. If the volumes, as I understand by your letter, stay in town to be bound, I hope your bookseller will take care not to lose those trifles.

I am, dear sir,

Your ever obliged humble servant.

LETTER XXI.

DEAR SIR, Arlington-street, March 3d, 1764.

JUST as I was going to the opera, I received your MS. I would not defer telling you so, that you may know it is safe. But I have additional reason to write to you immediately; for, on opening the book, the first thing I saw was a new obligation to you, the charming Faithorne of sir Orlando Bridgman, which according to your constantly obliging manner you have sent me, and I almost fear you think I begged it; but I can disculpate myself, for I had discovered that it belongs to Dugdale's Origines Judiciales, and had ordered my bookseller to try to get me that book, which, when I accomplish, you shall command your own print again; for it is too fine an impression to rob you of.

I have been so entertained with your book, that I have staid at home on purpose, and gone through three parts of it. It makes me wish earnestly some time or other to go through all your collections, for I have already found twenty things of great moment to me. One is particularly satisfactory to me; it is in Mr. Baker's MSS. at Cambridge; the title of Eglesham's book against the duke of Bucks, mentioned by me in the account of Gerbier, from Vertue, who fished out every thing, and always proves in the right. This piece I must get transcribed by Mr. Gray's assistance. I fear I shall detain your MS. prisoner a little, for the notices I have found, but I will take infinite care of it, as it deserves.

I have got among my *new* old prints a most curious one of one Toole. It seems to be a burlesque. He lived in *temp.* Jac. 1. and appears to have been an adventurer like sir Ant Shirley: can you tell me any thing of him?

I must repeat how infinitely I think myself obliged to you both for the print and the use of your MS. which is of the greatest use and entertain-

ment to me—but you frighten me about Mr. Baker's MSS. from the neglect of them. I should lose all patience if your's were to be treated so. Bind them in iron, and leave them in a chest of cedar. They are I am sure most valuable, from what I have found already.

Adieu, dear sir,

Your very much obliged humble servant.

LETTER XXII.

DEAR SIR, Arlington-street, April 12th, 1764.

I SHALL send your MS. volume this week to Mr. Cartwright, and with a thousand thanks. I ought to beg your pardon for having detained it so long. The truth is, I had not time till last week to copy two or three little things at most. Do not let this delay discourage you from lending me more. If I have them in summer, I shall keep them much less time than in winter. I do not send my print with it as you ordered me, because I find it is too large to lie within the volume; and doubling a mezzotinto, you know, spoils it. You shall have one or more, if you please, whenever I see you.

I have lately made a few curious additions to my collections of various sorts, and shall hope to shew them to you at Strawberry-hill. Adieu.

Dear sir,

Your much obliged.

LETTER XXIII.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, July 16th, 1764.

You must think me a brute to have been so long without taking any notice of your obliging offer of coming hither. The truth is, I have not been at all settled here for three days together: nay, nor do I know when I shall be. I go to-morrow into Sussex, in August into Yorkshire, and in September into France. If, in any interval of these jaunts, I can be sure of remaining here a week, which I literally have not been this whole summer, I will certainly let you know, and will claim your promise.

Another reason for my writing now, is, I want to know how I may send you Lord Herbert's Life, which I have just printed. Did I remember the favour you did me of asking for my own print? if I did not, it shall accompany this book. Adieu.

Dear sir,

Your's most faithfully.

LETTER XXIV.

DEAR SIR, Arlington-street, July 21st, 1764.

I must never send you trifles; for you always make me real presents in return. The beauty of the coin surprises me. Mr. White must be rich, when such are his duplicates. I am acquainted with him, and have often intended to visit his collection: but it is one of those things one

never does, because one always may. I give you a thousand thanks in return, and, what are not worth more, my own print, Lord Herbert's Life, (this is curious, though it cost me little) and some orange flowers. I wish you had mentioned the latter sooner: I have had an amazing profusion this year, and given them away to the right and left by handfulls. These are all I could collect to-day, as I was coming to town; but you shall have more, if you want them.

I consign these things as you ordered; I wish the print may arrive without being rumpled: it is difficult to convey mezzotintoes, but if this is spoiled you shall have another.

If I make any stay in France, which I do not think I shall above six weeks at most, you shall certainly hear from me; but I am a bad commissioner for searching you out a hermitage. It is too much against my interest, and I had much rather find you one in the neighbourhood of Strawberry. Adieu.

Dear sir,

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER XXV.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, Aug. 29th, 1764.

Among the multitude of my papers I have mislaid, though not lost, the account you was so good as to give me of your ancestor Tuer, as a painter. I have been hunting for it, to insert it in the new edition of my Anecdotes. It is not very reasonable to save myself trouble at the ex-

pense of your's; but perhaps you can much sooner turn to your notes, than I find your letter. Will you be so good as to send me soon all the particulars you recollect of him. I have a print of sir Lionel Jenkins from his painting.

I did not send you any more orange flowers, as you desired; for the continued rains rotted all the latter blow: but I had made a vast *pot-pourri*, from whence you shall have as much as you please, when I have the pleasure of seeing you here, which I should be glad might be in the beginning of October, if it suits your convenience. At the same time you shall have a print of lord Herbert, which I think I did not send you.

I am most truly your's.

P. S. I trust you will bring me a volume or two of your MSS. of which I am most thirsty.

TO THE REV. DR. BIRCH.

LETTER XXVI.

SIR, Sept. 3d, 1764.

I AM extremely obliged to you for the favour of your letter, and the inclosed curious one of sir William Herbert. It would have made a very valuable addition to Lord Herbert's Life, which is now too late, as I have no hope that lord Powis will permit any more to be printed. There were indeed so very few, and but half of those for my share, that I have not it in my power to offer you a copy, having disposed of my part. It is really a pity that so singular a curiosity should not be public—but I must not complain, as lord Powis has been so good as to indulge my request thus far.

I am, sir;

Your much obliged humble servant.

LETTER XXVII.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, Sept. 25th, 1764.

THE third week in October will be just as convenient to me as any other time, and as you chuse it, more agreeable; because, when you are so obliging to take the trouble of coming so far, I should not be easy, if it laid you under any difficulty. Shall we therefore settle it for the twenty-second or twenty-third of October?

Your ever obliged humble servant.

LETTER XXVIII.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, Oct. 27th, 1764.

THOUGH I am much concerned at not seeing you, I am more so at not hearing from you, as I fear your sore throat has proved more troublesome than you apprehended. Pray write me one line to tell me how you are.

I will not trouble you with more now, but to inclose a sheet, by which I hope you will approve the manner in which I have obeyed you.

Your's most faithfully.

LETTER XXIX.

DEAR SIR,

I AM heartily concerned for my disappointment, and more for the cause of it. Take care of yourself, and by no means venture catching cold. I shall be equally glad to see you on Tuesday; but I beg you not to come even then, if your throat is not perfectly cured.

Your's most sincerely

LETTER XXX.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, Oct. 30, 1764.

I AM rejoiced to hear you are well, but horridly vexed at my own negligence and oversight. Assure yourself I never wrote *procurer*, but *procureur*, leaving the original term, as I think one seldom gives a just idea by translating titles. If I *castrate* the whole half sheet, I will not leave it *procurer*.

I am obliged to go to London on Saturday for two or three days, but have no doubt of being back here before Thursday, 8th, and if I am, hope to see you for longer than a dinner. Thank you for your notices; I am sure, say what you will, I am still in your debt for a thousand obliging instances of friendship; and in truth, am willing to be more so, for the communication of your MSS.

Your's most sincerely,

P. S. The inclosed trifle is only to fill up the packet.

LETTER XXXI.

Strawberry-hill, Nov. 8, 1764.

I AM much disappointed, I own, dear sir, at not seeing you: more so, as I fear it will be long before I shall, for I think of going to Paris early in February. I ought indeed to go directly, as the winter does not agree with me here. Without being positively ill, I am positively not well: about this time of year, I have little fevers every night and pains in my breast and stomach, which bid me repair to a more flannel climate. These little complaints are already begun, and as soon as affairs will permit me, I mean to transport them southward.

I am sorry it is out of my power to make the addition you wish to Mr. Tuer's article: many of the following sheets are printed off, and there is no inserting any thing now, without shoving the whole text forward, which you see is impossible. You promised to bring me a portrait of him: as I shall have four or five new plates, I can get his head into one of them: will you send it as soon as you can possibly to my house in Arlington-street; I will take great care of it, and return it to you safe.

I thank you much for your corrections, though they are too late for my next edition; it is printed to past the middle of the third volume.

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER XXXII.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, Feb. 28, 1765.

As you do not deal with newspapers, nor trouble yourself with occurrences of modern times, you may, perhaps, conclude from what I have told you, and from my silence, that I am in France. This will tell you, that I am not; tho' I have been long thinking of it, and still intend it, tho' not exactly yet. My silence I must lay on this uncertainty, and from having been much out of order above a month, with a very bad cold and cough, for which I am come hither to try change of air. Your brother Apthorpe, who was so good as to call upon me about a fortnight ago in town, found me too hoarse to speak to him. We both asked one another the same question—news of you?

You have, I hope, got rid of all trouble from your impertinent neighbour, and reverted to the tranquillity you love.

I have for some time had the pictures from Dr. Cock, and shall have the one engraved that I conclude your ancestor: though there seems no very accurate marks to specify it.

I have lately had an accession to my territory here, by the death of good old Franklin, to whom I had given for his life the lease of the cottage and garden cross the road. Besides a little pleasure in planting and in crouding it with flowers, I intend to make, what I am sure you are antiquarian enough to approve, a bower, tho' your friends, the Abbots, did not indulge in such retreats, at least not under that appellation: but tho' we love the same ages, you must excuse worldly me for preferring the romantic scenes of antiquity. If you will tell me how to send it, and are partial enough to me to read a profane work in the style of former centuries, I shall convey to you a little story-book, which I published some time ago, tho' not boldly with my own name; but it has suc-

ceeded so well, that I do not any longer *entirely* keep the secret. Does the title, the Castle of Otranto, tempt you!

I shall be glad to hear you are well and happy, and am

Ever your's.

Pray direct your answer to Arlington-street.

LETTER XXXIII.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, March 9, 1765.

I HAD time to write but a short note with the Castle of Otranto, as your messenger called on me at four o'clock, as I was going to dine abroad. Your partiality to me and Strawberry have, I hope, inclined you to excuse the wildness of the story. You will even have found some traits to put you in mind of this place. When you read of the picture quitting its pannel, did not you recollect the portrait of lord Falkland, all in white, in my gallery? Shall I even confess to you, what was the origin of this romance? I waked one morning, in the beginning of last June from a dream, of which, all I could recover was, that I had thought myself in an ancient castle, (a very natural dream for a head filled like mine with gothic story,) and that on the uppermost bannister of a great staircase I saw a gigantic hand in armour. In the evening I sat down, and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands, and I grew fond of it—add, that I was very glad to think of any thing, rather than politics. In short, I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two

months, that one evening, I wrote from the time I had drunk my tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hand and fingers were so weary, that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking, in the middle of a paragraph. You will laugh at my earnestness; but if I have amused you, by retracing with any fidelity the manners of ancient days, I am content, and give you leave to think me as idle as you please.

'You are, as you have long been to me, exceedingly kind, and I should, with great satisfaction, embrace your offer of visiting the solitude of Blechely, 'tho my cold is in a manner gone, and my cough quite, if I was at liberty: but as I am preparing for my fresh journey, and have forty businesses upon my hands, and can only now and then purloin a day, or half a day, to come hither. You know I am not cordially disposed to *your* French journey, which is much more serious, as it is to be much more lasting. However, though I may suffer by your absence, I would not dissuade what may suit your inclination and circumstances. One thing, however, has struck me, which I must mention, though it would depend on a circumstance that would give me the most real concern. It was suggested to me by that real fondness I have for your MSS. for your kindness about which I feel the utmost gratitude. You would not, I think, leave them behind you: and are you aware of the danger you would run, if you settled entirely in France? Do you know that the king of France is heir to all strangers who die in his dominions, by what they call the *Droit d'Aubaine?* Sometimes by great interest and favour, persons have obtained a remission of this right in their lifetime: and yet that, even that, has not secured their effects from being embezzled. Old lady Sandwich had obtained this remission, and yet, tho' she left every thing to the present lord, her grandson, a man for whose rank one should have thought they would have had regard, the king's officers forced themselves into her house, after her death, and plundered. You see, if you go, I shall expect to have your MSS. deposited with me —seriously, you must leave them in safe custody behind you.

Lord Essex's trial is printed with the state trials. In return for your obliging offer, I can acquaint you with a delightful publication of this winter, A Collection of Old Ballads and Poetry, in three volumes, many from Pepys's Collection at Cambridge. There were three such published between thirty and forty years ago, but very carelessly, and wanting many in this set: indeed there were others, of a looser sort, which the present editor, who is a clergyman, thought it decent to omit.

When you go into Cheshire, and upon your ramble, may I trouble you with a commission? but about which you must promise me not to go a step out of your way. Mr. Bateman has got a cloister at Old Windsor, furnished with antient wooden chairs, most of them triangular, but all of various patterns, and carved and turned in the most uncouth and whimsical forms. He picked them up one by one, for two, three, five, or six shillings a piece, from different farm-houses in Herefordshire. I have long envied and coveted them. There may be such in poor cottages, in so neighbouring a county as Cheshire. I should not grudge any expense for purchase or carriage; and should be glad even of a couple such for my cloister here. When you are copying inscriptions in a churchyard in any village, think of me, and step into the first cottage you see —but don't take further trouble than that.

I long to know what your bundle of MSS. from Cheshire contains.

My bower is determined, but not at all what it is to be. Tho' I write romances, I cannot tell how to build all that belongs to them. Madame Danois, in the Fairy Tales, used to *tapestry* them with *jonquils;* but as that furniture will not last above a fortnight in the year, I shall prefer something more huckaback. I have decided that the outside shall be of *treillage*, which, however, I shall not commence, till I have again seen some of old Louis's old fashioned *Galanteries*, at Versailles. Rosamond's bower, you, and I, and Tom Hearne know, was a labyrinth: but as my territory will admit of a very short clue, I lay aside all thoughts of a mazy habitation: tho' a bower is very different from an arbour, and must

have more chambers than one. In short, I both know, and don't know, what it should be. I am almost afraid I must go and read Spenser, and wade thro' his allegories, and drawling stanzas, to get at a picture. But, good night! you see how one gossips, when one is alone, and at quiet on one's own dunghill!—Well! it may be trifling; yet it is such trifling as ambition never is happy enough to know! ambition orders palaces, but it is content that chats for a page or two over a bower.

Your's ever.

LETTER XXXIV.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, Sept. 5, 1765.

You cannot think how agreeable your letter was to me, and how luckily it was timed. I thought you in Cheshire, and did not know how to direct: I now sit down to answer it instantly.

I have been extremely ill indeed, with the gout all over; in head, stomach, both feet, both wrists, and both shoulders. I kept my bed a fortnight in the most sultry part of this summer, and for nine weeks could not say I was recovered. Tho' I am still weak, and very soon tired with the least walk, I am in other respects quite well. However, to promote my entire re-establishment, I shall set out for Paris next Monday. Thus your letter came luckily. To hear you talk of going thither too, made it most agreeable. Why should you not advance your journey? Why defer it till the winter is coming on? It would make me quite happy to visit churches and convents with you: but they are not comfortable in cold weather. Do, I beseech you, follow me as soon as possible. The thought of your being there, at the same time, makes me much more pleased with my journey; you will not, I hope, like it the less; and if

our meeting there should tempt you to stay longer, it will make me still more happy.

If, in the mean time, I can be of any use to you, I shall be glad; either in taking a lodging for you, or any thing else. Let me know, and direct to me in Arlington-street, whence my servant will convey it to me. Tell me, above all things, that you will set out sooner.

If I have any money left when I return, and can find a place for it, I shall be very glad to purchase the ebony cabinet you mention, and will make it a visit with you next summer if you please—but first let us go to Paris. I don't give up my passion for ebony: but since the destruction of the Jesuits, I hear one can pick up so many of their spoils, that I am impatient for the opportunity.

I must finish, as I have so much business before I set out: but I must repeat, how lucky the arrival of your letter was, how glad I was to hear of your intended journey, and how much I wish it may take place directly. I will only add, that the court goes to Fontainbleau the last week in September, or first in October; and, therefore, it is the season in the world for seeing all Versailles quietly, and at one's ease. Adieu.

Dear sir,

Your's most cordially.

LETTER XXXV.

DEAR SIR, Paris, Wednesday, Sept. 18, 1765.

I HAVE this moment received your letter, and as a courier is just setting out, I had rather take the opportunity of writing to you a short letter, than defer it for a longer.

I had a very good passage, and pleasant journey, and find myself surprisingly recovered for the time. Thank you for the good news you tell me of your coming: it gives me great joy.

To the end of this week I shall be in lord Hertford's house; so have not yet got a lodging: but when I do, you will easily find me. I have no banker, but credit on a merchant who is a private friend of lord Hertford: consequently, I cannot give you credit on him: but you shall have the use of my credit, which will be the same thing; and we can settle our accounts together. I brought about 100*l.* with me, as I would advise you to do. Guineas you may change into Louis's, or French crowns at Calais and Boulogne; and even small bank bills will be taken here. In any shape I will assist you. Be careful on the road. My portmanteau, with part of my linen, was stolen from before my chaise at noon, while I went to see Chantilly. If you stir out of your room, lock the door of it in the inn, or leave your man in it. If you arrive near the time you propose, you will find me here, and I hope much longer.

Your's ever.

LETTER XXXVI.

DEAR SIR, Paris, Jan. 18, 1766.

I HAD extreme satisfaction in receiving your letter, having been in great pain about you, and not knowing where to direct a letter. Favre [1] told me, you had had an accident, did not say what it was, but that you was not come to town.[2] He received all the letters and parcels safe, for which I give you many thanks, and a thousand more for your kindness in thinking of them, when you was suffering so much. It was a dreadful conclusion of your travels; but I trust will leave no consequences behind it. The weather is by no means favourable for a recovery, if it is as severe in England as at Paris. We have had two or three days of fog, rather than thaw; but the frost is set in again as sharp as ever. I persisted in going about to churches and convents, 'till I thought I should have lost my nose and fingers. I have submitted at last to the season, and lie a-bed all the morning; but I hope in February and March to recover the time I have lost. I shall not return to England before the end of March, being determined not to hazard any thing. I continue perfectly well, and few things could tempt me to risk five months more of gout.

I will certainly bring you some pastils, and have them better packed, if it is possible. You know how happy I should be, if you would send me any other commission. As you say nothing of the Eton living, I fear that prospect has failed you; which gives me great regret, as it would give me very sensible pleasure to have you fixed somewhere (and not far from me) to your ease and satisfaction.

[1] A servant of Mr. Walpole's left in London.

[2] In disembarking at Dover, Mr. Cole met with an accident, that had confined him there three weeks to his bed.

I am glad the cathedral of Amiens answered your expectation; so has the Sainte Chapelle mine: you did not tell me what charming enamels I should find in the anti-chapel. I have seen another vast piece, and very fine, of the constable Montmorenci at the marechale duchesse de Luxembourg's.

Rousseau is gone to England with Mr. Hume. You will very probably see a letter to Rousseau, in the name of the king of Prussia, writ to laugh at his affectations. It has made excessive noise here, and I believe quite ruined the author with many of the philosophers. When I tell you I was the author, it is telling you how cheap I hold their anger. If it does not reach you, you shall see it at Strawberry, where I flatter myself I shall see you this summer, and quite well. Adieu.

Dear sir,

Your ever obliged and faithful servant.

LETTER XXXVII.

DEAR SIR, Paris, Feb. 28th, 1766.

As you cannot, I believe, get a copy of the letter to Rousseau, and are impatient for it, I send it you; though the brevity of it will not answer your expectation. It is no answer to any of his works, and is only a laúgh at his affectations. I hear he does not succeed in England, where singularities are no curiosity. Yet he must stay there, or give up all his pretensions. To quit a country where he may live at ease, and unpersecuted, will be owning that tranquillity is not what he seeks. If he again seeks persecution, who will pity him? I should think even bigots would let him alone, out of contempt.

I have executed your commission in a way that I hope will please you. As you tell me you have a blue cup and saucer, and a red one, and would have them completed to six, without being all alike, I have bought one other blue, one other red, and two sprigged, in the same manner, with colours; so you will have just three pair, which seems preferable to six odd ones; and which, indeed, at nineteen livres a-piece, I think I could not have found.

I shall keep pretty near to the time I proposed returning; though I am a little tempted to wait for the appearance of leaves. As I may never come hither again, I am disposed to see a little of their villas and gardens, though it will vex me to lose spring and lilac-tide at Strawberry. The weather has been so bad, and continues so cold, that I have not yet seen all I intend in Paris. To-day I have been to the Plaine de Sablon, by the Bois de Boulogne, to see a horse-race, rid in person by the count Lauragais and lord Forbes. All Paris was in motion by nine o'clock this morning, and the coaches and crouds were innumerable at so novel a sight. 'Wou'd you believe it, that there was an Englishman to whom it was quite as new? That Englishman was I, though I live within two miles of Hounslow; have been fifty times in my life at Newmarket, and have passed through it at the time of the races, I never before saw a complete one. I once went from Cambridge on purpose; saw the beginning, was tired, and went away. If there was to be a review in Lapland, perhaps I might see a review too; which yet I have never seen. Lauragais was distanced at the second circuit. What added to the singularity was, that at the same instant his brother was gone to church to be married. But as Lauragais is at variance with his father and wife, he chose this expedient to shew he was not at the wedding. Adieu,

Dear sir,

Your's ever.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Arlington-street, May 10th, 1766.

At last I am come back, dear sir, and in good health. I have brought you four cups and saucers, one red and white, one blue and white, and two coloured, and a little box of pastils. Tell me whether and how I shall convey them to you; or whether you will, as I hope, come to Strawberry this summer, and fetch them yourself: but if you are in the least hurry, I will send them.

I flatter myself you have quite recovered your accident, and have no remains of lameness. The spring is very wet and cold, but Strawberry alone contains more verdure than all France.

I scrambled very well thro' the Custom-house at Dover, and have got all my china safe from *that* here in town. You will see the fruits when you come to Strawberry-hill. Adieu.

Your's ever.

LETTER XXXIX.

DEAR SIR,

If you wonder you have not received the china and pastils, I must tell you the reason. They were sent for, late in the evening, when I was not at home. The servant desired they might be ready by eight next morning, but did not come for them; but afterwards left word

they were to go by the waggon. I knew that was not safe for the china, and would reduce the pastils to powder, and therefore did not send them. When you send for them, be so good as to let me have a day or two of notice, because I am never at home in an evening, and often out of town.

The cups certainly cost but nine livres a-piece, and nineteen was a mistake.

Your's ever.

LETTER XL.

DEAR SIR, Arlington-street, May 13th, 1766.

I AM forced to do a very awkward thing and send you back one of your letters, and, what is still worse, opened. The case was this:—I received your two at dinner, opened one and laid the other in my lap; but forgetting that I had taken one out of the first, I took up the wrong, and broke it open, without perceiving my mistake, till I saw the words, *Dear Sister*. I give you my honour I read no farther, but had torn it too much to send it away.—Pray excuse me; and another time I beg you will put an envelope, for you write just where the seal comes; and, besides, place the seals so together, that tho' I did not quite open the fourth letter, yet it stuck so to the outer seal, that I could not help tearing it a little.

Your things shall be ready whenever they are called for. Adieu.

Your's ever.

LETTER XLI.

DEAR SIR, Arlington-street, Sept. 18th, 1766.

I AM exceedingly obliged to you for your very friendly letter, and hurt at the absurdity of the newspapers that occasioned the alarm. Sure I am not of consequence enough to be lied about! It is true I am ill, have been extremely so, and have been ill long, but with nothing like paralytic, as they have reported me. It has been this long disorder alone that has prevented my profiting of your company at Strawberry, according to the leave you gave me of asking it. I have lived upon the road between that place and this, never settled there, and uncertain whether I should go to Bath or abroad. Yesterday se'nnight I grew exceedingly ill indeed, with what they say has been the gout in my stomach, bowels, back, and kidneys. The worst seems over, and I have been to take the air today, for the first time, but bore it so ill, that I don't know how soon I shall be able to set out for Bath, whither they want me to go immediately. As that journey makes it very uncertain when I shall be at Strawberry again, and as you must want your cups and pastils, will you tell me if I can convey them to you any way safely?

Excuse my saying more to-day, as I am so faint and weak; but it was impossible not to acknowledge your kindness the first minute I was able. Adieu,

Dear sir,

Your's ever.

LETTER XLII.

DEAR SIR, Arlington-street, Oct. 24th, 1767.

It is an age since we have had any correspondence. My long and dangerous illness last year, with my journey to Bath; my long attendance in parliament all winter, spring, and to the beginning of summer; and my journey to France since, from whence I returned but last week, prevented my asking the pleasure of seeing you at Strawberry-hill.

I wish to hear that you have enjoyed your health, and shall be glad of any news of you. The season is too late, and the parliament too near opening, for me to propose a winter journey to you. If you should happen to think at all of London, I trust you would do me the favour to call on me. In short, this is only a letter of inquiry after you, and to shew you that I am always

Most truly your's.

LETTER XLIII.

Strawberry-hill, Dec. 19th, 1767.

You are now I reckon settled in your new habitation:[1] I would not interrupt you in your journeyings, dear sir, but am not at all pleased that you are seated so little to your mind; and yet I think you will stay there. Cambridge and Ely are neighbourhoods to your taste, and if you do not again shift your quarters, I shall make them and you a visit: Ely

[1] Mr. Cole had lately removed from Blecheley, Bucks, to Waterbeche, near Cambridge.

I have never seen. I could have wished that you had preferred this part of the world; and yet, I trust, I shall see you here oftener than I have done of late. This, to my great satisfaction, is my last session of parliament, to which, and to politics, I shall ever bid adieu!

I did not go to Paris for my health, tho' I found the journey and the sea-sickness, which I had never experienced before, contributed to it greatly. I have not been so well for some years as I am at present, and if I continue to plump up, as I do at present, I do not know but by the time we may meet, whether you may not discover, without a microscope, that I am really fatter. I went to make a visit to my dear old blind woman,[1] and to see some things I could not see in winter.

For the Catholic religion, I think it very consumptive. With a little patience, if Whitfield, Wesley, my lady Huntingdon, and that rogue Madan live, I do not doubt but we shall have something very like it here. And yet I had rather live at the end of a tawdry religion, than at the beginning; which is always more stern and hypocritic.

I shall be very glad to see your laborious work of the maps; you are indefatigable I know: I think mapping would try my patience more than any thing.

My Richard 3d will go to press this week, and you shall have one of the first copies, which I think will be in about a month, if you will tell me how to convey it: direct to Arlington-street. Mr. Gray went to Cambridge yesterday se'nnight: I wait for some papers from him for my purpose.

I grieve for your sufferings by the inundation; but you are not only an hermit, but, what is better, a real philosopher. Let me hear from you soon.

Your's ever.

[1] Madame du Deffand.

LETTER XLIV.

DEAR SIR, Arlington-street, Feb. 1st, 1768.

I HAVE waited for the impression of my Richard, to send you the whole parcel together. This moment I have conveyed to Mr. Cartwright a large bundle for you, containing Richard 3d, the four volumes of the new edition of the Anecdotes, and six prints of your relation Tuer: you will find his head very small; but the original was too inconsiderable to allow it to be larger. I have sent you no Patagonèans, for they are out of print: I have only my own copy, and could not get another. Pray tell me how, or what you heard of it; and tell me sincerely, for I did not know it had made any noise.

I shall be much obliged to you for the extract relating to the Academy, of which a Walpole was president. I doubt if he was of our branch; and rather think he was of the younger and Roman Catholic branch.

Are you reconciled to your new habitation? Don't you find it too damp? and, if you do, don't deceive yourself, and try to surmount it — but remove immediately. Health is the most important of all considerations.

Adieu, dear sir,

Your's ever.

LETTER XLV.

Strawberry-hill, April 16th, 1768.

WELL, dear sir, does your new habitation improve, as the spring advances? There has been dry weather and east wind enough to parch the fens. We find that the severe beginning of this last winter has made terrible havoc among the evergreens, tho' of old standing. Half my cypresses have been bewitched, and turned into brooms; and the laurustinus is every where perished. I am Goth enough to chuse now and then to believe in prognostics; and I hope this destruction imports, that, tho' foreigners should take root here, they cannot last in this climate. I would fain persuade myself, that we are to be our own empire to eternity.

The duke of Manchester has lent me an invaluable curiosity: I mean invaluable to us antiquaries: but perhaps I have already mentioned it to you; I forget whether I have or no. It is the original roll of the earls of Warwick, as long as my gallery, and drawn by John Rous himself. Ay! and what is more, there are portraits of Richard 3d, his queen, and son; the two former corresponding almost exactly with my print; and a panegyric on the virtues of Richard, and a satire, upwards and downwards, on the illegal marriage of Edward 4th and on the extortions of Henry 7th: I have had these, and seven other portraits copied, and shall some time or other give plates of them. But I wait for an excuse; I mean till Mr. Hume shall publish a few remarks he has made on my book: they are very far from substantial; yet still better than any other trash that has been written against it; nothing of which deserves an answer.

I have long had thoughts of drawing up something for London like St. Foix's Rues de Paris, and have made some collections. I wish you would be so good, in the course of your reading, to mark down any passage to that end: as where any great houses of the nobility were

situated; or in what street any memorable event happened. I fear the subject will not furnish much till later times, as our princes kept their courts up and down the country in such a vagrant manner.

I expect Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason to pass the day with me here to-morrow. When I am more settled here, I shall put you in mind of your promise to bestow more than one day on me.

I hope the methodist, your neighbour, does not, like his patriarch Whitfield, encourage the people to forge, murder, &c. in order to have the benefit of being converted at the gallows. That arch-rogue preached lately a funeral sermon on one Gibson, hanged for forgery, and told his audience, that he could assure them Gibson was now in heaven, and that another fellow, executed at the same time, had the happiness of touching Gibson's coat, as he was turned off. As little as you and I agree about an hundred years ago, I don't desire a reign of fanatics. Oxford has begun with these rascals, and I hope Cambridge will wake. I don't mean that I would have them persecuted, which is what they wish; but I would have the clergy fight them, and ridicule them. Adieu.

Dear sir,

Your's ever.

LETTER XLVI.

Strawberry-hill, June 6th, 1768.

You have told me what makes me both sorry and glad![1] Long have I expected the appearance of Ely, and thought it at the eve of coming forth! Now you tell me it is not half written; but then I am rejoiced you are to write it. Pray do; the author is very much in the right to make you author for him. I cannot say you have addressed yourself quite so judiciously as he has. I never heard of cardinal Lewis de Luxembourg in my days, nor have a scrap of the history of Normandy, but Ducarel's tour to the conqueror's kitchen. But the best way will be to come and rummage my library yourself; not to set me to writing the lives of prelates: I shall strip them stark, and you will have them to reconsecrate. Cardinal Morton is at your service: pray say *for* him, and *of* me, what you please. I have very slender opinion of his integrity; but, as I am not spiteful, it would be hard to exact from you a less favourable account of him, than I conclude your piety will bestow on all his predecessors and successors. Seriously, you know how little I take contradiction to heart, and beg you will have no scruples about defending Morton. When I bestow but a momentary smile on the abuse of my answerers, I am not likely to stint a friend in a fair and obliging remark.

The man that you mention, who calls himself *Impartialis*, is, I suppose, some hackney historian, I shall never enquire whom, angry at being censured in the lump, and not named. I foretold he would drop his criticisms before he entered on Perkin Warbeck, which I knew he could not answer: and so it happened. Good night to him!

[1] This is in reply to one of Mr. Cole's letters, wherein he had informed Mr. Walpole, that he had undertaken to write the history of some of the bishops of Ely for the history of Ely Cathedral, and requested some particulars relating to cardinal Lewis de Luxembourg; and to be informed the meaning of the French word, sotalle or sotelle. Mr. Cole also proposed to controvert an opinion of Mr. Walpole's respecting cardinal Morton.

Unfortunately I am no culinary antiquary: the bishop of Carlisle, who is, I have oft heard talk of a sotelle, as an ancient dish. He is rambling between London, Hagley, and Carlisle, that I do not know where to consult him: but if the book is not printed before winter, I am sure he could translate your bill of fare into modern phrase. As I trust I shall see you some time this summer, you might bring your papers with you, and we will try what we can make of them. Tell me, do, when it will be most convenient for you to come, from now to the end of October. At the same time I will beg to see the letters of the university to king Richard; and shall be still more obliged to you for the print of Jane Shore.[2] I have a very bad mezzotinto of her, either from the picture at Cambridge or Eton.

I wish I could return these favours by contributing to the decoration of your new old house: but, as you know, I erected an old house, not demolished one, I had no windows or frames for windows, but what I bespoke on purpose for the places where they are. My painted glass was so exhausted, before I got thro' my design, that I was forced to have the windows in the gallery painted on purpose by Pecket. What scraps I have remaining are so bad, I cannot make you pay for the carriage of them; as I think there is not one whole piece: but you shall see them when you come hither; and I will search if I can find any thing for your purpose. I am sure I owe it you. Adieu.

Your's ever.

[2] This appears, from the copy of Cole's previous letter, to have been an engraving done by Mr. Tyson of Bennet College, from the picture in the provost's lodge.

LETTER XLVII.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 20th, 1768.

You are always heaping so many kindnesses on me, dear sir, that I think I must break off all acquaintance with you, unless I can find some way of returning them. The print of the countess of Exeter is the greatest present to me in the world. I have been trying for years to no purpose to get one. Reynolds, the painter, promised to beg one for me of a person he knows, but I have never had it. I wanted it for four different purposes: 1. as a grandmother (in law, by the Cranes and Allingtons); 2. for my collection of heads; 3. for the volumes of prints after pieces in my collection; and, above all, for my collection of Faithorne's, which, tho' so fine, wanted such a capital print; and to this last I have preferred it. I give you unbounded thanks for it; and yet I feel exceedingly ashamed to rob you. The print of Jane Shore I had; but as I have such various uses for prints, I easily bestowed it. It is inserted in my Anecdotes where her picture is mentioned.

Thank you too for all your notices. I intend next summer to set about the last volume of my Anecdotes, and to make still further additions to my former volumes, in which these notes will find their place. I am going to reprint all my pieces together, and, to my shame be it spoken, find they will make at least two large quartos. You, I know, will be partial enough to give them a place on a shelf, but as I doubt many persons will not be so favourable, I only think of leaving the edition behind me.

Methinks I should like, for your amusement and my own, that you settled at Ely; yet I value your health so much beyond either, that I must advise Milton; Ely being, I believe, a very damp, and consequently a very unwholesome situation. Pray let me know on which you fix; and, if you do fix this summer, remember the hopes you have given me of a visit. My summer, that is, my fixed residence here, lasts till

November. My gallery is not only finished, but I am going on with the round chamber at the end of it; and am besides *playing* with the little garden on the other side of the road, which was old Franklin's, and by his death came into my hands. When the round tower is finished, I propose to draw up a description and catalogue of the whole house and collection, and I think you will not dislike lending me your assistance.

Mr. Granger, of Shiplake, is printing his laborious and curious Catalogue of English Heads, with an accurate, tho' succinct, account of almost all the persons. It will be a very valuable and useful work, and I heartily wish may succeed, tho' I have some fears. There are of late a small number of persons who collect English heads, but not enough to encourage such a work; I hope the anecdotic part will make it more known and tasted. It is essential to us, who shall love the performance, that it should sell; for he prints no farther at first, than to the end of the first Charles: and if this part does not sell well, the bookseller will not purchase the remainder of the copy, tho' he gives but an hundred pounds for this half; and good Mr. Granger is not in circumstances to afford printing it himself. I do not compare it with Dr. Robertson's writings, who has an excellent genius, with admirable style and manner; and yet I cannot help thinking, that there is a good deal of Scotch puffing, and partiality, when the booksellers have given the doctor £3000 for his Life of Charles the 5th, for composing which he does not pretend to have obtained any new materials.

I am going into Warwickshire; and I think shall go on to lord Strafford's, but propose returning before the end of September.

Your's ever.

LETTER XLVIII.

DEAR SIR, Arlington-street, May 27th, 1769.

I HAVE not heard from you this century, nor knew where you had fixed yourself. Mr. Gray tells me you are still at Waterbeche. Mr. Granger has published his Catalogue of Prints and Lives down to the Revolution; and, as the work sells well, I believe, nay, do not doubt, we shall have the rest. There are a few copies printed but on one side of the leaf. As I know you love scribbling in such books as well as I do, I beg you will give me leave to make you a present of one set. I shall send it in about a week to Mr. Gray, and have desired him, as soon as he has turned it over, to convey it to you. I have found a few mistakes, and you will find more. To my mortification, tho' I have four thousand heads, I find upon a rough calculation, that I still want three or four hundred.

Pray give me some account of yourself, how you do, and whether you are fixed? I thought you rather inclined to Ely. Are we never to have the history of that cathedral? I wish you would tell me that you have any thoughts of coming this way, or that you would make me a visit this summer. I shall be little from home this summer till August, when I think of going to Paris for six weeks. To be sure you have seen the History of British Topography, which was published this winter, and it is a delightful book in our way.

Adieu, dear sir,

Your's ever.

LETTER XLIX.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, June 14th, 1769.

AMONG many agreeable passages in your last, there is nothing I like so well, as the hope you give me of seeing you here in July. I will return that visit immediately: don't be afraid; I do not mean to incommode you at Waterbeach; but, if you will come, I promise I will accompany you back as far as Cambridge; nay, carry you on to Ely, for thither I am bound. The bishop has sent a Dr. Nichols to me, to desire I would assist him in a plan for the east window of his cathedral, which he intends to *benefactorate* with painted glass. The window is the most untractable of all Saxon uncouthnesses: nor can I conceive what to do with it, but by taking off the bottoms for arms and mosaic, splitting the crucifixion into three compartments, and filling the five lights at top with prophets, saints, martyrs, and such like; after shortening the windows like the great ones. This I shall propose. However, I choose to see the spot myself, as it will be a proper attention to the BP. after his civility, and I really would give the best advice I could. The BP. like Alexander VIII. feels that *the clock has struck half an hour past eleven*, and is impatient to be *let depart in peace* after his eyes shall have seen his vitrification: at least he is impatient to give his eyes that treat; and yet it will be pity to precipitate the work. If you can come to me first, I shall be happy; if not, I must come to you: that is, will meet you at Cambridge. Let me know your mind, for I would not press you unseasonably. I am enough obliged to you already; tho', by mistake, you think it is you that are obliged to me. I do not mean to plunder you of any more prints; but shall employ a *little collector* to get me all that are gettable. The rest, the *greatest* of us all must want.

I am very sorry for the fever you have had: but, Goodman Frog, if you will live in the fens, do not expect to be as healthy as if you were a fat Dominican at Naples. You, and your MSS. will all grow mouldy.

When our climate is subject to no sign but Aquarius and Pisces, would one choose the dampest country under the heavens? I do not expect to persuade you, and so I will say no more. I wish you joy of the treasure you have discovered: [1] six Saxon bishops and a duke of Northumberland! You have had fine sport this season. Thank you much for wishing to see my name on a plate in the History. But, seriously, I have no such vanity. I did my utmost to dissuade Mr. Granger from the dedication, and took especial pains to get my *virtues* left out of the question; till I found he would be quite hurt if I did not let him express his gratitude, as he called it: so, to satisfy him, I was forced to accept of his present; for I doubt I have few virtues but what he has presented me with: and in a dedication, you know, one is permitted to have as many as the author can afford to bestow. I really have another objection to the plate; which is, the ten guineas. I have so many draughts on my extravagance for trifles that I like better than vanity, that I should not care to be at that expense. But I should think either the duke or duchess of Northumberland would rejoice at such opportunity of buying incense; and I will tell you what you shall do. Write to Mr. Percy, and vaunt the discovery of duke Brythnoth's bones, and ask him to move their graces to contribute a plate. They could not be so *unnatural* as to refuse; especially if the duchess knew the size of his thighbone.

I was very happy to shew civilities to your friends, and should have asked them to stay and dine, but unluckily expected other company. Dr. Ewin seems a very good sort of man, and Mr. Rawlinson a very

[1] The following is an extract from a previous letter of Mr. Cole's, and to this Mr. Walpole alludes. "An old wall being to be taken down behind the choir [at Ely] on which were painted seven figures of six Saxon bishops and a duke, as he is called, of Northumberland, one Brithnoth: which painting I take to be as old as any we have in England—I guessed by seven arches in the wall, below the figures, that the bones of these seven benefactors, to the old Saxon conventual church, were reposited in the wall under them: accordingly we found seven separate holes, each with the remains of the said persons," &c. &c. Mr. Cole proposed that Mr. Walpole should contribute an engraving from this painting to the History of Ely Cathedral, a work about to be published, or use his interest to induce the duke of Northumberland to do so.

agreeable one. Pray do not think it was any trouble to me to pay respect to your recommendation.

I have been eagerly reading Mr. Shenstone's Letters, which, tho' containing nothing but trifles, amused me extremely, as they mention so many persons I know; particularly myself. I found there, what I did not know, and what, I believe, Mr. Gray himself never knew, that his ode on my cat was written to ridicule lord Littleton's monody. It is just as true as that the latter will survive, and the former be forgotten. There is another anecdote equally vulgar, and void of truth: that my father, sitting in George's coffee-house (I suppose Mr. Shenstone thought, that, after he quitted his place, he went to coffee-houses to learn news,) was asked to contribute to a figure of himself that was to be beheaded by the mob. I do remember something like it, but it happened to myself. I met a mob, just after my father was out, in Hanover-square, and drove up to it to know what was the matter. They were carrying about a figure of my sister. This probably gave rise to the other story. That on my uncle I never heard; but it is a good story, and not at all improbable. I felt great pity on reading these Letters for the narrow circumstances of the author, and the passion for fame that he was tormented with; and yet he had much more fame than his talents intitled him to. Poor man! he wanted to have all the world talk of him for the pretty place he had made; and which he seems to have made only that it might be talked of. The first time a company came to see my house, I felt his joy. I am now so tired of it, that I shudder when the bell rings at the gate. It is as bad as keeping an inn, and I am often tempted to deny its being shewn, if it would not be ill-natured to those that come, and to my house-keeper. I own, I was one day too cross. I had been plagued all the week with staring crowds. At last it rained a deluge. Well, said I, at last, nobody will come to-day. The words were scarce uttered, when the bell rang. A company desired to see the house. I replied, Tell them they cannot possibly see the house, but they are very welcome to walk in the garden.

Observe: nothing above alludes to Dr. Ewin and Mr. Rawlinson; I was not only much pleased with them, but quite glad to shew them how entirely you may command my house, and your most sincere friend and servant.

LETTER L.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, Monday, June 26th, 1769.

Oh! yes, yes, I shall like Thursday or Friday, 6th or 7th exceedingly; I shall like your staying with me two days exceedinglier; and longer exceedingliest: and I will carry you back to Cambridge on our pilgrimage to Ely. But I should not at all like to be catched in the glories of an installation, and find myself a doctor, before I knew where I was. It will be much more agreeable to find the whole *caput* asleep, digesting turtle, dreaming of bishoprics, and humming old catches of Anacreon, and scraps of Coselli. I wish Mr. Gray may not be set out for the north; which is rather the case than setting out for the summer. We have no summers, I think, but what we raise, like pine-apples, by fire. My hay is an absolute *water-soochy*, and teaches me how to feel for you. You are quite in the right to sell your fief in Marshland. I should be glad if you would take one step more, and quit Marshland. We live, at least, on terra firma in this part of the world, and can saunter out without stilts. *Item*, we do not wade into pools, and call it going upon the water, and get sore throats. I trust your's is better; but I recollect this is not the first you have complained of. Pray be not incorrigible, but come to shore.

Be so good as to thank Mr. Smith, my old tutor, for his corrections. If ever the Anecdotes are reprinted, I will certainly profit of them.

I joked, it is true, about Joscelin de Louvain, and his duchess; but not at all in advising you to make Mr. Percy pimp for the plate. On the contrary, I wish you success, and think this an infallible method of obtaining the benefaction. It is right to lay vanity under contribution; for then both sides are pleased.

It will not be easy for you to dine with Mr. Granger from hence, and return at night. It cannot be less than six or seven and twenty miles to Shiplake. But I go to Park-place to-morrow, [Mr. Henry Conway's] which is within two miles of him, and I will try if I can tempt him to meet you here. Adieu.

Dear sir,

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER LI.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, July 15th, 1769.

YOUR fellow travellers, Rosette and I, got home safe and perfectly contented with our expedition, and wonderfully obliged to you. Pray receive our thanks and *backins;* and pray *say*, and *back* a great deal for us to Mr. and Mrs. Bentham, and all that good family.

After gratitude, you know, always comes a little self-interest; for who would be at the trouble of being grateful, if he had no farther expectations? *Imprimis*, then, here are the directions for Mr. Essex for the piers of my gates. Bp. Luda must not be offended at my converting his tomb into a gateway. Many a saint and confessor, I doubt, will be glad soon to be *passed through*, as it will, at least, secure his being *passed*

over. When I was directing the east window at Ely, I recollected the lines of Prior:

> " How unlucky were nature and art to poor Nell!
> " She was painting her cheeks at the time her nose fell."

Adorning cathedrals when the religion itself totters, is very like poor Nell's mishap.[1]

* * * * * * * *

I will trouble you with no more at present, but to get from Mr. Lort the name of the Norfolk monster, and to give it to Jackson. Don't forget the list of English heads in Dr. Ewin's book for Mr. Granger; particularly the duchess of Chenreux. I will now release you, only adding my compliments to Dr. Ewin, Mr. Tyson, Mr. Lort, Mr. Essex, and once more to the Benthams.

Adieu, dear sir,

Your's ever.

Remember to ask me for acacias, and any thing else with which I can pay some of my debts to you.

[1] Here follow some minute directions for building the gateway, unintelligible without the sketch that accompanied the letter, and uninteresting with it, and a list of prints that Mr. Walpole was anxious to procure.

LETTER LII.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, Aug. 12th, 1769.

I WAS in town yesterday, and found the parcel arrived very safe. I give you a thousand thanks, dear sir, for all the contents; but when I sent you the list of heads I wanted, it was for Mr. Jackson, not at all meaning to rob you; but your generosity much outruns my prudence, and I must be upon my guard with you. The Catherine Bolen was particularly welcome; I had never seen it—it is a treasure, tho' I am persuaded not genuine, but taken from a French print of the queen of Scots, which I have. I wish you could tell me from whence it was taken; I mean from what book: I imagine the same in which are two prints, which Mr. Granger mentions, and has himself (with Italian inscriptions too) of a duke of Northumberland and an earl of Arundel. Mr. Bernardiston I never saw before—I do not know in what reign he lived—I suppose lately: nor do I know the era of the master of Benet. When I come back I must beg you to satisfy these questions. The countess of Kent is very curious too; I have lately got a very dirty one, so that I shall return your's again. Mrs. Wooley I could not get high nor low. But there is no end of thanking you—and yet I must for sir J. Finett, tho' Mr. Hawkins gave me a copy a fortnight ago. I must delay sending them till I come back. Be so good as to thank Mr. Tyson for his prints and notes; the latter I have not had time to look over, I am so hurried with my journey; but I am sure they will be very useful to me. I hope he will not forget me in October. It will be a good opportunity of sending you some young acacias, or any thing you want from hence. I am sure you ought to ask me for any thing in my power, so much I am in your debt: I must beg to be a little more, by intreating you to pay Mr. Essex whatever he asks for his drawing, which is just what I wished. The iron gates I have.

With regard to a history of gothic architecture, in which he desires my advice, the plan, I think, should lie in a very simple compass. Was I to execute it, it should be thus:—I would give a series of plates, even from the conclusion of Saxon architecture, beginning with the round Roman arch, and going on to shew how they plaistered and zig-zagged it, and then how better ornaments crept in, till the beautiful gothic arrived at its perfection: then how it deceased in Henry the 8th's reign!—Abp. Wareham's tomb at Canterbury, being, I believe, the last example of unbastardized gothic. A very few plates more would demonstrate its change: tho' Holbein embroidered it with some morsels of true architecture. In queen Elizabeth's reign there was scarce any architecture at all; I mean no pillars or seldom, buildings then becoming quite plain. Under James a barbarous composition succeeded. A single plate of something of Inigo Jones, in his heaviest and worst style, should terminate the work; for he soon stepped into the true and perfect Grecian.

The next part Mr. Essex can do better than anybody, and is, perhaps, the only person that can do it. This should consist on observations on the art, proportions, and method of building, and the reasons observed by the gothic architects for what they did. This would shew what great men they were, and how they raised such aerial and stupendous masses, tho' unassisted by half the lights now enjoyed by their successors. The prices and the wages of workmen, and the comparative value of money and provisions at the several periods, should be stated, as far as it is possible to get materials.

The last part (I don't know whether it should not be the first part) nobody can do so well as yourself. This must be to ascertain the chronologic period of each building. And not only of each building, but of each tomb, that shall be exhibited; for you know the great delicacy and richness of gothic ornaments were exhausted on small chapels, oratories, and tombs. For my own part, I should wish to have added detached samples of the various patterns of ornaments, which would not be a great

many; as, excepting pinnacles, there is scarce one which does not branch from the trefoil. Quaterfoils, cinquefoils, &c. being but various modifications of it. I believe almost all the ramifications of windows are so, and of them there should be samples too.

This work you see could not be executed by one hand: Mr. Tyson could give great assistance. I wish the plan was drawn out, and better digested. This is a very rude sketch, and first thought. I should be very glad to contribute what little I know, and to the expense too, which would be considerable; but I am sure *we* could get assistance—and it had better not be undertaken than executed superficially. Mr. Tyson's History of Fashions and Dresses would make a valuable part of the work; as, in elder times especially, much must be depended on tombs for dresses. I have a notion the king might be inclined to encourage such a work; and, if a proper plan was drawn out, for which I have not time now, I would endeavour to get it laid before him, and his patronage solicited. Pray talk this over with Mr. Tyson and Mr. Essex. It is an idea worth pursuing.

You was very kind to take me out of the scrape about the organ; and yet if my insignificant name could carry it to one side, I would not scruple to lend it.[1] Thank you too for St. Alban and Noailles. The very picture the latter describes was in my father's collection, and is now at Worksop. I have scarce room to crowd in my compliments to the good house of Bentham, and to say

Your's ever.

[1] There was a dispute among the chapter at Ely respecting the situation of the organ.

LETTER LIII.

DEAR SIR, Arlington-street, Dec. 14th, 1769.

This is merely a line to feel my way, and to know how to direct to you. Mr. Granger thinks you are established at Milton, and thither I address it. If it reaches you, you will be so good as to let me know, and I will write again soon.

Your's ever.

LETTER LIV.

DEAR SIR, Arlington-street, Nov. 15th, 1770.

If you have not engaged your interest in Cambridgeshire, you would oblige me much by bestowing it on young Mr. Brand, the son of my particular acquaintance, and our old school-fellow. I am very unapt to trouble my head about elections, but wish success to this.

If you see Bannerman, I should be glad you would tell him that I am going to print the last volume of my Painters, and should like to employ him again for some of the heads, if he cares to undertake them: tho' there will be a little trouble, as he does not reside in London. I am in a hurry, and am forced to be brief, but am always glad to hear of you and from you.

Your's most sincerely.

Mr. Tyson promised me all his etchings, but has forgot me.

LETTER LV.

Arlington-street, 20th Nov. 1770.

I BELIEVE our letters crossed one another without knowing it. Mine, it seems, was quite unnecessary, for I find Mr. Brand has given up the election. Your's was very kind and obliging, as they always are. Pray be so good as to thank Mr. Tyson for me a thousand times; I am vastly pleased with his work, and hope he will give me another of the plates for my volume of heads, (for I shall bind up his present) and I by no means relinquish his promise of a complete set of his etchings, and of a visit to Strawberry-hill. Why should it not be with you and Mr. Essex, whom I shall be very glad to see—but what do you talk of a single day? Is that all you allow me in two years?

I rejoice to see Mr. Bentham's advertisement at last. I depend on you, dear sir, for procuring me his book the instant it is possible to have it. Pray make my compliments to all that good family.

I am enraged and almost in despair at Pearson the glass-painter, he is so idle and dissolute—he has done very little of the window, tho' what he has done is glorious, and approaches very nearly to Price.

My last volume of Painters begins to be printed this week; but, as the plates are not begun, I doubt it will be long before the whole is ready. I mentioned to you, in my last Thursday's letter, a hint about Bannerman, the engraver. Adieu.

Dear sir,

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER LVI.

DEAR SIR, Arlington-street, Dec. 20th, 1770.

I AM very zealous, as you know, for the work, but I agree with you in expecting very little success from the plan. Activity is the best implement in such undertakings, and that seems to be wanting; and, without that, it were vain to think of who would be at the expense. I do not know whether it were not best that Mr. Essex should publish his remarks as simply as he can. For my own part I can do no more than I have done,—sketch out the plan. I grow too old and am grown too indolent to engage in any more works: nor have I time. I wish to finish some things I have by me, and to have done. The last volume of my Anecdotes, of which I was tired, is completed; and with them I shall take my leave of publications. The last years of one's life are fit for nothing but idleness and quiet, and I am as indifferent to fame as to politics.

I can be of as little use to Mr. Granger in recommending him to the Antiquarian Society. I dropped my attendance there, four or five years ago, from being sick of their ignorance and stupidity, and have not been three times amongst them since. They have chosen to expose their dulness to the world, and crowned it with dean Milles's nonsense. I have written a little answer to the last, which you shall see, and then wash my hands of them.

To say the truth, I have no very sanguine expectation about the Ely window. The glass-painter, tho' admirable, proves a very idle worthless fellow, and has yet scarce done any thing of consequence. I gave Dr. Nichols notice of his character, but found him apprised of it; the doctor however does not despair, but pursues him warmly. I wish it may succeed!

If you go over to Cambridge, be so good as to ask Mr. Gray when he

proposes being in town: he talked of last month. I must beg you too to thank Mr. Tyson for his last letter. I can say no more to the plan than I have said. If he and Mr. Essex should like to come to town, I shall be very willing to talk it over with them, but I can by no means think of engaging in any part of the composition.

These holidays I hope to have time to range my drawings, and give Bannerman some employment towards my book—but I am in no hurry to have it appear, as it speaks of times so recent; for tho' I have been very tender of not hurting any living relations of the artists, the latter were in general so indifferent, that I doubt their families will not be very well content with the coldness of the praises I have been able to bestow. This reason, with my unwillingness to finish the work, and the long interval between the composition of this and the other volumes, have, I doubt, made the greatest part a very indifferent performance. An author, like other mechanics, never does well when he is tired of his profession.

I have been told, that, besides Mr. Tyson, there are two other gentlemen engravers at Cambridge. I think their names are Sharp or Show, and Cobbe, but I am not at all sure of either. I should be glad however if I could procure any of their portraits—and I do not forget that I am already in your debt. Boydell is going to re-commence a suite of illustrious heads, and I am to give him a list of undubitable portraits of remarkable persons that have never been engraved; but I have protested against his receiving two sorts; the one, any old head of a family, when the person was moderately considerable; the other, spurious or doubtful heads: both sorts, apt to be sent in by families who wish to crowd their own names into their work; as was the case more than once in Houbraken's set, and of which honest Vertue often complained to me. The duke of Buckingham, Carr, earl of Somerset, and Thurloe, in that list, are absolutely not genuine — the first is John Digby, earl of Bristol.

I am, dear sir,

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER LVII.

Arlington-street, Jan. 10th, 1771.

As I am acquainted with Mr. Paul Sandby, the brother of the architect, I asked him if there was a design, as I had heard, of making a print or prints of King's College Chapel by the king's order? He answered directly, "By no means." His brother made a general sketch of the chapel for the use of the lectures he reads on Architecture at the Royal Academy. Thus, dear sir, Mr. Essex may be perfectly easy that there is no intention of interfering with his work. I then mentioned to Mr. Sandby Mr. Essex's plan, which he much approved, but said the plates would cost a great sum. The king, he thought, would be inclined to patronize the work; but I own I do not know how to get it laid before him. His own artists would probably discourage any scheme that might intrench on their own advantages. Mr. Thomas Sandby, the architect, is the only one of them I am acquainted with, and Mr. Essex must think whether he would like to let him into any participation of the work. If I can get any other person to mention it to his majesty I will; but you know me, and that I have always kept clear of connexions with courts and ministers, and have no interest with either, and perhaps my recommendation might do as much hurt as good, especially as the artists in favour might be jealous of one who understands a little of their professions, and is apt to say what he thinks. In truth there is another danger, which is, that they might not assist Mr. Essex without views of profiting of his labours. I am slightly acquainted with Mr. Chambers, the architect, and have a good opinion of him: if Mr. Essex approves my communicating his plan to him, or Mr. Sandby, I should think it more likely to succeed by their intervention, than by any lord of the court; for, at last, the king would certainly take the opinion of his artists. When you have talked this over

with Mr. Essex let me know the result. Till he has determined there can be no use in Mr. Essex's coming to town.

I am much obliged to you, as I am continually, for the trouble you have taken to procure me Mr. Orde's, Mr. Topham's and Mr. Sharpe's prints, and shall be very thankful for them. As to Roman antiquities, I do not collect prints of them, having engaged in too many other branches already.

Mr. Gray will bring down some of my drawings to Bannerman, and when you go over to Cambridge, I will beg you now and then to supervise him. For Mr. Bentham's book, I rather despair of it; and should it ever appear, he will have made people expect it too long, which will be of no service to it, tho' I do not doubt of its merit. Mr. Gray will shew you my answer to dn. Milles.

I am, dear sir,

Your ever obliged humble servant.

LETTER LVIII.

DEAR SIR, Arlington-street, May 29th, 1771.

I HAVE but time to write you a line, that I may not detain Mr. Essex, who is so good as to take charge of this note, and of a box, which I am sure will give you pleasure, and I beg may give you a little trouble. It contains the very valuable seven letters of Edward VI. to Barnaby Fitzpatrick. Lord Ossory, to whom they belong, has lent them to me to

print: but, to facilitate that, and to prevent their being rubbed or hurt by the printer, I must intreat your *exactness* to copy them, and return them with the copies. I need not desire your particular care; for you value these things as much as I do, and will be able to make them out better than I can do, from being so much versed in old writing. Forgive my taking this liberty with you, which, I flatter myself, will not be disagreeable. Mr. Essex and Mr. Tyson dined with me at Strawberry-hill; but could not stay so long as I wished. The party would have been still more agreeable, if you had made a fourth.

Adieu, dear sir,

Your's ever.

P. S. I am rejoiced you are delivered from the dread of inundations.

LETTER LIX.

Arlington-street, June 11th, 1771.

You are very kind, dear sir, and I ought to be, nay, what is more, I am, ashamed of giving you so much trouble; but I am in no hurry for the letters. I shall not set out till the 7th of next month, and it will be sufficient if I receive them a week before I set out.

Mr. C. C. C. C. is very welcome to attack me about a duchess of Norfolk. He is ever welcome to be in the right, to the edification I hope of all the matrons of the Antiquarian Society, who I trust will insert his criticism in the next volume of their *Archæologia*, or *Old Woman's Logic*; but indeed I cannot bestow my time on any more of them, nor employ

myself in detecting witches for vomiting pins. When they turn extortioners, like Mr. Masters,[1] the law should punish them, not only for roguery, but for exceeding their province, which our ancestors limited to killing their neighbour's cow, or crucifying dolls of wax. For my own part, I am so far from being out of charity with him, that I would give him a nag or new broom whenever he has a mind to ride to the Antiquarian sabbat, and preach against me. Tho' you have more cause to be angry, laugh at him as I do. One has not life enough to throw away on all the fools and knaves that come across one. I have often been attacked, and never replied but to Mr. Hume and Dr. Milles—to the first, because he had a name; to the second, because he had a mind to have one:—and yet I was in the wrong, for it was the only way he could attain one. In truth it is being too self-instructed, to expose only one's private antagonists, when one lets worse men pass unmolested. Does a booby hurt me by an attack on me more than by any other foolish thing he does? Does not he teaze me more by any thing he says to me without attacking me, than by any thing he says against me behind my back? I shall therefore most certainly never inquire after or read Mr. C. C. C. C's criticism, but leave him to oblivion with her grace of Norfolk, and our wise Society. As I doubt my own writings will soon be forgotten, I need not fear that those of my answerers will be remembered.

I am, dear sir,

Your's most sincerely.

[1] There is a note on this letter in Cole's hand writing. Mr. Mason had informed him, that Mr. Masters had lately read a paper at the Ant. Soc. against some mistake of Mr. Walpole's respecting a duchess of Norfolk, and he adds, "This I informed him [Mr. Walpole] of in my Lr. and said something to him of his [Masters'] extortion in making me pay 40*l.* towards the repairing his vicarage house at Waterbeche, which he pretended he had fitted up for my reception."

LETTER LX.

Arlington-street, June 22d, 1771.

I JUST write you a line, dear sir, to acknowledge the receipt of the box of papers, which is come very safe, and to give you a thousand thanks for the trouble you have taken. As you promise me another letter I will wait to answer it.

At present I will only beg another favour, and with less shame, as it is of a kind you will like to grant. I have lately been at lord Ossory's at Ampthill. You know Catherine of Arragon lived some time there. Nothing remains of the castle, nor any marks of residence, but a very small bit of her garden. I promised to lord Ossory to erect a cross to her memory on the spot, and he will. I wish therefore you could from your collections, or books, or memory, pick out an authentic form of a cross, of a better appearance than the common run. It must be raised on two or three steps, and if they were octagon, would it not be handsomer? Her arms must be hung like an Order upon it. Here is something of my idea.[1] The shield appendant to a collar. We will have some inscriptions to mark the cause of erection. Adieu.

Your most obliged.

[1] A rough sketch in the margin of the letter.

LETTER LXI.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, June 24th, 1771.

WHEN I wrote to you t'other day, I had not opened the box of letters, and consequently had not found your's, for which, and the prints, I give you a thousand thanks; though Count Bryan I have, and will return to you. Old Walker [1] is very like, and is valuable for being mentioned in the Dunciad, and a curiosity from being mentioned there without abuse.

Your notes are very judicious, [2] and your information most useful to me in drawing up some little preface to the Letters, which, however, I shall not have time now to do before my journey, as I shall set out on Sunday se'nnight. I like your motto much. The lady Cecilia's Letters are, as you say, more curious for the writer than the matter. We know very little of those daughters of Edward 4th. Yet she and her sister Devonshire lived to be old; especially Cecily, who was married to lord Wells; and I have found why: he was first cousin to Henry 7th, who, I suppose, thought it the safest match for her. I wish I knew all she and her sisters knew of their brothers, and their uncle Richard 3d.

Much good may it do my lord of Canterbury with his parboiled stag! Sure there must be more curiosities in Bennet library!

Though your letter is so entertaining and useful to me, the passage I like best is the promise of a visit you make me in the autumn with Mr. Essex. Pray put him in mind of it, as I shall you. It would add much to the obligation if you would bring two or three of your MS. volumes of collections with you.

Adieu, dear sir,

Your's with the utmost gratitude.

[1] Dr. Walker, vice-master of Trinity College, by Lambourne.

[2] From king Edward's Journal relating to Mr. Fitzpatrick.

LETTER LXII.

DEAR SIR, Paris, Aug. 12th, 1771.

I AM excessively shocked at reading in the papers that Mr. Gray is dead! I wish to God you may be able to tell me it is not true! Yet in this painful uncertainty I must rest some days! None of my acquaintance are in London—I do not know to whom to apply but to you—alas! I fear in vain! Too many circumstances speak it true!—the detail is exact;—a second paper arrived by the same post, and does not contradict it—and, what is worse, I saw him but four or five days before I came hither; he had been to Kensington for the air, complained of the gout flying about him, of sensations of it in his stomach; and indeed I thought him changed, and that he looked ill—still I had not the least idea of his being in danger—I started up from my chair when I read the paragraph—a cannon ball would not have surprised me more! The shock but ceased to give way to my concern, and my hopes are too ill-founded to mitigate it! If nobody has the charity to write to me, my anxiety must continue till the end of the month, for I shall set out on my return on the 26th, and unless you receive this time enough for your answer to leave London on the 20th, in the evening, I cannot meet it till I find it in Arlington-street, whither I beg you to direct it.

If the event is but too true, pray add to this melancholy service that of telling me any circumstances you know of his death. Our long, very long, friendship, and his genius, must endear to me every thing that relates to him. What writings has he left? Who are his executors? I should earnestly wish, if he has destined any thing to the public, to print it at my press—it would do me honour, and would give me an opportunity of expressing what I feel for him. Methinks, as we grow old,

our only business here is to adorn the graves of our friends or to dig our own!

Adieu, dear sir,

Your's ever.

P. S. I heard this unhappy news but last night; and have just been told that lord Edward Bentick goes in haste to-morrow to England, so that you will receive this much sooner than I expected: still I must desire you to direct to Arlington-street, as by the surest conveyance to me.

LETTER LXIII.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 10th, 1771.

HOWEVER melancholy the occasion is, I can but give you a thousand thanks, dear sir, for the kind trouble you have taken, and the information you have given me about poor Mr. Gray. I received your first letter at Paris; the last I found at my house in town, where I arrived only on Friday last. The circumstance of the professor refusing to rise in the night and visit him, adds to the shock. Who is that true professor of Physic? Jesus! is their absence to murder as well as their presence?

I have not heard from Mr. Mason, but I have written to him. Be so good as to tell the master at Pembroke, though I have not the honour of knowing him, how sensible I am of his proposed attention to me, and how much I feel for him in losing a friend of so excellent a genius.

Nothing will allay my own concern like seeing any of his compositions that I have not yet seen. It is buying even them too dear—but when the author is irreparably lost, the produce of his mind is the next best possession. I have offered my press to Mr. Mason, and hope it will be accepted.

Many thanks for the cross, dear sir; it is precisely what I wished. I hope you and Mr. Essex preserve your resolution of passing a few days here between this and Christmas. Just at present I am not my own master, having stepped into the middle of a sudden match in my own family. Lord Hertford is going to marry his third daughter to lord Villiers, son of lady Grandison, the present wife of sir Charles Montagu. We are all felicity, and in a round of dinners—I am this minute returned from Beaumont-lodge at old Windsor, where sir *Charles Grandison* lives. I will let you know, if the papers do not, when our festivities are subsided.

I shall receive with gratitude from Mr. Tyson either drawing or etching of our departed friend, but wish not to have it inscribed to me, as it is an honour more justly due to Mr. Stonehewer. If the master of Pembroke will accept a copy of a small picture I have of Mr. Gray, painted soon after the publication of the Ode on Eton, it shall be at his service —and after his death I will beg it may be bequeathed to his college.

Adieu, dear sir,

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER LXIV.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, Oct. 12th, 1771.

As our wedding will not be so soon as I expected, and as I should be unwilling you should take a journey in bad weather, I wish it may be convenient to you and Mr. Essex to come hither on the 25th of this present month. If one can depend on any season, it is upon the *chill suns* of October, which, like an elderly beauty, are less capricious than spring or summer. Our old-fashioned October, you know, reached eleven days into modern November, and I still depend on that reckoning, when I have a mind to protract the year.

Lord Ossory is charmed with Mr. Essex's cross,[1] and wishes much to consult him on the proportions. Lord Ossory has taken a small house very near mine, is now, and will be here again, after Newmarket. He is determined to erect it at Ampthill, and I have written the following lines to record the reason.

> In days of old here Ampthill's towers were seen,
> The mournful refuge of an injured queen.
> Here flow'd her pure, but unavailing tears;
> Here blinded zeal sustained her sinking years.
> Yet freedom hence her radiant banners wav'd,
> And love avenged a realm by priests enslaved.
> From Cath'rine's wrongs a nation's bliss was spread,
> And Luther's light, from Henry's lawless bed.

I hope the satire on Henry VIII. will make you excuse the compliment to Luther, which, like most poetic compliments, does not come from my heart. I only like him better than Henry, Calvin, and the church of Rome, who were bloody persecutors. Calvin was an execra-

[1] Mr. Cole had applied to Mr. Essex, who furnished a design for the cross, which was followed.

ble villain, and the worst of all; for he copied those whom he pretended to correct. Luther was as jovial as Wilkes, and served the cause of liberty without canting.

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER LXV.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 23d, 1771.

I AM sorry, dear sir, that I cannot say your answer is as agreeable and entertaining as you flatter me my letter was; but consider, you are prevented coming to me, and have flying pains of rheumatism—either were sufficient to spoil your letter.

I am sure of being here till to-morrow se'nnight, the last of this month; consequently I may hope to see Mr. Essex here on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday next. After that I cannot answer for myself on account of our wedding, which depends on the return of a courier from Ireland. If I can command any days certain in November, I will give you notice; and yet I shall have a scruple of dragging you so far from home at such a season. I will leave it to your option, only begging you to be assured that I shall always be most happy to see you.

I am making a very curious purchase at Paris—the complete armour of Francis the first. It is gilt in relief, and is very rich and beautiful. It comes out of the Crozat collection. I am building a small chapel too in my garden, to receive two valuable pieces of antiquity, and which have been presents singularly lucky for me. They are the window from Bex-hill, with the portraits of Henry III. and his queen, procured for me by lord Ashburnham. The other, great part of the tomb of Capoccio, mentioned likewise in my Anecdotes of Painting on the subject of the confessor's

shrine, and sent to me from Rome by Mr. Hamilton, our minister at Naples. It is very extraordinary that I should happen to be master of these curiosities. After next summer, by which time my castle and collection will be complete (for if I buy more, I must build another castle for another collection), I propose to form the catalogue and description, and shall take the liberty to call on you for your assistance. In the mean time there is enough new to divert you at present.

I am, dear sir,

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER LXVI.

Arlington-street, Jan. 28th, 1772.

It is long indeed, dear sir, since we corresponded. I should not have been silent if I had had any thing worth telling you in your way—but I grow such an antiquity myself, that I think I am less fond of what remains of our predecessors.

Thank you for Bannerman's proposal; I mean, for taking the trouble to send it, for I am not at all disposed to subscribe. Thank you more for the note on king Edward; I mean, too, for your friendship in thinking of me. Of dean Milles I cannot trouble myself to think any more. His piece is at Strawberry: perhaps I may look at it for the sake of your note. The bad weather keeps me in town, and a good deal at home, which I find very comfortable, literally practising what so many persons pretend they intend, being quiet and enjoying my fire-side in my elderly days.

Mr. Mason has shewn me the relics of poor Mr. Gray. I am sadly disappointed at finding them so very inconsiderable. He always persisted, when I inquired about his writings, that he had nothing by him. I own I doubted. I am grieved he was so very near exact—I speak of my own satisfaction; as to his genius, what he published during his life will establish his fame as long as our language lasts, and there is a man of genius left. There is a silly fellow, I do not know who, that has published a volume of letters on the English nation, with characters of our modern authors. He has talked such nonsense on Mr. Gray, that I have no patience with the compliments he has paid me. He must have an excellent taste! and gives me a woeful opinion of my own trifles, when he likes them, and cannot see the beauties of a poet that ought to be ranked in the first line.

I am more humbled by any applause in the present age, than by hosts of such critics as dn. Milles. Is not Garrick reckoned a tolerable author, tho' he has proved how little sense is necessary to form a great actor? His Cymon, his prologues, and epilogues, and forty such pieces of trash, are below mediocrity, and yet delight the mob in the boxes as well as in the footman's gallery. I do not mention the things written in his praise, because he writes most of them himself. But you know any one popular merit can confer all merit. Two women talking of Wilkes, one said he squinted—t'other replied "squints!—well, if he does, it is not more than a man should squint." For my part I can see how extremely well Garrick acts, without thinking him six feet high. It is said Shakespeare was a bad actor; why do not his divine plays make our wise judges conclude that he was a good one? they have not a proof of the contrary, as they have in Garrick's works—but what is it to you or me what he is. We may see him act with pleasure, and nothing obliges us to read his writings.

Adieu, dear sir,

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER LXVII.

DEAR SIR, Arlington-street, June 9th, 1772.

THE preceding paper[1] was given me by a gentleman, who has a better opinion of my bookhood than I deserve. I could give him no satisfaction, but told him, I would get inquiry made at Cambridge for the pieces he wants. If you can give me any assistance in this chace, I am sure you will: and, as it will be trouble enough, I will not make my letter longer.

Your's ever.

LETTER LXVIII.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, June 17th, 1772.

YOU are a mine that answers beyond those of Peru. I have given the treasures you sent me to the gentleman from whom I had the queries. He is vastly obliged to you, and I am sure so am I for the trouble you have given yourself, and therefore I am going to give you more. King Edward's Letters are printed. Shall I keep them for you or send them, and how? I intend you four copies—shall you want more? Lord Ossory takes an hundred, and I have as many; but none will be sold.

I am out of materials for my press. I am thinking of printing some numbers of miscellaneous MSS. from my own and Mr. Gray's collec-

[1] This letter inclosed some queries from a gentleman abroad, respecting books, &c. relating to the order of Malta.

tion. If you have any among your stores that are historic, new and curious, and like to have them printed, I shall be glad of them. Among Gray's are letters of sir Thomas Wyat the elder. I am sure you must have a thousand hints about him. If you will send them to me, I will do you justice, as you will see I have in King Edward's Letters. Do you know any thing of his son, the insurgent in queen Mary's reign?

I do not know whether it was not to Payne the bookseller, but I am sure I gave somebody a very few notes to the British Topography. They were indeed of very little consequence.

I have got to-day, and am reading with entertainment, two vols. in 8vo. the Lives of Leland, Hearne, and Antony Wood. I do not know the author, but he is of Oxford. I think you should add that of your friend Brown Willis. There is a queer piece on Free-masonry in one of the volumes, said to be written, on very slender authority, by Henry 6th, with notes by Mr. Locke: a very odd conjunction!—It says that Arts were brought from the East by Peter Gower. As I am sure you will not find an account of this singular person in all your collections, be it known to you, that Peter Gower was commonly called Pythagoras. I remember our newspapers insisting, that Thomas Kouli Kan was an Irishman, and that his true name was Thomas Callaghan.

On reading over my letter, I find I am no sceptic, having affirmed no less than four times, that I *am sure*. Though this is extremely awkward, I *am sure* I will not write my letter over again; so pray excuse or burn my tautology.

Your's ever.

P. S. I had like to have forgotten the most obliging, and to me most interesting part of your letter—your kind offer of coming hither. I accept it most gladly; but for reasons I will tell you, wish it may be deferred a little. I am going to Park-place (general Conway's), then

to Ampthill (lord Ossory's), and then to Goodwood (duke of Richmond's), and the beginning of August to Wentworth Castle (marquis of Rockingham's), so that I shall not be at all settled here till the end of the latter month. But I have a stronger reason. By that time will be finished a delightful chapel I am building in my garden, to contain the shrine of Capoccio, and the window with Henry the 3d and his queen. My new bed-chamber will be finished too, which is now all in litter: and, besides, September is a quiet month; visits to make or receive are over, and the troublesome go to shoot partridges. If that time suits you, pray assure me I shall see you on the first of September.

LETTER LXIX.

DEAR SIR, June 28th, 1772.

As I am getting into my chaise I received your packet, for which I have only time to give you a thousand thanks. I have sent you six copies,[1] and have left orders for Dr. Glynn and his friends to see my house; but I fear it will be to great disadvantage; for my housekeeper is very ill, and there will only be a maid that can tell them nothing.

Your's ever.

[1] Of King Edward's Letters.

LETTER LXX.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, July 7th, 1772.

I SENT you last week by the Cambridge Fly, that puts up in Gray's-inn-lane, six copies of King Edward's Letters, but fear I forgot to direct their being left at Mr. Bentham's, by which neglect perhaps you have not yet got them; so that I have been very blameable, while I thought I was very expeditious; and it was not till reading your letter again just now that I discovered my carelessness.

I have not heard of Dr. Glynn & Co. but the housekeeper has orders to receive them. I thank you a thousand times for the Maltese notes, which I have given to the gentleman, and for the Wyatiana: I am going to work on the latter.

I have not yet seen Mr. Gray's print, but am glad it is so like. I expected Mr. Mason would have sent me one early, but I suppose he keeps it for me, as I shall call on him in my way to lord Strafford's.

Mr. West, one of our brother antiquaries, is dead. He had a very curious collection of old pictures, English coins, English prints and manuscripts. But he was so rich, that I take for granted nothing will be sold. I could wish for his family pictures of Henry 5th and Henry 8th.

Foote, in his new comedy of the Nabob, has lashed master doctor Milles, and our Society, very deservedly for the nonsensical discussion they had this winter about Whittington and his cat. Few of them are fit for any thing better than such researches.

Poor Mr. Granger has been very ill, but is almost recovered. I intend to invite him to meet you in September. It is a party I shall be very impatient for: you know how sincerely I am,

Dear sir,

Your obliged and obedient humble servant.

P. S. Pray tell me who the Cardinal was, whose lectures Ant. Wood says sir T. Wyat went to Oxford to hear. In my edition the column is 56, not 51, as in your letter. I have not Hearne's Langtoft: if there is any fact in Hearne's notes relating to sir Thomas, be so good as to transcribe it.

LETTER LXXI.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, July 28th, 1772.

I AM anew obliged to you, as I am perpetually, for the notice you give me of another intended publication against me in the Archæologia, or Old Woman's Logic. By your account the author will add much credit to their Society! For my part I shall take no notice of any of his *handy-crafts*. However, as there seems to be a willingness to carp at me, and as gnats may on a sudden provoke one to give a slap, I choose to be at liberty to say what I think of the learned Society; and therefore I have taken leave of them, having so good an occasion presented as their council on Whittington and his cat, and the ridicule that Foote has thrown on them. They are welcome to say any thing on my writings, but that they are the works of a fellow of so foolish a Society.

I am at work on the life of sir Thomas Wyat, but it does not please me;

nor will be entertaining, though you have contributed so many materials towards it. You must take one trouble more:—it is to inquire and search for a book that I want extremely to see. It is the Pilgrim; was written by William Thomas, who was executed in queen Mary's time; but the book was printed under, and dedicated to Edward 6th. I have only an imperfect memorandum of it, and cannot possibly recal to mind from whence I made it. All I think I remember, is, that the book was in the king's library. I have sent to the Museum to inquire after it; but I cannot find it mentioned in Ames's History of English Printers. Be so good to ask all your antiquarian friends if they know such a work.

Amidst all your kindness, you have added one very disagreeable paragraph:—I mean, your doubt about coming here in September. Fear of a sore throat would be a reason for your never coming. It is one of the distempers in the world the least to be foreseen, and September, a dry month, one of the least likely months to bring it. I do not like your recurring to so very ill-founded an excuse, and positively will not accept it, unless you wish I should not be so much as I am,

Dear sir,

Your most faithful humble servant.

LETTER LXXII.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, Aug. 25th, 1772.

I THANK you for your notices, dear sir, and will deliver you from the trouble of any further pursuit of the Peleryne of Thomas. I have dis-

covered him among the Cottonian MSS. in the Museum, and am to see him.

If Dr. Browne is returned to Cambridge, may I beg you to give him a thousand thanks for a present he left for me at my house, a goar stone, and a seal, that belonged to Mr. Gray. I shall lay them up in my cabinet at Strawberry among my most valuables. Dr. Browne, however, was not quite kind to me; for he left no direction where to find him in town, so that I could not wait upon him, nor invite him to Strawberry-hill, as I much wished to do.

Do not these words, *invite him to Strawberry*, make your ears tingle? September is at hand, and you must have no sore throat. The new chapel in the garden is almost finished, and you must come to the dedication.

I have seen Lincoln and York; and, to say the truth, prefer the former in some respects. In truth I was scandalized in the latter. William of Hatfield's tomb and figure is thrown aside into a hole; and yet the chapter possess an estate that his mother gave them. I have charged Mr. Mason with my anathema, unless they do justice. I saw Roche Abbey too, which is hid in such a venerable chasm, that you might lie concealed there even from a squire parson of the parish. Lord Scarborough, to whom it belongs, and who lives at next door, neglects it as much as if he was afraid of ghosts. I believe Montesino's cave lay in just such a solemn thicket, which is now so over-grown, that when one finds the spot, one can scarce find the ruins.

I forgot to tell you, that in the screen of York Minster, there are most curious statues of the kings of England, from the Conqueror to Henry 6th, very singular, evidently by two different hands, the one better than the other, and most of them, I am persuaded, very authentic. Richard 2d, Henry 3d, and Henry 5th, I am sure are; and Henry 4th, though

unlike the common portrait at Hampton-court in Herefordshire, the most singular and villanous countenance I ever saw. I intend to try to get them well engraved. That old fool James 1st is crowded in, in the place of Henry 6th, that was taken away to make room for this piece of flattery. For the chapter did not slight live princes.

Your's ever.

LETTER LXXIII.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, Aug. 28th, 1772.

Your repentance is much more agreeable than your sin, and will cancel it whenever you please. Still I have a fellow-feeling for the indolence of age, and have myself been writing an excuse this instant for not accepting an invitation above threescore miles off. One's limbs, when they grow old, will not go any where, when they do not like it. If your's should find themselves in a more pliant humour, you are always sure of being welcome here, let the fit of motion come when it will.

Pray what is become of that figure you mention of Henry 7th, which the destroyers, not the builders, have rejected, and which the antiquaries, who know a man by his crown, better than by his face, have rejected likewise? The latter put me in mind of characters in comedies, in which a woman disguised in a man's habit, and whose features her very lover does not know, is immediately acknowledged by pulling off her hat, and letting down her hair, which her lover had never seen before. I should be glad to ask Dr. Milles, if he thinks the crown of England was always made, like a quart-pot, by Winchester measure? If Mr. Tyson has made a print from that little statue, I trust he will give me one: and if he, or Mr. Essex, or both, will accompany you hither, I shall be glad to see them.

At Buckden, in the bishop's palace, I saw a print of Mrs. Newcome: I suppose the late mistress of St. John's. Can you tell me where I can procure one? Mind I insist that you do not serve me, as you have often done, and send me your own, if you have one. I seriously will not accept it, nor ever trust you again.

On the stair-case in the same palace there is a picture of two young men, in the manner of Vandyck, not at all ill done: do you know who they are, or does any body? There is a worse picture, in a large room, of some lads, which, too, the house-maid did not know. Adieu.

Dear sir,

Your's ever.

LETTER LXXIV.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, Nov. 7th, 1772.

I DID receive the print of Mrs. Newcome, for which I am extremely obliged to you, with a thousand other favours, and should certainly have thanked you for it long ago, but I was then, and am now, confined to my bed with the gout in every limb, and in almost every joint. I have not been out of my bed-chamber these five weeks to-day; and last night the pain returned violently into one of my feet; so that I am now writing to you in a most uneasy posture, which will oblige me to be very short.

Your letter, which I suppose was left at my house in Arlington-street by Mr. Essex was brought to me this morning. I am exceedingly sorry for his disappointment, and for his coming without writing first, in which case I might have prevented his journey. I do not know even whither

to send him, to tell him how impossible it is for me just now, in my present painful and hopeless situation, to be of any use to him. I am so weak and faint I do not see even my nearest relations, and God knows how long it will be before I am able to bear company, much less application. I have some thoughts, as soon as I am able, of removing to Bath; so that I cannot guess when it will be in my power to consider duly Mr. Essex's plan with him. I shall undoubtedly, if ever I am capable of it, be ready to give him my advice, such as it is; or to look over his papers, and even to correct them, if his modesty thinks me more able to polish them than he is himself. At the same time I must own, I think he will run too great a risk by the expense. The engravers in London are now arrived at such a pitch of exorbitant imposition, that for my own part, I have laid aside all thoughts of having a single plate more done.

Dear sir, pray tell Mr. Essex how concerned I am for this mischance, and for the total impossibility I am under of seeing him now. I can write no more, but shall be glad to hear from you on his return to Cambridge: and when I am recovered, you may be assured how glad I shall be to talk his plan over with him. I am his and

Your obliged humble servant.

LETTER LXXV.

I HAVE had a relapse, and not been able to use my hand, or I should have lamented with you on the plunder of your prints by that Algerine hog.[1] I pity you, dear sir, and feel for your awkwardness, that was

[1] This letter may want some explanation. A gentleman, a collector of prints, and a neighbour of Mr. Walpole's, had just before requested to see Mr. Cole's Collection, and on Mr. Cole's

struck dumb at his rapaciousness. The beast has no sort of taste neither —and in a twelvemonth will sell them again. I regret particularly one print, which I dare to say he seized, that I gave you, Gertrude More; I thought I had another, and had not; and, as you liked it, I never told you so. This Muley Moloch used to buy books, and now sells them. He has hurt his fortune, and ruined himself to have a collection, without any choice of what it should be composed. It is the most underbred swine I ever saw; but I did not know it was so ravenous. I wish you may get paid any how: you see by my writing how difficult it is to me, and therefore will excuse my being short.

Your's ever.

LETTER. LXXVI.

Arlington-street, Jan. 8th, 1773.

In return to your very kind inquiries, dear sir, I can let you know, that I am quite free from pain, and walk a little about my room, even without a stick: nay, have been four times to take the air in the park. Indeed, after fourteen weeks this is not saying much; but it is a worse reflection, that when one is subject to the gout, and far from young, one's worst account will probably be better than that after the next fit. I neither flatter myself on one hand, nor am impatient on the other—for will either do one any good? one must bear one's lot whatever it be.

I rejoice Mr.—— has justice,[1] tho' he had no bowels. How Gertrude

offering to accommodate him with such heads as he had not, he selected and took away no less than one hundred and eighty-seven of the most rare and valuable.

[1] The gentleman that had carried off so many of Mr. Cole's prints. He had now fully remunerated Mr. Cole in a valuable present of books.

More escaped him I do not guess. It will be wrong to rob you of her, after she has come to you thro' so many hazards—nor would I hear of it either if you have a mind to keep her, or have not given up all thoughts of a collection since you have been visited by a visigoth.

I am much more impatient to see Mr. Gray's print, than Mr. What-d'ye-call-him's answer to my historic doubts.[1] He may have made himself very angry; but I doubt whether he will make me at all so. I love antiquities: but I scarce ever knew an antiquary who knew how to write upon them. Their understandings seem as much in ruins as the things they describe. For the Antiquarian Society, I shall leave them in peace with Whittington and his cat; as my contempt for them has not, however, made me disgusted with what they do not understand, antiquities. I have published two numbers of Miscellanies, and they are very welcome to mumble them with their toothless gums. I want to send you these—not their gums, but my pieces, and a Grammont, of which I have printed only an hundred copies, and which will be extremely scarce, as twenty-five copies are gone to France. Tell me how I shall convey them safely.

Another thing you must tell me, if you can, is, if you know any thing ancient of the Free-masons. Governor Pownal, a Whittingtonian, has a mind they should have been a corporation erected by the popes. As you see what a good creature I am, and return good for evil, I am engaged to pick up what I can for him, to support this system; in which I believe no more than in the pope: and the work is to appear in a volume of the Society's pieces. I am very willing to oblige him, and turn my cheek, that they may smite that also. Lord help them! I am sorry they are such numsculls, that they almost make me think myself something! but there are great authors enough to bring me to my senses again. Posterity, I fear, will class me with the writers of this age, or

[1] Mr. Masters's pamphlet, printed at the expense of the Antiquarian Society for the second volume of Archæologia.

forget me with them, not rank me with any names that deserve remembrance. If I cannot survive the Milles's, the What-d'ye-call-him's, and the compilers of catalogues of topography, it would comfort me very little to confute them. I should be as little proud of success, as if I had carried a contest for churchwarden.

Not being able to return to Strawberry-hill, where all my books and papers are, and my printer lying fallow, I want some short bills to print. Have you any thing you wish printed? I can either print a few to amuse ourselves, or, if very curious, and not too dry, could make a third number of Miscellaneous Antiquities.

I am not in any eagerness to see Mr. What-d'ye-call-him's pamphlet against me; therefore pray give yourself no trouble to get it for me. The specimens I have seen of his writing take off all edge from curiosity. A print of Mr. Gray will be a real present. Would it not be dreadful to be commended by an age that had not taste enough to admire his odes? Is not it too great a compliment to me to be abused too? I am ashamed! Indeed our antiquaries ought to like me. I am but too much on a par with them. Does not Mr. Henshaw come to London? Is he a professor, or only a lover of engraving? If the former, and he were to settle in town, I would willingly lend him heads to copy. Adieu.

Dear sir, believe me,

Ever most faithfully your's.

LETTER LXXVII.

Arlington-street, Feb. 18, 1773.

THE most agreeable ingredient of your last, dear sir, is the paragraph that tells me you shall be in town in April, when I depend on the pleasure of seeing you; but, to be certain, wish you would give me a few days law, and let me know too where you lodge. Pray bring your books, though the continuation of the Miscellaneous Antiquities is uncertain. I thought the affectation of loving veteran anecdotes was so vigorous, that I ventured to print five hundred copies. One hundred and thirty only are sold. I cannot afford to make the town perpetual presents; tho' I find people exceedingly eager to obtain them when I do: and if they will not buy them, it is a sign of such indifference, that I shall neither bestow my time, or my cost, to no purpose. All I desire is, to pay the expenses, which I can afford much less than my idle moments. Not but the operations of my press have often turned against myself in many shapes. I have told people many things they did not know, and from fashion they have bought a thousand things out of my hands, which they do not understand, and only love *en passant*. At Mr. West's sale, I got literally nothing: his prints sold for the frantic sum of £1495. 10*s*. 0*d*. Your and my good friend Mr. Gulston threw away above £200 there.

I am not sorry Mr. Lort has recourse to the fountain-head: Mr. Pownal's system of Free-Masonry is so absurd and groundless, that I am glad to be rid of intervention. I have seen the former once: he told me he was willing to sell his prints, as the value of them is so increased—for that very reason I did not want to purchase them.

Paul Sandby promised me ten days ago to shew Mr. Henshaw's engravings (which I received from Dr. Ewen) to Bartolozzi, and ask his

terms, thinking he would delight in so very promising a scholar; but I have heard nothing since, and therefore fear there is no success. Let me however see the young man when he comes, and I will try if there is any other way of serving him.

What shall I say to you, dear sir, about Dr. Prescot? or what shall I say to him? It hurts me not to be very civil, especially as any respect to my father's memory touches me much more than any attention to myself, which I cannot hold to be a quarter so well founded. Yet how dare I write to a poor man, who may do, as I have lately seen done by a Scotch woman that wrote a play,[1] and printed lord Chesterfield's and lord Lyttleton's letters to her, as *Testimonia Auctorum*: I will therefore beg you to make my compliments and thanks to the master, and to make them as grateful as you please, provided I am dispensed with giving any certificate under my hand. You may plead my illness, which tho' the fifth month ended yesterday, is far from being at an end. My relapses have been endless: I cannot yet walk a step; and a great cold has added an ague in my cheek, for which I am just going to begin the bark. The prospect for the rest of my days is gloomy. The case of my poor nephew still more deplorable: he arrived in town last night, and bore his journey tolerably—but his head is in much more danger of not recovering, than his health; tho' they give us hopes of both. But the evils of life are not good subjects for letters—Why afflict one's friends? Why make common-place reflections?

Adieu; your's ever.

[1] Sir Harry Gaylove; or, Comedy in Embryo.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Arlington-street, April 7, 1773.

I HAVE now seen the 2d vol. of the Archæologia, or Old Woman's Logic, with Mr. Masters's Answer to me. If he had not taken such pains to declare it was written against my doubts, I should have thought it a defence of them; for the few facts he quotes make for my arguments, and confute himself; particularly in the case of lady Eleanor Butler; whom, by the way, he makes *marry* her own *nephew*, and not *descend* from her *own family*, because she was *descended* from her *grandfather*.

This Mr. Masters is an excellent Sanco Panza to such a Don Quixote as dean Milles? But enough of such goosecaps!

Pray thank Mr. Ashby for his admirable correction of sir Thomas Wyat's *bon mot*. It is right beyond all doubt, and I will quote it if ever the piece is reprinted.

Mr. Tyson surprises me by usurping your Dissertation. It seems all is fish that comes to the net of the Society. Mercy on us! What a cart-load of brick and rubbish, and Roman ruins they have piled together! I have found nothing tolerable in the volume but the Dissertation of Mr. Maseres; which is followed by an answer, that, like Masters's, contradicts him, without disproving any thing.

Mr. West's books are selling outrageously. His family will make a fortune by what he collected from stalls and Moorfields. But I must not blame the virtuosi, having surpassed them. In short, I have bought his two pictures of Henry 5th and Henry 8th and their families; the first of which is engraved in my Anecdotes, or, as the catalogue says, engraved by Mr. H. Walpole, and the second described there. The first cost me £38—and the last £84—though I knew Mr. West bought it for six guineas. But, in fact, these two, with my marriages of Henry the 6th

and 7th, compose such a suite of the house of Lancaster, and enrich my gothic house so completely, that I would not deny myself. The Henry 7th cost me as much, and is less curious: the price of antiquities is so exceedingly risen too at present, that I expected to have paid more. I have bought much cheaper at the same sale, a picture of Henry 8th and Charles 5th in one piece, both much younger than ever I saw any portrait of either.

I hope your pilgrimage to St. Gulaston's this month will take place, and that you will come and see them. Adieu,

Dear sir,

Your's ever.

LETTER LXXIX.

Arlington-street, April 27th, 1773.

I HAD not time this morning to answer your letter by Mr. Essex, but I gave him the card you desired. You know, I hope, how happy I am to obey any orders of your's.

In the paper I shewed you in answer to Masters, you saw I was apprised of Rastel's Chronicle: but pray do not mention my knowing of it; because I draw so much from it, that I lie in wait, hoping that Milles, or Masters, or some of their fools, will produce it against me; and then I shall have another word to say to them, which they do not expect, since they think Rastel makes for them.

Mr. Gough wants to be introduced to me! Indeed! I would see him as he has been midwife to Masters; but he is so dull, that he would only

be troublesome—and besides you know I shun authors, and would never have been one myself, if it obliged me to keep such bad company. They are always in earnest, and think their profession serious, and dwell upon trifles and reverence learning. I laugh at all those things, and write only to laugh at them, and divert myself. None of us are authors of any consequence; and it is the most ridiculous of all vanities to be vain of being *mediocre*. A page in a great author humbles me to the dust, and the conversation of those that are not superior to myself, reminds me of what will be thought of myself. I blush to flatter them, or to be flattered by them, and should dread letters being published some time or other, in which they should relate our interviews, and we should appear like those puny conceited witlings in Shentone's and Hugh's Correspondence, who give themselves airs from being in possession of the soil of Parnassus for the time being; as peers are proud, because they enjoy the estates of great men who went before them. Mr. Gough is very welcome to see Strawberry-hill; or I would help him to any scraps in my possession, that would assist his publications; though he is one of those industrious, who are only reburying the dead—but I cannot be acquainted with him. It is contrary to my system, and my humour; and, besides, I know nothing of barrows, and Danish entrenchments, and Saxon barbarisms, and Phœnician characters—in short, I know nothing of those ages that knew nothing—then how should I be of use to modern litterati? All the Scotch metaphysicians have sent me their works. I did not read one of them, because I do not understand, what is not understood by those that write about it; and I did not get acquainted with one of the writers. I should like to be intimate with Mr. Anstey, even though he wrote Lord Buckhorse, or with the author of the Heroic Epistle—I have no thirst to know the rest of my cotemporaries, from the absurd bombast of Dr. Johnson down to the silly Dr. Goldsmith; though the latter changeling has had bright gleams of parts, and the former had sense, 'till he changed it for words, and sold it for a pension. Don't think me scornful. Recollect that I have seen Pope, and lived with Gray. Adieu!

Your's ever.

P. S. Mr. Essex has shewn me a charming drawing, from a charming round window at Lincoln. It has revived all my eagerness to have him continue his plan.

LETTER LXXX.

Arlington-street, May 4th, 1773.

I SHOULD not have hurried to answer your letter, dear sir, the moment I receive it, but to send you another ticket[1] for your sister, in case she should not have recovered the other: and I think you said she was to stay but a fortnight in town. I would have sent it to her, had I known whither: and I have made it for five persons, in case she should have a mind to carry so many.

I am sorry for the young engraver; but I can by no means meddle with his going abroad, without the father's consent. It would be very wrong, and would hurt the young man essentially, if the father has any thing to leave. In any case, I certainly would not be accessory to sending away the son against the father's will. The father is an impertinent fool—but that you and I cannot help.

Pray be not uneasy about Gertrude More: I shall get the original; or at least a copy. Tell me how I shall send you martagons by the safest conveyance, or any thing else you want. I am always in your debt; and the apostle-spoon will make the debtor side in my book of gratitude run over.

Your public orator has done me too much honour by far—especially

[1] Of admission to Strawberry.

as he named me with my father,[1] to whom I am so infinitely inferior, both in parts and virtues. Though I have been abused undeservedly, I feel I have more title to censure than praise, and will subscribe to the former, sooner than to the latter. Would not it be prudent to look upon the encomium as a funeral oration, and consider myself as dead. I have always dreaded outliving myself, and writing after what small talents I have should be decayed. Except the last volume of the Anecdotes of Painting, which has been finished and printed so long, and which, appear when they may, will still come too late for many reasons, I am disposed never to publish any more of my own self—but I do not say so positively, lest my breaking my intention should be but another folly. The gout has, however, made me so indolent and inactive, that if my head does not inform me how old I grow, at least my mind and my feet will—and can one have too many monitors of one's weakness!

I am sorry you think yourself so much inconvenienced by stirring from home. This is an *incommodity* by which your friends will suffer more than yourself, and nobody more sensibly than

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER LXXXI.

DEAR SIR, Arlington-street, May 29th, 1773.

I HAVE been so much taken up of late, with poor lord Orford's affairs, that I have not had, and scarce have now, time to write you a line, and thank you for all your kindnesses, informations, and apostle-spoon. I have not Newcomb's Repertorium, and shall be obliged to you for the tran-

[1] On presenting a relation of Mr. Walpole's to the vice-chancellor for his honorary degree.

script; not as doubting, but to confirm what Heaven, king Edward 1st, and the bishop of the Tartars have deposed in favour of Malibrunus, the Jew-painter's abilities. I should sooner have suspected that Mr. Masters would have produced such witnesses to condemn Richard the 3d. The note relating to lady Boteler does not relate to her marriage.

I send you two martagon roots, and some jonquils; and have added some prints, two enamelled pictures, and three medals. One of Oliver, by Simon; a fine one of Pope Clement the 10th, and a scarce one of archbishop Sandcroft and the seven bishops. I hope the two latter will atone for the first. As I shall never be out of your debt, pray draw on me for any more other roots, or any thing that will be agreeable to you, and excuse me at present.

Your's most assuredly.

LETTER LXXXII.

DEAR SIR, Arlington-street, May 4th, 1774.

We have dropped one another, as if we were not antiquaries, but people of this world—or do you disclaim me, because I have quitted the Society? I could give you but too sad reasons for my silence. The gout kept entire possession of me for six months; and before it released me, lord Orford's illness and affairs engrossed me totally. I have been twice in Norfolk since you heard from me. I am now at liberty again. What is your account of yourself? To ask you to come above ground, even so far as to see me, I know is in vain—or I certainly would ask it. You impose Carthusian shackles on yourself, will not quit your

cell, nor will speak above once a week. I am glad even to hear of you, and to see your hand, tho' you make that as much like print as you can. If you were to be tempted abroad, it would be a pilgrimage: and I can lure you even with that. My chapel is finished, and the shrine will actually be placed in less than a fortnight. My father is said to have said, that every man had his price. You are a *Beatus* indeed, if you resist a shrine. Why should not you add to your claustral virtues that of a peregrination to Strawberry? You will find me quite alone in July. Consider, Strawberry is almost the last monastery left, at least in England. Poor Mr. Bateman's is despoiled. Lord Bateman has stripped and plundered it: has sequestered the best things, has advertised the scite, and is dirtily selling by auction, what he neither would keep, nor can sell for a sum that is worth while. I was hurt to see half the ornaments of the chapel, and the reliquaries, and in short a thousand trifles, exposed to sneers. I am buying a few to keep for the founder's sake. Surely it is very indecent for a favourite relation, who is rich, to shew so little remembrance and affection. I suppose Strawberry will have the same fate! It has already happened to two of my friends. Lord Bristol got his mother's house from his brother, by persuading her he was in love with it. He let it in a month after she was dead—and all her favourite pictures and ornaments, which she had ordered not to be removed, are mouldering in a garret!

You are in the right to care so little for a world, where there is no measure but avoirdupois. Adieu.

Your's sincerely.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Strawberry-hill, May 28, 1774.

NOTHING will be more agreeable to me, dear sir, than a visit from you in July. I will try to persuade Mr. Granger to meet you: and if you had any such thing as summer in the fens, I would desire you to bring a bag with you. We are almost freezing here in the midst of beautiful verdure, with a profusion of blossoms and flowers: but I keep good fires, and seem to feel warm weather while I look through the window; for the way to ensure summer in England, is to have it framed and glazed in a comfortable room.

I shall be still more glad to hear you are settled in your living. Burnham is almost in my neighbourhood; and its being in that of Eton and Windsor, will more than console you, I hope, for leaving Ely and Cambridge. Pray let me know the moment you are certain. It would now be a disappointment to me as well as you. You shall be inaugurated in my chapel, which is much more venerable than your parish church, and has the genuine air of antiquity. I bought very little of poor Mr. Bateman's. His nephew disposed of little that was worth house-room, and yet pulled the whole to pieces.

Mr. Pennant has published a new Tour to Scotland and the Hebrides: and tho' he has endeavoured to paint their dismal isles and rocks in glowing colours, they will not be satisfied; for he seems no bigot about Ossian, at least in some passages, and is free in others, which their intolerating spirit will resent. I cannot say the book is very entertaining to me, as it is more a book of rates, than of antiquities. The most amusing part was communicated to him by Mr. Banks, who found whole islands that bear nothing but columns, as other places do grass and barley.

There is a beautiful cave, called Fingal's; which proves that Nature loves gothic architecture.

Mr. Pennant has given a new edition of his former Tour with more cuts. Among others, is the vulgar head, called the countess of Desmond. I told him I had discovered, and proved past contradiction, that it is Rembrandt's mother. He owned it, and said, he would correct it by a note—but he has not. This is a brave way of being an antiquary! as if there could be any merit in giving for genuine, what one knows to be spurious. He is, indeed, a superficial man, and knows little of history or antiquity: but he has a violent rage for being an author. He set out with Ornithology, and a little Natural History, and picks up his knowledge as he rides. I have a still lower idea of Mr. Gough: for Mr. Pennant, at least, is very civil: the other is a hog. Mr. Fenn, another smatterer in antiquity, but a very good sort of man, told me, Mr. Gough desired to be introduced to me—but as he has been such a bear to you,[1] he shall not come. The Society of Antiquaries put me in mind of what the old lord Pembroke said to Anstis, the herald: "Thou silly fellow, thou dost not know thy own silly business." If they went beyond taste, by poking into barbarous ages, when there was no taste, one could forgive them—but they catch at the first ugly thing they see, and take it for old, because it is new to them, and then usher it pompously into the world, as if they had made a discovery: tho' they have not yet cleared up a single point that is of the least importance, or that tends to settle any obscure passage in history.

I will not condole with you, on having had the gout, since you find it has removed other complaints. Besides, as it begins late, you are never likely to have it severely. I shall be in terrors in two or three months, having had the four last fits periodically and biennially. Indeed the two last were so long and severe, that my remaining and shattered strength could ill support such.

[1] Alluding to his not having answered a letter from Mr. Cole for nearly a twelvemonth.

I must repeat how glad I shall be to have you at Burnham. When people grow old, as you and I do, they should get together. Others do not care for us: but we seem wiser to one another by finding fault with them. Not that I am apt to dislike young folks, whom I think every thing becomes: but it is a kind of self-defence to live in a body. I dare to say, that monks never find out that they grow old fools. Their age gives them authority, and nobody contradicts them. In the world one cannot help perceiving one is out of fashion. Women play at cards with women of their own standing, and censure others between the deals, and thence conclude themselves Gamaliels. *I*, who see many young men with better parts than myself, submit with a good grace, or retreat hither to my castle, where I am satisfied with what I have done, and am always in good humour. But I like to have one or two old friends with me. I do not much invite the juvenile, who think my castle and me of equal antiquity: for no wonder if they suppose George the first lived in the time of the crusades.

Adieu, my good sir, and pray let Burnham Wood and Dunsinane be good neighbours.

Your's ever.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Strawberry-hill, July 21st, 1774.

Your illness, dear sir, is the worst excuse you could make me; and the worse, as you may be well in a night, if you will, by taking six grains of James's Powder. He cannot cure death; but he can most com-

plaints that are not mortal or chronical. He could cure you so soon of colds, that he would cure you of another distemper, to which I doubt you are a little subject, the *fear of them.* I hope you was certain, that illness is a legal plea for missing induction, or you will have nursed a cough and hoarseness with too much tenderness; as they certainly could bear a journey. Never see my face again, if you are not rector of Burnham. How can you be so bigoted to Milton? I should have thought the very name would have prejudiced you against the place, as the name is all that could approach towards reconciling me to the fens. I shall be very glad to see you here, whenever you have resolution enough to quit your cell. But since Burnham and the neighbourhood of Windsor and Eton have no charms for you, can I expect that Strawberry-hill should have any? Methinks when one grows old, one's cotemporary friends should be our best amusement: for younger people are soon tired of us, and our old stories: but I have found the contrary in some of mine. For your part, you care for conversing with none but the dead: for I reckon the unborn, for whom you are writing, as much dead, as those from whom you collect.

You certainly ask no favour, dear sir, when you want prints of me. They are at any body's service that thinks them worth having. The owner sets very little value on them, since he sets very little indeed on himself; as a man, a very faulty one: and as an author, a very middling one: which whoever thinks a comfortable rank, is not at all of my opinion. Pray convince me that you think I mean sincerely, by not answering me with a compliment. It is very weak to be pleased with flattery; the stupidest of all delusions to beg it. From you I should take it ill. We have known one another almost fifty years—to very little purpose, indeed, if any ceremony is necessary, or downright sincerity not established between us. Only tell me that you are recovered, and that I shall see you some time or other. I have finished the catalogue of my collection; but you shall never have it without fetching, nor, though a less punishment, the prints you desire. I propose in time to have plates of my house added to the catalogue, yet I cannot afford them, un-

less by degrees. Engravers are grown so much dearer, without my growing richer, that I must have patience! a quality I seldom have, *but* when I *must*. Adieu.

Your's ever.

P. S. I have lately been at Ampthill, and saw queen Catherine's cross. It is not near large enough for the situation, and would be fitter for a garden than a park: but it is executed in the truest and best taste. Lord Ossory is quite satisfied, as well as I, and designs Mr. Essex a present of some guineas. If ever I am richer, I shall consult the same honest man about building my offices, for which I have a plan: but if I have no more money ever, I will not run in debt, and distress myself: and therefore remit my designs to chance and a little economy.

LETTER LXXXV.

DEAR SIR, Matson, near Gloucester, Aug. 15th, 1774.

As I am your disciple in antiquities, (for you studied them when I was but a scoffer) I think it my duty to give you some account of my journeyings in the good cause. You will not dislike my date. I am in the very mansion, where king Charles I. and his two eldest sons lay during the siege; and there are marks of the last's hacking with his hanger on a window, as he told Mr. Selwyn's grandfather afterwards. The present master has done due honour to the royal residence, and erected a good marble bust of the martyr, in a little gallery. In a window is a shield in painted glass, with that king's and his queen's arms, which I gave

him. So you see I am not a rebel, when *alma mater* antiquity stands godmother.

I went again to the Cathedral, and on seeing the monument of Edward the second a new historic doubt started, which I pray you to solve. His majesty has a longish beard; and such were certainly worn at that time. Who is the first historian that tells the story of his being shaven with cold water from a ditch, and weeping to supply warm, as he was carried to Berkeley Castle? Is not this apocryphal? The house, whence bishop Hooper was carried to the stake, is still standing *tale quale*. I made a visit to his actual successor Warburton, who is very infirm, speaks with much hesitation; and, they say, begins to lose his memory. They have destroyed the beautiful cross: the two battered heads of Hen. III. and Edw. III. are in the post-master's garden.

Yesterday I made a jaunt four miles hence that pleased me exceedingly, to Prinknash, the individual villa of the abbots of Gloucester. I wished you there with their mitre on. It stands on a glorious, but impracticable hill, in the midst of a little forest of beech, and commanding Elysium. The house is small, but has good rooms, and though modernized here and there, not extravagantly. On the ceiling of the hall is Edward the 4th's jovial device, a *fau-con serrure*. The chapel is low and small, but antique, and with painted glass, with many angels in their coronation robes, i. e. wings and crowns. Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour lay here: in the dining room are their arms in glass, and of Catherine of Arragon, and of Bray's and Bridges. Under a window, a barbarous bas-relief head of Harry, young: as it is still on a sign of an alehouse, on the descent of the hill. Think of my amazement, when they shewed me the chapel plate, and I found on it, on four pieces, my own arms, quartering my mother-in-law, Skerret's, and in a shield of pretence, those of Fortescue; certainly by mistake, for those of my sister-in-law, as the barony of Clinton was in abeyance between her and Fortescue lord Clinton. The whole is modern and blundered: for Skerret should be impaled, not quartered, and, instead of our crest, are

two spears tied together in a ducal coronet, and no coronet for my brother, in whose time this plate must have been made, and at whose sale it was probably bought; as he finished the repairs of the church at Houghton, for which, I suppose, this decoration was intended. But the silversmith was no herald you see.

As I descended the hill, I found in a wretched cottage a child, in an ancient oaken cradle, exactly in the form of that lately published from the cradle of Edward II. I purchased it for five shillings; but don't know whether I shall have fortitude enough to transport it to Strawberry-hill. People would conclude me in my second childhood.

To-day I have been at Berkeley and Thornbury castles. The first disappointed me much, though very entire. It is much smaller than I expected, but very entire, except a small part burnt two years ago, while the present earl was in the house. The fire began in the housekeeper's room, who never appeared more; but as she was strict over the servants, and not a bone of her was found, it was supposed that she was murdered, and the body conveyed away. The situation is not elevated nor beautiful, and little improvements made of late, but some silly ones *à la Chinoise,* by the present dowager. In good sooth, I can give you but a very imperfect account; for instead of the lord's being gone to dine with the mayor of Gloucester, as I expected, I found him in the midst of all his captains of the militia. I am so sillily shy of strangers and youngsters, that I hurried through the chambers, and looked for nothing but the way out of every room. I just observed that there were many bad portraits of the family, but none ancient; as if the Berkeleys had been commissaries and raised themselves in the last war. There is a plentiful addition of those of lord Berkeley of Stratton, but no knights templars, or barons as old as Edward the 1st; yet are there three beds on which there may have been as frisky doings three centuries ago, as there probably have been within these ten years. The room shewn for the murder of Edward 2d, and the shrieks of an agonizing king, I verily believe to be genuine. It is a dismal chamber, almost at top of the

house, quite detached, and to be approached only by a kind of foot-bridge, and from that descends a large flight of steps that terminate on strong gates; exactly a situation for a *corps de garde*. In that room they shew you a cast of a face in plaister, and tell you it was taken from Edward's. I was not quite so easy of faith about that: for it is evidently the face of Charles I.

The steeple of the church, lately rebuilt handsomely, stands some paces from the body; in the latter are three tombs of the old Berkeleys, with cumbent figures. The wife of the lord Berkeley, who was supposed to be privy to the murder, has a curious head-gear; it is like a long horse-shoe, quilted in quaterfoils; and like lord Foppington's wig, allows no more than the breadth of a half-crown to be discovered of the face. Stay, I think I mistake; the husband was a conspirator against Richard 2d, not Edward. But in those days, loyalty was not so rife as at present.

From Berkeley Castle I went to Thornbury, of which the ruins are half ruined. It would have been glorious, if finished. I wish the lords of Berkeley had retained the spirit of deposing till Henry the 8th's time! The situation is fine, though that was not the fashion; for all the windows of the great apartment look into the inner-court. The prospect was left to the servants. Here I had two adventures. I could find nobody to shew me about. I saw a paltry house that I took for the sexton's, at the corner of the close, and bade my servant ring, and ask who could shew me the Castle. A voice in a passion flew from a casement, and issued from a divine. "What! was it his business to shew the Castle! Go look for somebody else! What did the fellow ring for as if the house was on fire!" The poor Swiss came back in a fright, and said, the doctor had sworn at him. Well—we scrambled over a stone stile, saw a room or two glazed near the gate, and rung at it. A damsel came forth, and satisfied our curiosity. When we had done seeing, I said, "Child, we don't know our way, and want to be directed into the London-road; I see the duke's steward yonder at the window, pray desire him to come

to me, that I may consult him." She went—he stood staring at us at the window—and sent his footman. I do not think courtesy is resident at Thornbury. As I returned through the close, the divine came running out of breath, and without his beaver or band, and calls out, "Sir, I am come to justify myself: your servant says I swore at him: I am no swearer—Lord bless me! [dropping his voice] it is Mr. Walpole!" "Yes, sir, and I think you was lord Beauchamp's tutor at Oxford, but I have forgot your name." "Holwell, Sir." "Oh! yes—" and then I comforted him, and laid the ill-breeding on my footman's being a foreigner; but could not help saying, I really had taken his house for the sexton's. "Yes, sir, it is not very good without, wont you please to walk in?" I did, and found the inside ten times worse, and a lean wife, suckling a child. He was making an Index to Homer, is going to publish the chief beauties, and I believe had just been reading some of the delicate civilities that pass between Agamemnon and Achilles, and that what my servant took for oaths, were only Greek compliments. Adieu.

Your's ever.

You see I have not a line more of paper.

LETTER LXXXVI.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, Oct. 11, 1774.

I ANSWER your's immediately, as one pays a shilling to clench a bargain, when one suspects the seller. I accept your visit in the last week of this month, and will prosecute you if you do not execute.

I have nothing to say about elections, but that I congratulate myself every time I feel I have nothing to do with them. By my ne-

phew's strange conduct about his boroughs, and by many other reasons, I doubt whether he is so well as he seemed to Dr. Barnardiston. It is a subject I do not love to talk on; but I know I tremble every time the bell rings at my gate at an unusual hour.

Have you seen Mr. Granger's Supplement? Methinks it grows too diffuse. I have hinted to him that fewer panegyrics from funeral sermons would not hurt it. Adieu!

Your's ever.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Arlington-street, Jan. 9, 1775.

I EVERY day intended to thank you for the copy of Nel Gwyn's letter, till it was too late; the gout came, and made me moult my goose-quill. The letter is very curious, and I am as well content as with the original.

It is lucky you do not care for news more recent than the Reformation. I should have none to tell you; nay, nor earlier neither. Mr. Strut's second volume I suppose you have seen. He shewed me two or three much better drawings from pictures in the possession of Mr. Ives. One of them made me very happy: it is a genuine portrait of Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, and is the individual same face as that I guessed to be his in my marriage of Henry 6th. They are infinitely more like each other, than any two modern portraits of one person by different painters. I have been laughed at for thinking the scull of duke

Humphrey at St. Alban's, proved my guess; and yet it certainly does, and is the more like, as the two portraits represent him very bald, with only a ringlet of hair, as monks have. Mr. Strut is going to engrave his drawings.

Your's faithfully.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Arlington-street, April 11th, 1775.

I THANK you, dear sir, for your kind letter, and the good account you give of yourself—nor can I blame your change from writing—that is, transcribing to reading—sure you ought to divert yourself rather than others—though I should not say so, if your pen had not confined itself to transcripts.

I am perfectly well, and heed not the weather; though I wish the seasons came a little oftener into their own places instead of each other's. From November, till a fortnight ago, we had warmth that I should often be glad of in summer—and since we are not sure of it then, was rejoiced when I could get it. For myself, I am a kind of delicate Hercules; and, though made of paper, have, by temperance, by using as much cold water inwardly and outwardly as I can, and by taking no precautions against catching cold, and braving all weathers, become capable of suffering by none. My biennial visitant, the gout, has yielded to the bootikins, and staid with me this last time but five weeks in lieu of five months. Stronger men perhaps would kill themselves by my practice, but it has done so long with me I shall trust to it.

I intended writing to you on Gray's Life, if you had not prevented me. I am charmed with it, and prefer it to all the biography I ever saw. The style is excellent, simple, unaffected; the method admirable, artful, and judicious. He has *framed* the fragments [as a person said] so well, that they are fine drawings, if not finished pictures. For my part, I am so interested in it, that I shall certainly read it over and over. I do not find that is likely to be the case with many *yet*. Never was a book, which people pretended to expect so much with impatience, less devoured —at least in London, where quartos are not of quick digestion. Faults are found, I hear, at Eton with the Latin Poems for false quantities—no matter—they are equal to the English—and can one say more?!

At Cambridge, I should think the book would both offend much and please; at least if they are as sensible to humour as to ill-humour: and there is orthodoxy enough to wash down a camel. The Scotch and the Reviewers will be still more angry, and the latter have not a syllable to pacify them. So they who wait for their decisions will probably miss of reading the most entertaining book in the world—a punishment which they who trust to such wretched judges deserve; for who are more contemptible than such judges, but they who pin their faith on them?

In answer to you, yourself, my good sir, I shall not subscribe to your censure of Mr. Mason, whom I love and admire, and who has shewn the greatest taste possible in the execution of this work. Surely he has *said* enough in gratitude, and *done* far beyond what gratitude could demand. It seems delicacy in not expatiating on the legacy; particularizing more gratitude would have lessened the evidence of friendship, and made the justice done to Gray's character look more like a debt. He speaks of him in slender circumstances, not as distressed: and so he was till after the deaths of his parents and aunts; and even then surely not rich. I think he does somewhere say that he meant to be buried with his mother, and not specifying any other place confirms it. In short, Mr. Mason shall never know your criticisms: he has a good heart, and would feel them, though certainly not apprised that he would merit them. A man who has so called out all his friend's virtues, could not want them himself.

I shall be much obliged to you for the prints you destine for me. The earl of Cumberland I have, and will not rob you of. I wish you had been as successful with Mr. G. as with Mr. T. I mean, if you are not yet paid—now is the time, for he has sold his house to the duke of Marlborough—I suppose he will not keep his prints long: he changes his pursuits continually and extravagantly—and then sells to indulge new fancies.

I have had a piece of luck within these two days. I have long lamented our having no certain piece written by Anne Boleyn's brother, lord Rochford. I have found a very pretty copy of verses by him in the new published vol. of the Nugæ-Antiquæ, though, by mistake, he is called earl of, instead of viscount Rochford. They are taken from a MS. dated twenty-eight years after the author's death, and are much in the manner of lord Surry's and sir T. Wyat's poems. I should at first have doubted if they were not counterfeited, on reading my Noble Authors; but then the blunder of *earl* for *viscount* would hardly have been committed. A little modernized and softened in the cadence, they would be very pretty.

I have got the rest of the Digby pictures, but at a very high rate. There is one very large of sir Kenelm, his wife, and two sons, in exquisite preservation, though the heads of him and his wife not so highly finished as those I have—yet the boys and draperies are so amazing, that, together with the size, it is certainly the most capital miniature in the world: there are a few more, very fine too. I shall be happy to shew them to you, whenever you Burnhamize—I mean before August, when I propose making my dear old blind friend a visit at Paris—nothing else would carry me thither. I am too old to seek diversions, and too indolent to remove to a distance by choice, though not so immovable as you to much less distance. Adieu! pray tell me what you hear is said of Gray's Life at Cambridge.

Your's ever.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Arlington-street, April 25th, 1775.

The least I can do, dear sir, in gratitude for the cargo of prints I have received to-day from you, is to send you a medicine. A pair of bootikins will set out to-morrow morning in the machine that goes from the Queen's Head in Gray's-inn-lane. To be certain, you had better send for them where the machine inns, lest they should neglect delivering them at Milton. My not losing a moment shews my zeal—but if you can bear a little pain, I should not press you to use them. I have suffered so dreadfully, that I constantly wear them to diminish the stock of gout in my constitution; but as your fit is very slight, and will not last, and as you are pretty sure by its beginning so late, that you will never have much; and as the gout certainly carries off other complaints, had not you better endure a little, when it is rather a remedy than a disease? I do not desire to be entirely delivered from the gout, for all reformations do but make room for some new grievance; and, in my opinion, a disorder that requires no physician, is preferable to any that does. However, I have put relief in your power, and you will judge for yourself. You must tie them as tight as you can bear, the flannel next to the flesh; and, when you take them off, it should be in bed: rub your feet with a warm cloth, and put on warm stockings, for fear of catching cold while the pores are open. It would kill any body but me, who am of adamant, to walk out in the dew in winter in my slippers in half an hour after pulling off the bootikins. A physician sent me word, good-naturedly, that there was danger of catching cold after the bootikins, unless one was careful. I thanked him, but told him my precaution was, never taking any. All the winter I pass five days in a week without walking out, and sit often by the fire-side till seven in the evening. When I do go out, whatever the weather is, I go with both glasses of the coach down, and so I do at

midnight out of the hottest room. I have not had a single cold, however slight, these two years.

You are too candid in submitting at once to my defence of Mr. Mason. It is true, I am more charmed with his book than I almost ever was with one. I find more people like the grave letters than those of humour, and some think the latter a little affected, which is as wrong a judgment as they could make; for Gray never wrote any thing easily but things of humour. Humour was his natural and original turn—and though, from his child, he was grave and reserved, his genius led him to see things ludicrously and satirically; and though his health and dissatisfaction gave him low spirits, his melancholy turn was much more affected than his pleasantry in writing. You knew him enough to know I am in the right—but the world in general always wants to be told how to think, as well as what to think. The print, I agree with you, though like, is a very disagreeable likeness, and the worst likeness of him. It gives the primness he had when under constraint; and there is a blackness in the countenance which was like him only the last time I ever saw him, when I was much struck with it; and though I did not apprehend him in danger, it left an impression on me that was uneasy and almost prophetic of what I heard but too soon after leaving him. Wilson drew the picture under much such impression, and I could not bear it in my room; Mr. Mason altered it a little, but still it is not well, nor gives any idea of the determined virtues of his heart. It just serves to help the reader to an image of the person, whose genius and integrity they must admire, if they are so happy as to have a taste for either.

The Peep into the Gardens at Twickenham is a silly little book, of which a few little copies were printed some years ago for presents, and which now sets up for itself as a vendible book. It is a most inaccurate, superficial, blundering account of Twickenham and other places, drawn up by a Jewess, who has married twice, and turned Christian, poetess, and authoress. She has printed her poems too, and one complimentary copy of mine, which, in good breeding, I could not help sending her in return

for violent compliments in verse to me. I do not remember that her's were good; mine I know were very bad, and certainly never intended for the press.

I bought the first volume of Manchester, but could not read it; it was much too learned for me, and seemed rather an account of Babel than Manchester, I mean in point of antiquity. To be sure, it is very kind in an author to promise one the history of a country town, and give one a circumstantial account of the antediluvian world into the bargain. But I am simple and ignorant, and desire no more than I pay for. And then for my progenitors, Noah and the Saxons, I have no curiosity about them. Bishop Lyttelton used to plague me to death about barrows, and tumuli, and Roman camps, and all those bumps in the ground that do not amount to a most imperfect ichnography; but, in good truth, I am content with all arts when perfected, nor inquire how ingeniously people contrived to do without them—and I care still less for remains of art that retain no vestiges of art. Mr. Bryant, who is sublime in unknown knowledge, diverted me more, yet I have not finished this work, no more than he has. There is a great ingenuity in discovering all history (though it has never been written) by etymologies. Nay, he convinced me that the Greeks had totally mistaken all they went to learn in Egypt, &c. by doing, as the French do still, judge wrong by the ear—but as I have been trying now and then for above forty years to learn something, I have not time to unlearn it all again, though I allow this is our best sort of knowledge. If I should die when I am not clear in the history of the world below its first three thousand years, I should be at a sad loss on meeting with Homer and Hesiod, or any of those *moderns* in the Elysian fields, before I know what I ought to think of them.

Pray do not betray my ignorance: the Reviewers and such litterati have called me *a learned and ingenious gentleman.* I am sorry they ever heard my name, but don't let them know how irreverently I speak of the erudite, whom I dare to say they admire. These wasps, I suppose, will be very angry at the just contempt Mr. Gray had for them, and will, as

insects do, attempt to sting, in hopes that their twelvepenny readers will suck a little venom from the momentary tremor they raise;—but good night—and once more thank you for the prints.

Your's ever.

LETTER XC.

Strawberry-hill, June 5th, 1775.

I AM extremely concerned, dear sir, to hear you have been so long confined by the gout. The painting of your house may, from the damp, have given you cold—I don't conceive that paint can affect one otherwise, if it does not make one sick, as it does me of all things. Dr. Heberden, as every physician, to make himself talked of, will set up some new hypothesis, pretends that a damp house, and even damp sheets, which have ever been reckoned fatal, are wholesome: to prove his faith he went into his own new house totally unaired, and survived it. At Malverne they certainly put patients into sheets just dipped in the spring—however, I am glad you have a better proof that dampness is not mortal, and it is better to be too cautious than too rash. I am perfectly well, and expect to be so for a year and half—I desire no more of the bootikins than to curtail my fits.

Thank you for the note from North's Life, though, having reprinted my Painters, I shall never have an opportunity of using it. I am still more obliged to you for the offer of an index to my Catalogue—but as I myself know exactly where to find every thing in it, and as I dare to say nobody else will want it, I shall certainly not put you to that trouble.

Dr. Glynn will certainly be most welcome to see my house, and shall, if I am not at home:—still I had rather know a few days before, because else he may happen to come when I have company, as I have often at this time of the year, and then it is impossible to let it be seen, as I cannot ask my company, who may have come to see it too, to go out, that somebody else may see it, and I should be very sorry to have the Dr. disappointed. These difficulties, which have happened more than once, have obliged me to give every ticket for a particular day; therefore, if Dr. Glynn will be so good as to advertise me of the day he intends to come here, with a direction, I shall send him word what day he can see it.

I have just run through the two vast folios of Hutchins's Dorsetshire. He has taken infinite pains; indeed, all but those that would make it entertaining.

Pray can you tell me any thing of some relations of my own, the Burwells? My grandfather married sir Jeffery Burwell's daughter of Rongham, in Suffolk. Sir Jeffery's mother I imagine was daughter of a Jeffery Pitman, of Suffolk; at least, I know there was such a man in the latter, and that we quarter the arms of Pitman. But I cannot find who lady Burwell, sir Jeffery's wife, was. Edmondson has searched in vain in the Herald's office; and I have out-lived all the ancient of my family so long, that I know not of whom to inquire, but you of the neighbourhood. There is an old walk in the Park at Houghton, called "Sir Jeffery's Walk," where the old gentleman used to teach my father, (sir Robert) his book. Those very old trees encouraged my father to plant at Houghton, when people used to try to persuade him nothing would grow there. He said, why will not other trees grow as well as those in Sir Jeffery's Walk?—other trees have grown to some purpose! Did I ever tell you that my father was descended from lord Burleigh? The latter's grand-daughter by his son Exeter, married sir Giles Allington, whose daughter married sir Robert Crane, father of sir Edward Walpole's wife. I want but lady Burwell's name to make my genealogic tree shoot out

stems every way. I have recovered a barony in fee, which has no defect but in being antecedent to any summons to parliament, that of the Fitz Osbert's: and, on my mother's side, it has mounted the Lord knows whither by the Philipps's to Henry the 8th, and has sucked in Dryden for a great uncle; and by lady Philipps's mother, Darcy, to Edward 3d, and there I stop for brevity's sake—especially as Edward 3d is a second Adam; who almost is not descended from Edward? as posterity will be from Charles the 2d, and all the princes in Europe from James 1st. I am the first antiquary of my race. People don't know how entertaining a study it is. Who begot whom is a most amusing kind of hunting; one recovers a grandfather instead of breaking one's own neck—and then one grows so pious to the memory of a thousand persons one never heard of before. One finds how christian names came into a family, with a world of other delectable erudition. You cannot imagine how vexed I was that Bloomfield died before he arrived at Houghton—I had promised myself a whole crop of notable ancestors—but I think I have pretty well unkennelled them myself.

Adieu, dear sir,

Your's ever.

P. S. I found a family of Whaplode in Lincolnshire who give our arms, and have persuaded myself that Whaplode is a corruption of Walpole, and came from a branch when we lived at Walpole in Lincolnshire.

LETTER XCI.

Strawberry-hill, Dec. 10, 1775.

I was very sorry to have been here, dear sir, the day you called on me in town. It is so difficult to uncloister you, that I regret not seeing you when you are out of your own *ambry*.

I have nothing new to tell you that is very old; but you can inform me of something within your own district. Who is the author, E. B. G. of a version of Mr. Gray's Latin odes into English,[1] and of an elegy on my wolf-devoured dog, poor Tory? a name you will marvel at in a dog of mine; but his godmother was the widow of alderman Parsons, who gave him at Paris to lord Conway, and he to me. The author is a poet, but makes me blush, for he calls Mr. Gray and me *congenial pair*. Alas! I have no genius; and if any symptom of talent, so inferior to Gray's, that Milton and Quarles might as well be coupled together. We rode over the Alps in the same chaise, but Pegasus drew on his side, and a cart-horse on mine. I am too jealous of his fame to let us be coupled together.

This author says he has lately printed at Cambridge a Latin translation of the Bards; I should be much obliged to you for it.

I do not ask you if Cambridge has produced any thing, for it never does. Have you made any discoveries? Has Mr. Lort? Where is he? Does Mr. Tyson engrave no more?

My plates for Strawberry advance leisurely. I am about nothing. I grow old and lazy, and the present world cares for nothing but politics, and satisfies itself with writing in newspapers. If they are not bound up

[1] Edward Burnaby Green, formerly of Bennet College, but at that time a brewer in Westminster.

and preserved in libraries, posterity will imagine that the art of printing was gone out of use. Lord Hardwicke has indeed reprinted his heavy volume of Sir Dudley Carleton's Dispatches, and says I was in the wrong to despise it. I never met with any body that thought otherwise. What signifies raising the dead so often, when they die the next minute? Adieu!

Your's ever.

LETTER XCII.

Arlington-street, Dec. 14th, 1775.

OUR letters probably passed by each other on the road, for I wrote to you on Tuesday, and have this instant received one from you, which I answer directly, to beg pardon for my incivility, nay ingratitude, in not thanking you for your present of a whole branch of most respectable ancestors, the *Derehaughs*—why, the *Derehaughs* alone would make gentlemen of half the modern peers English or Irish. I doubt my journey to France was got into my head, and left no room for an additional quarter—but I have given it to Edmondson, and ordered him to take care that I am born again from the *Derehaughs*. This Edmondson has got a ridiculous notion into his head that another, and much ancienter of my progenitors, sir Henry Walpole, married his wife Isabella Fitz-Osbert, when she was widow to Sir Walter Jernegan; whereas all the *Old Testament* says sir Walter married sir Henry's widow. Pray send me your authority to confound this gainsayer, if you know any thing particular of the matter.

I had not heard of the painting you tell me of. As those boobies, the Society of Antiquaries, have gotten hold of it, I wonder their *piety* did not make them bury it again, as they did the clothes of Edward 1st. I

have some notion that in Vertue's MSS. or somewhere else, I don't know where, I have read of some ancient painting at the Rose Tavern. This I will tell *you*—but Mr. Gough is such a bear, that I shall not satisfy him about it. That Society, when they are puzzled, have recourse to me; and that would be so often, that I shall not encourage them. They may blunder as much as they please, from their heavy president down to the pest governor Pownall, who accounts for every thing immediately, before the creation or since. Say only to Mr. Gough, that I said I had not leisure now to examine Vertue's MSS. If I find any thing there, *you* shall know—but I have no longer any eagerness to communicate what I discover. When there was so little taste for MSS. which Mr. Gray thought worth transcribing, and which were so valuable, would one offer more pearls?

Boydel brought me this morning another number of the Prints from the pictures at Houghton. Two or three in particular are most admirably executed—but, alas! it will be twenty years before the set is completed. That is too long to look forward at any age—and at mine!—Nay, people will be tired in a quarter of the time. Boydel, who knows this country, and still more this town, thinks so too. Perhaps there will be newer, or at least more fashionable ways of engraving, and the old will be despised—or, which is still more likely, nobody will be able to afford the expense. Who would lay a plan for any thing in an overgrown metropolis hurrying to its fall?

I will return you Mr. Gough's letter when I get a frank. Adieu.

TO THOMAS ASTLE, ESQ.[1]

LETTER XCIII.

SIR, Dec. 19th, 1775.

I AM much obliged, and return you my thanks for the paper you have sent me. You have added a question to it, which, if I understand it, you yourself, sir, are more capable than any body of answering. You say, "Is it probable that this instrument was framed by Richard duke of Gloucester?" If by *framed* you mean drawn up, I should think princes of the blood in that barbarous age, were not very expert in drawing acts of attainder, though a branch of the law more in use then than since. But as I suppose you mean *forged*, you, sir, so conversant in writings of that age, can judge better than any man.—You may only mean *forged by his order.* Your reading, much deeper than mine, may furnish you with precedents of *forged acts of attainder;* I never heard of one;—nor does my simple understanding suggest the use of such a forgery, on cases immediately pressing; because an act of attainder being a matter of public notoriety, it would be revolting the common sense of all mankind to plead such an one, if it had not really existed. If it could be carried into execution by force, the force would avail without the forgery, and would be at once exaggerated and weakened by it. I cannot therefore conceive why Richard should make use of so absurd a trick, unless that having so little to do in so short and turbulent a reign, he amused himself with treasuring up in the Tower a forged act for the satisfaction of those, who three hundred years afterwards should be glad of discovering new flaws in his character. As there are men so bigotted to old legends, I am persuaded, sir, that you would please them by communicating your

[1] This letter is printed from the copy sent to Mr. Cole: see letter to him of 26th Jan. 1776.

question to them. They would rejoice to suppose that Richard was more criminal than even the Lancastrian historians represent him; and just at this moment I don't know whether they would not believe that Mrs. Rudd assisted him. I, who am probably as absurd a bigot on the other side, see nothing in the paper you have sent me, but a confirmation of Richard's innocence of the death of Clarence. As the duke of Buckingham was appointed to superintend the execution, it is incredible that he should have been drowned in a butt of malmsey, and that Richard should have been the executioner. When a senechal of England, or as we call it, a lord-high-steward, is appointed for a trial, at least for execution, with all his officers, it looks very much as if even in that age, proceedings were carried on with a little more formality, than the careless writers of that time let us think. The appointment too of the duke of Buckingham for that office, seems to add another improbability (and a work of supererogation) to Richard's forging the instrument. Did Richard really do nothing but what tended to increase his unpopularity by glutting mankind with lies, forgeries, and absurdities, which every man living could detect?

I take this opportunity, sir, of telling you how sorry I am not to have seen you long, and how glad I shall be to renew our acquaintance, especially if you like to talk over this old story with me, though I own it is of little importance, and pretty well exhausted.

I am, sir, with great regard,

Your obliged humble servant.

[*Queries to be added to this letter.*]

If there was no such parliament held, would Richard have dared to forge an act for it?

Would Henry 7th never have reproached him with so absurd a forgery?

Did neither sir T. More nor lord Bacon ever hear of that forgery?

As Richard declared his nephew the Earl of Warwick his successor, would he have done so, if he had forged an act of attainder of Warwick's father?

If it is supposed he forged the act, when he set aside Warwick, could he pretend that act was not known, when he declared him his heir? Would not so recent an act's being unknown, have proved it a forgery? and if there had been no such parliament as that which forged it, would not that have proved it a double forgery? The act, therefore, and the parliament that passed it, must have been genuine and existed, though no other record appears. The distractions of the times, the evident insufficiency or partiality of the historians of that age, and the interest of Henry 7th to destroy all records that gave authority to the house of York and their title, account for our wanting evidence of that parliament.

LETTER XCIV.

Jan. 26th, 1776.

I HAVE deferred answering your last letter, dear sir, till I cannot answer with my own hand. I made a pilgrimage at Christmas to Queen's Cross, at Ampthill, was caught there by the snow, imprisoned there for a fortnight, and sent home bound hand and foot by the gout. The pain, I suppose, is quite frozen, for I have had none; nothing but inflammation and swelling, and they abate. In reality, this is owing to the bootikins, which though they do not cure the gout, take out its sting. You, who are still more apt to be an invalid, feel, I fear, this Hyperborean season; I should be glad to hear you did not.

I thought I had at once jumped upon a discovery of the object of the painted room at the Rose Tavern, but shall not plume myself upon my luck till I have seen the chamber, because Mr. Gough's account seems to date the style of the painting earlier than will serve my hypothesis. I had no data to go upon but the scite having belonged to the family of Tufton (for I do not think the description at all answers to the taking of Francis the 1st; nor is it at all credible that there should be arms in the painting, and yet neither those of France or Austria). I turned immediately to lord Thanet's pedigree, in Collins's Peerage, and found at once an heroïc adventure performed by one of the family, that accords remarkably with the principal circumstance. It is the rescue of the elector Palatine, son of our queen of Bohemia, from an ambuscade laid for him by the duke of Lorrain. The arms, Or and Gules, I thought were those of Lorrain, which I since find are Argent and Gules. The Argent indeed may be turned yellow by age, as Mr. Gough says he does not know whether the crescent is red or black. But the great impediment is, that this achievement of a Tufton was performed in the reign of Charles the second. Now in that reign, when we were become singularly ignorant of chivalry, anachronisms and blunders might easily be committed by a modern painter, yet I shall not adhere to my discovery, unless I find the painting correspond with the style of the modern time to which I would assign it; nor will I see through the eyes of my hypothesis but fairly. I shall now turn to another subject. Mr. Astle, who has left me off ever since the fatal era of Richard the Third, for no reason that I can conceive but my having adopted his discovery, which for aught I know may be a reason with an antiquary, lately sent me the attainder of George duke of Clarence, which he has found in the tower and printed; and on it, as rather glad to confute me and himself, than to have found a curiosity, he had written two or three questions which tended to accuse Richard of having forged the instrument, though to the instrument itself, is added another, which confirms my acquittal of Richard of the murder of Clarence—but, alas! Passion is a spying-glass that does but make the eyes of Folly more blind. I sent him an answer, a copy of which inclose. Since that, I have heard no more of him, nor shall, I

suppose, till I see this new proof of Richard's guilt adopted into the annals of the Society, against which I have reserved some other stigmas for it.

Mr. Edmondson has found a confirmation of Isabella Fitzosbert having married Jernegan after Walpole. I forget where I found my arms of Fitzosberts. Though they differ from your's of sir Roger, the colours are the same, and they agree with your's of William Fitzosborne. There was no accuracy in spelling names even till much later ages; and you know that different branches of the same family made little variation in their coats.

I am very sorry for the death of poor Henshaw, of which I had not heard.

I am your's most sincerely.

P. S. The queries added to the letter to Mr. Astle were not sent with it, and as I reserve them for a future answer, I beg you will shew them to nobody.

LETTER XCV.

Arlington-street, March 1st, 1776.

I AM sorry to tell you that the curious old painting at the tavern in Fleet-street is addled, by the subject turning out a little too old. Alas! it is not the story of Francis 1st, but of St. Paul. All the coats of arms that should have been French and Austrian, and that I had a mind to convert into Palatine and Lorrain, are the bearings of Pharisaic nobility. In short, Dr. Percy was here yesterday, and tells me that over

Mr. Gough's imaginary Pavia is written *Damascus* in capital letters. Oh! our antiquaries!

Mr. Astle has at last called on me, but I was not well enough to see him. I shall return his visit when I can go out: I hope this will be in a week: I have no pain left, but have a codicil of nervous fevers, for which I am taking the bark. I have nothing new for you in our old way, and therefore will not unnecessarily lengthen my letter, which was only intended to cashier the old painting, though I hear the antiquaries still go on with having a drawing taken from it—Oh! our antiquaries!

LETTER XCVI.

April 16th, 1776.

You will be concerned, my good sir, for what I have this minute heard from his nephew, that poor Mr. Granger was seized at the communion table on Sunday with an apoplexy, and died yesterday morning at five. I have answered the letter with a word of advice about his MSS. that they may not fall into the hands of booksellers. He had been told by idle people so many gossiping stories, that it would hurt him and living persons, if all his collections were to be printed; for as he was incapable of telling an untruth himself, he suspected nobody else—too great goodness in a biographer.

Your's ever.

P. S. The whole world is occupied with the duchess of Kingston's trial. I don't tell you a word of it, for you will not care about it these two hundred years.

LETTER XCVII.

Strawberry-hill, June 1st, 1776.

MR. GRANGER's papers have been purchased by lord Mount Stewart, who has the portrait of frenzy as well as I; and tho' I am the head of the sect, I have no longer the rage of propagating it, nor would I on any account take the trouble of revising and publishing the MSS. Mr. Granger had drowned his taste for portraits in the ocean of biography; and tho' he began with elucidating prints, he at last only sought prints that he might write the lives of those they represented. His work was grown and growing so voluminous that an abridgement only could have made it useful to collectors. I am not surprised that you will not assist Dr. Kippis: bishop Laud and William Prynne could never agree. You are very justly more averse to Mr. Masters, who is a pragmatic fellow, and at best troublesome.

If the agate knives you are so good as to recommend to me can be tolerably authenticated, have any royal marks, or at least, old setting of the time, and will be sold for two guineas, I should not dislike having them: tho' I have scarce room to stick a knife and fork. But if I trouble you to pay for them, you must let me know all I owe you already, for I know I am in your debt for prints and pamphlets, and this new debt will make the whole considerable enough to be remitted. I have lately purchased three apostle-spoons to add to the one you was so kind as to give me. What is become of Mr. Essex? does he never visit London? I wish I could tempt him thither or hither. I am not only thinking of building my offices in a collegiate style, for which I have a good design and wish to consult him, but I am actually wanting assistance at this very moment, about a smaller gallery that I wish to add this summer: and which if Mr. Essex was here, he should build directly.

It is scarce worth asking him to take the journey on purpose, tho' I would pay for his journey hither and back, and would lodge him here for the necessary time. I can only beg you to mention it to him as an idle jaunt, the object is so trifling. I wish more that you could come with him: do you leave your poor parishioners and their souls to themselves? if you do, I hope Dr. Kippis will seduce them.

Adieu, dear sir,

Your's ever.

LETTER XCVIII.

Strawberry-hill, June 11th, 1776.

I AM grieved and feel for your gout; I know the vexations and disappointments it occasions, and how often it will return when one thinks it going or gone: it represents life and its vicissitudes. At last I know it makes me content when one does not feel actual pain,—and, what contents, may be called a blessing: but it is that sort of blessing that extinguishes hopes and views, and is not so luxurious but one can bear to relinquish it. I seek amusements now to amuse me; I used to rush into them, because I had an impulse and wished for what I sought. My want of Mr. Essex has a little of both kinds, as it is for an addition to this place, for which my fondness is not worn out. I shall be very glad to see him here either on the 20th or 21st of this month, and shall have no engagement till the 23d, and will gladly pay his journey. I am sorry I must not hope that you will accompany him.

Your's ever.

LETTER XCIX.

[July 23d, 1776.]

You are so good to me, my dear sir, that I am quite ashamed, I must not send back your charming present, but wish you would give me leave to pay for it, and I shall have the same obligation to you and still more. It is beautiful in form and colours, and pleases me excessively. In the mean time I have in a great hurry (for I came home but at noon to meet Mr. Essex), chosen out a few prints for you, such as I think you will like, and beg you to accept them—they enter into no one of my sets.

I am heartily grieved at your account of yourself, and know no comfort but submission. I was absent to see general Conway who is far from well. We must take our lot as it falls! joy and sorrow is mixed till the scene closes. I am out of spirits, and shall not mend your's. Mr. Essex is just setting out, and I write in great haste, but am, as I have so long been,

Most truly your's.

LETTER C.

Strawberry-hill, July 24th, 1776.

I WROTE to you yesterday, dear sir, not only in great haste, but in great confusion, and did not say half I ought to have done for the pretty vase you sent me and for your constant obliging attention to me. All I can say is, that gratitude attempted even in my haste and concern to put in its word: and I did not mean to pay you (which I hope you will really allow me to do) but to express my sensibility of your kindness. The fact was, that to avoid disappointing Mr. Essex, when I had dragged him hither from Cambridge, I had returned hither precipitately, and yet late from Park Place, whither I went the day before to see general Conway, who has had a little attack of the paralytic kind. You who can remember how very long and dearly I have loved so near a relation and particular friend, and who are full of nothing but friendly sensations, can judge how shocked I was to find him more changed than I expected. I suffered so much in constraining and commanding myself, that I was not sorry as the house was full of relations, to have the plea of Mr. Essex, to get away, and come to sigh here by myself. It is, perhaps, to vent my concern that I write now. Mr. Conway is in no manner of danger, is better, his head nor speech are affected, and the physicians, who barely allow the attack to be of the paralytic nature are clear it is local, in the muscles of the face. Still has it operated such a revolution in my mind, as no time, *at my age*, can efface. It has at once damped every pursuit which my spirits had even now prevented me from being weaned from, I mean of Virtù—. It is like a mortal distemper in myself; for can amusements amuse, if there is but a glimpse, a vision of out-living one's friends? I have had dreams in which I thought I wished for fame—it was not certainly posthumous fame at any distance: I feel, I feel it was confined to the memory of those I love. It seems to me impossible for a man who has no friends to do any thing for

fame—and to me the first position in friendship is, to intend one's friends should survive one—but it is not reasonable to oppress you, who are suffering gout with my melancholy ideas. Let me know as you mend. What I have said will tell you, what I hope so many years have told you, that I am very constant and sincere to friends of above forty years. I doubt Mr. Essex perceived that my mind was greatly bewildered. He gave me a direction to Mr. Penticross, who I recollect Mr. Gray, not you, told me was turned a methodist teacher. He was a blue-coat boy, and came hither then to some of my servants, having at that age a poetic turn. As he has reverted to it, I hope the enthusiasm will take a more agreeable plea. I have not heard of him for many years, and thought he was settled somewhere near Cambridge: I find it is at Wallingford. I wonder those madmen and knaves do not begin to wear out, as their folly is no longer new, and as knavery can turn its hand to any trade according to the humour of the age, which in countries like this is seldom constant.

Your's most faithfully.

LETTER CI.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 19th, 1776.

I HAVE time but to write you a line, and it is as usual to beg your help in a sort of literary difficulty. I have received a letter dated *Catherine Hall*, from *Hen. Prescot*, whom I doubt I have forgotten; for he begins, *Dear Sir*, and I protest I cannot recollect him, though I ought. He says he wants to send me a few classical discourses, and he speaks with respect of my father, and, by his trembling hand, seems an old man. All these are reasons for my treating him with great regard; and, being afraid of hurting him, I have written a short and very civil answer, di-

rected to the *Rev. Dr. Prescot.* God knows whether he is a clergyman or a doctor, and perhaps I may have betrayed my forgetfulness; but I thought it was best to err on the over civil side. Tell me something about him; I dread his *Discourses.* Is he the strange man that a few years ago sent me a volume of an uncommon form, and of more uncommon matter? I suspect so.

You shall certainly have two or three of my prints by Mr. Essex when he returns hither and hence, and any thing else you will command. I am just now in great concern for the terrible death of general Conway's son-in-law, Mr. Damer, of which perhaps you in your solitude have not heard.—You are happy who take no part but in the past world, for the *Mortui non mordent,* nor do any of the extravagant and distressing things, that perhaps they did in their lives. I hope the gout, that persecutes even in a hermitage, has left you.

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER CII.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 9th, 1776.

MAY I trouble you, dear sir, when you see our friend Mr. Essex, to tell him that the tower is covered in, and that whenever he has nothing to do, after this week, I shall be very glad to see him here, if he will only send me a line two or three days before-hand. I have carried this little tower higher than the round one, and it has an exceedingly pretty effect, breaking the long line of the house picturesquely and looking very ancient. I wish this or any thing else could tempt you hither. I must correct a little error in the spelling of a name in the pedigree you

was so kind as to make out for me last year; the Derehaughs were not of Colton, but of Coulston-hall. This I discovered oddly this morning. On opening a patch-box that belonged to my mother, and which I have not opened for many years, I found an extremely small silver collaring about this size ○, but broad and flat. I remember it was in an old satin bag of coins that my mother found in old Houghton when she first married. I call it a collar from the breadth; for it would not be large enough for a fairy's lap dog. It was probably made for an infant's little finger, and must have been for a ring, not a collar; for I believe, though she was an heiress, young ladies did not elope so early in those days. I never knew how it came into the family, but now it is plain, for the inscription on the outside is, *of Coulston-hall, Suff.* and it is a confirmation of your pedigree. I have tied it to a piece of paper, with a long inscription, and it is so small, it will not be melted down for the weight; and, if not lost from its diminutive person, may remain in the family a long while, and be preserved when some gamester may spend every other bit of silver he has in the world; at least, if one wou'd make heir-looms now, one must take care that they have no value in them.

I fancy Mrs. Prescott is returned, for I have heard no more of the Doctor. I wish you may be able to tell me your gout is gone.

Your's ever.

P.S. I was turning over Edmondson this evening, and observed an odd concurrence of circumstances in the present lord Carmarthen. By his mother he is the representative of the great duke of Marlborough and of old treasurer Godolphin, by his father of the lord-treasurer duke of Leeds, and by his grandmother is descended from the lord-treasurer Oxford. Few men are so well ancestored in so short a compass of time.

LETTER CIII.

Strawberry-hill, Dec. 9th, 1776.

I KNOW you love an episcopal print, and therefore I send you one of two that have just been given to me. As you have time and patience too, I recommend to you to peruse sir John Hawkins' History of Music. It is true there are five huge volumes in quarto, and perhaps you may not care for the expense; but surely you can borrow them in the University, and though you may no more than I, delight in the scientific, there is so much about cathedral service, and choirs, and other old matters, that I am sure you will be amused with a great deal, particularly the two last volumes, and the fac-similies of old music in the first. I doubt it is a work that will not sell rapidly, but it must have a place in all great libraries.

Pray tell Mr. Essex his ceiling is nearly finished, and very well executed.

As we have not had about two or three cold days, I hope the winter agrees with you, and that your complaints are gone off.

Adieu, dear sir,

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER CIV.

DEAR SIR, Arlington-street, Feb. 20th, 1777.

You are always my oracle in any antique difficulties. I have bought at Mr. Ives's sale (immensely dear) the shutters of the altar at St. Edmondsbury: Mr. Ives had them from Tom Martin, who married Peter Leneve's widow; so you see no shutters can be better descended on the mother's side. Next to high birth, personal merit is something: in that respect my shutters are far from defective: on the contrary, the figures in the inside are so very good, as to amaze me who could paint them here in the reign of Henry 6th; they are worthy of the Bolognese school—but they have suffered in several places, tho' not considerably. Bowes is to repair them, under oath of only filling up the cracks, and restoring the peelings off, but without repainting or varnishing.

The possession of these boards, invaluable to me, was essential. They authenticate the sagacity of my guesses, a talent in an antiquary co-equal with prophesy in a saint. On the outside is an archbishop unchristened by the late possessors, but evidently archbishop Kempe, or the same person with the prelate in my marriage of Henry 6th—and you will allow from the collateral evidence that it must be Kempe, as I have so certainly discovered another person in my picture. The other outside is a cardinal, called by Mr. Ives, Babington; but I believe Cardinal Beaufort, *for* the lion of England stands by him, which a bastardly prince of the blood was more likely to assume than a true one. His face is not very like, nor very unlike the face in my picture; but this is shaven—but now comes the great point. On the inside is Humphrey duke of Gloucester, kneeling—not only as exactly resembling mine as possible, but with the same almost bald head, and the precisely same furred robe. An apostle-like personage stands behind him, holding a golden chalice, as his r. highness's offering, and, which is remarkable, the duke's velvet cap of state, with his coronet of strawberry leaves.

I used to say, to corroborate my hypothesis, that the scull of duke Humphrey at St. Albans was very like the form of head in my picture, which argument diverted the late lord Holland extremely—but I trust now that nobody will dispute any longer my perfect acquaintance with *all dukes of Gloucester*—by the way, did I ever tell you that when I published my *Historic Doubts* on Richard 3d, my niece's marriage not being then acknowledged, George Selwyn said, he did not think *I* should have *doubted* about the duke of Gloucester? On the inside of the other shutter is a man unknown: he is in a stable as Joseph might be, but over him hangs a shield of arms, that are neither Joseph's nor Mary's. The colours are either black and white, or so changed as not to be distinguishable. * * * I conclude the person who is in red and white was the donor of the altarpiece or benefactor; and what I want of you is to discover him and his arms; and to tell me whether duke Humphrey, Beaufort, Kempe, and Babington, were connected with St. Edmondsbury, or whether this unknown person was not a retainer of duke Humphrey, at least of the royal family.

At the same sale I bought a curious pair, that I conclude came from Blickling, with Hobart impaling Boleyn, from which latter family the former enjoyed that seat. How does this third winter of the season agree with you? The wind to-day is sharper than a razor, and blows icicles into one's eyes. I was confined for seven weeks with the gout, yet am so well recovered as to have been abroad to-day, tho' it is as mild under the pole.

Pray can you tell me the title of the book that Mr. Ives dedicated to me? I never saw it, for he was so odd (I cannot call it modest, lest I should seem not so myself) as never to send it to me, and I never could get it.

Your's most truly.

LETTER CV.

Feb. 27th, 1777.

You see, dear sir, that we thought on each other just at the same moment; but, as usual, you was thinking of obliging me, and I of giving you trouble. You have fully satisfied me of the connexion between the Lancastrian princes and St. Edmondsbury. Edmondson, I conclude, will be able to find out the proprietor of the arms, impaling Walrond.

I am well acquainted with sir A. Weldon and the Aulicus Coquinanæ, and will return them with Mr. Ives's tracts, which I intend to buy at the sale of his books. Tell me how I may convey them to you most safely. You say, *Till I shew an inclination to borrow more of your MSS.* I hope you do not think my appetite for that loan is in the least diminished. I should at all minutes and ever be glad to peruse them all—but I was not sure you wished to lend them to me, though you deny me nothing—and my own fear of their coming to any mischance, made me very modest about asking for them—but now, whenever you can send me any of them with perfect security, I eagerly and impudently ask to see them; you cannot oblige me more, I assure you.

I am sorry Dr. E—n is got into such a dirty scrape. There is scarce any decent medium observed at present between wasting fortunes and fabricating them—and both by any disreputable manner; for as to saving money by prudent economy, the method is too slow in proportion to consumptions; even forgery, alas![1] seems to be the counterpart or restorative of the ruin by gaming. I hope at least that robbery on the highway will go out of fashion as too piddling a profession for gentlemen.

[1] Alluding to Dr. Dodd.

I inclose a card for your friends, but must advertise them that March is in every respect a wrong month for seeing Strawberry. It not only wants its leaves and beauty then, but most of the small pictures and curiosities, which are taken down and packed up in winter, are not restored to their places, till the weather is fine and I am more there. Unless they are confined in time, your friends had much better wait till May—but, however, they will be very welcome to go when they please. I am more personally interested in hoping to see you there this summer—you must visit my new tower, diminutive as it is. It adds much to the antique air of the whole in both fronts. You know I shall sympathize with your gout, and your are always master of your own hours.

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER CVI.

Arlington-street, May 22d, 1777.

It is not owing to forgetfulness, negligence, or idleness—to none of which I am subject, that you have not heard from me since I saw you, dear sir, but to my miserable occupation with my poor nephew, who engrosses my whole attention, and will I doubt destroy my health, if he does not recover his. I have got him within fourteen miles of town with difficulty. He is rather worse than better, may recover in an instant as he did last time, or remain in his present sullenness. I am far from expecting he should ever be perfectly in his senses, which, in my opinion, he scarce ever was. His intervals expose him to the worst people, his relapses overwhelm me.

I have put together some trifles I promised you, and will beg Mr. Lort to be the bearer when he goes to Cambridge, if I know of it. At present

I have time for nothing I like. My age and inclination call for retirement: I envied your happy hermitage and leisure to follow your inclination. I have always *lived post*, and shall now die before I can bait—yet it is not my wish to be unemployed, could I but choose my occupations. I wish I could think of the pictures you mention, or had time to see Dr. Glynn and the master of Emanuel. I doat on Cambridge, and could like to be often there—The beauty of King's College Chapel, now it is restored, penetrated me with a visionary longing to be a monk in it, though my life has been passed in turbulent scenes, in pleasures—or rather pastimes, and in much fashionable dissipation, still books, antiquity, and virtû kept hold of a corner of my heart, and since necessity has forced me of late years to be a man of business, my disposition tends to be a recluse for what remains—but it will not be my lot, and though there is some excuse for the young doing what they like, I doubt an old man should do nothing but what he ought, and I hope doing one's duty is the best preparation for death. Sitting with one's arms folded to think about it, is a very lazy way of preparing for it. If Charles 5th had resolved to make some amends for his abominable ambition, by doing good, his duty as a king, there would have been infinitely more merit than going to doze in a convent. One may avoid active guilt in a sequestered life, but the virtue of it is merely negative, though innocence is beautiful.

I approve much of your corrections on sir J. Hawkins, and send them to the magazine.

I want the exact blazon of William of Hatfield his arms, I mean the prince buried at York: Mr. Mason and I are going to restore his monument, and I have not time to look for them, I know you will be so good as to assist.

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER CVII.

May 28th, 1777.

I HAVE but time for a word, Mr. Lort has just been here and does not return to Cambridge this month, he has advised me to send the box by the waggon; and it goes to-morrow by Burley's from the Bull. It is a large box and yet contains very little, and less worth sending you; but the glass required bran, which makes the bulk. I found most of the pieces I bought at Mr. Ives's had suffered so much, by being brought to London, and carried to Twickenham, that they were too broken to offer you. You will find indeed but one good piece, that in this shape. The strange old ivory carving was given to me by the dowager duchess of Aiguillon. There are a few proofs of views of Strawberry; but some time or other you shall have a new and complete set. There is Strawberry's pedigree too; but I can find no print of Ganginelli. I am ashamed so large a box should contain only such rubbish. Adieu.

LETTER CVIII.

Strawberry-hill, June 19th, 1777.

I THANK you for your notices, dear sir, and shall remember that on Prince William. I did see the Monthly Review, but hope one is not guilty of the death of every man who does not make one the dupe of a forgery.

I believe M'Pherson's success with Ossian, was more the ruin of Chatterton than I. Two years passed between my doubting the authenticity of Rowley's poems and his death. I never knew he had been in London till some time after he had undone and poison'd himself there. The poems he sent me were transcripts in his own hand, and even in that circumstance he told a lie; he said he had them from the very person at Bristol to whom he had given them. If any man was to tell you that monkish rhymes had been dug up at Herculaneum, which was destroyed several centuries before there was any such poetry, should you believe it? Just the reverse is the case of Rowley's pretended poems. They have all the elegance of Waller and Prior, and more than lord Surry—but I have no objection to any body believing what he pleases. I think poor Chatterton was an astonishing genius—but I cannot think that Rowley foresaw metres that were invented long after he was dead, or that our language was more refined at Bristol in the reign of Henry 5th, than it was at court under Henry 8th. One of the Chaplains of the bishop of Exeter has found a line of Rowley in Hudibras—the monk might foresee that—foo! The prematurity of Chatterton's genius is, however, full as wonderful, as that such a prodigy as Rowley shou'd never have been heard of till the eighteenth century. The youth and industry of the former are miracles too, yet still more credible. There is not a symptom in the poems, but the old words, that savours of Rowley's age—change the old words for modern, and the whole construction is of yesterday.

The other story you tell me is very credible and perfectly in character.

Your's ever.

LETTER CIX.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 31st, 1777.

You are very kind, dear sir, in giving me an account of your health and occupations, and inquiring after mine. I am very sorry you are not as free from gout, as I have been ever since February; but I trust it will only keep you from other complaints, and never prevent your amusing yourself, which you are one of those few happy beings that can always do; and your temper is so good, and your mind so naturally philosophic, composed, and contented, that you neither want the world, care about it, nor are affected by any thing that occurs in it. —This is true wisdom, but wisdom which nothing can give but constitution. Detached amusements have always made a great part of my own delight, and have sown my life with some of its best moments. My intention was, that they should be the employments of my latter years, but fate seems to have chalked out a very different scene for me! The misfortune of my nephew has involved me in business, and consequently care, and opens a scene of disputes, with which I shall not molest your tranquillity.

The dangerous situation in which his R. H. the duke of Gloucester has been, and out of which I doubt he is scarce yet emerged, though better, has added more thorns to my uneasy mind. The duchess's daughters are at Hampton Court, and partly under my care. In one word, my whole summer has been engrossed by duties, which have confined me at home, without indulging myself in a single pursuit to my taste.

In short, as I have told you before, I often wish myself a monk at Cambridge. Writers on government condemn, very properly, a recluse life as contrary to nature's interest, who loves procreation. But as

nature seems not very desirous, that we should procreate to threescore years and ten, I think convents very suitable retreats for those whom our *Alma Mater* does not emphatically call to her *Opus Magnum*. And though to be sure grey hairs are fittest to conduct state affairs, yet as the Rehoboams of the world, (Louis 16th excepted,) do not always trust the rudder of government to ancient hands; old gentlemen methinks are very ill placed [when not at the council board] any where but in a cloister. As I have no more vocation to the ministry, than to carrying on my family, I sigh after a dormitory; and as in six weeks my clock will strike sixty, I wish I had nothing more to do with the world. I am not tired of living, but—but what signifies sketching visions? One must take one's lot as it comes; bitter and sweet are poured into every cup. To-morrow may be pleasanter than to-day. Nothing lasts of one colour. One must embrace the cloister, or take the chances of the world as they present themselves; and since uninterrupted happiness would but embitter the certainty that even that must end. Rubs and crosses should be softened by the same consideration. I am not so busied, but I shall be very glad of a sight of your MS. and will return it carefully. I will thank you too for the print of Mr. Jenyns which I have not, nor have seen.—Adieu!

Dear sir,

Your's most cordially.

LETTER CX.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 16th, 1777.

I HAVE received your volume safely, dear sir, and hurry to thank you before I have read a page, that you may be in no pain about its arrival. I will return it with the greatest care as soon as I have finished it; and at the same time will send Mr. Essex the bills, as I beg you will let him know. I have no less reason for writing immediately, to thank you for the great confidence you place in me. You talk of *nonsense;* alas! what are all our opinions else? if we search for truth before we fix our principles, what do we find but doubt? And which of us begins the search a Tabula rasa! Nay, where can we hunt but in volumes of error or purposed delusion? Have not we, too, a bias in our own minds—our passions? They will turn the scale in favour of the doctrines most agreeable to them. Yet let us be a little vain: you and I differ radically in our principles, and yet in forty years they have never cast a gloom over our friendship. We could give the world a reason that it would not like. We have both been sincere, have both been consistent, and neither adopted our principles nor have varied them for our interest.

Your labour, as far as I am acquainted with it, astonishes me; it shews what can be achieved by a man, that does not lose a moment; and, which is still better, how happy the man is who can always employ himself. I do not believe, that the proud prelate, who would not make you a little happier, is half so much to be envied. Thank you for the print of Soame Jenyns, it is a proof sir Joshua's art, who could give a strong resemblance of so uncouth a countenance, without leaving it disagreeable.

The duke of Gloucester is miraculously revived. For two whole days, I doubted whether he was not dead. I hope fatalists and omen-mon-

gers will be confuted, and thus, as his grandfather broke the charm of the second of the name being an unfortunate prince, the duke will baffle that, which has made the title of Gloucester unpropitious. Adieu,

Dear sir,

Your's most gratefully.

LETTER CXI.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 22, 1777.

I RETURN you your MS. dear sir, with a thousand thanks, and shall be impatient to hear that you receive it safe. It has amused me much, and I admire Mr. Baker for having been able to shew so much sense on so dry a subject. I wish, as you say you have materials for it, that you would write his life. He deserved it much more than most of those he has recorded. His book on the Deficiencies of Learning is most excellent—and far too little known. I admire his moderation too, which was extraordinary in a man who had suffered so much for his principles. Yet they warped even him, for he rejects bishop Burnet's character of bishop Gunning in p. 200, and yet in the very next page, gives the same character of him. Burnet's words are, *he had a great confusion of things in his head, but could bring nothing into method*; pray compare this with p. 201. I see nothing in which they differ, except that Burnet does not talk so much of his comeliness as Mr. Baker.

I shall not commend *your* moderation, when you excuse such a man as bishop Watson. Nor ought you to be angry with Burnet, but with the witnesses on whose evidence Watson was convicted. To tell you

the truth, I am glad when such faults are found with Burnet, for it shews his enemies are not angry at his telling falsehoods, but the truth. Must not an historian say a bishop was convicted of simony, if he was? I will tell you what was said of Burnet's History, by one whose testimony you yourself will not dispute—at least you would not in any thing else. That confessor said, "Damn him, he has told a great deal of truth, but where the devil did he learn it?" This was Saint Atterbury's testimony.

I shall take the liberty of reproving you too, dear sir, for defending that abominable murderess queen Christina—and how can you doubt her conversation with Burnet? you must know there are a thousand evidences of her laughing at the religion she embraced. If you approve her, I will allow you to condemn Lord Russel and Algernon Sydney. Well, as we shall never have the same heroes, we will not dispute about them, nor shall I find fault when you have given me so much entertainment: it would be very ungrateful, and I have a thousand obligations to you, and want to have more. I want to see more of your MSS. they are full of curiosities, and I love some of your heroes too: I honour bishop Fisher and love Mr. Baker.

I have found very few errata indeed, and have corrected a few with a pencil; all are very trifling. In p. 2. last line but one, *originial* is written for *original*, and in p. 6. line 7. of the copy of verses *lyest* for *lyes;* in p. 10. line 17. *authentic* probably for *unauthentic.*

In p. 200, you are a little mistaken. The late king of France was not silent from rule, but shyness: he could scarce ever be persuaded to speak to entire strangers.

If I might chuse, I should like to see your account of the persons educated at King's—but as you may have objections, I insist if you have, that you make me no word of answer. It is, perhaps, impertinent to ask it, and silence will lay neither of us under any difficulty. I have no right to make such a request, nor do now, but on the foot of its

proving totally indifferent to you. You will make me blame myself, if it should a moment distress you, and I am sure you are too good-natured to put me out of humour with myself, which your making no answer would not do.

I inclose my bills for Mr. Essex, and will trouble you to send them to him. I again thank you, and trust you will be as friendly free with me, as I have been with you: you know I am a brother-monk in every thing but religious and political opinions. I only laugh at the thirty-nine articles: but abhor Calvin as much as I do the queen of Sweden, for he was as thorough an assassin.

Your's ever.

P. S. As I have a great mind, and indeed ought when I require it, to shew moderation, and when I have not, ought to confess it, which I do, for I own I am not moderate on certain points; if you are busy yourself and will send me the materials, I will draw up the life of Mr. Baker; or, if you are not content with it, you shall burn it in Smithfield.

In good truth I revere conscientious martyrs, of all sects, communions, and parties.—I heartily pity them, if they are weak men. When they are as sensible as Mr. Baker, I doubt my own understanding more than his. I know I have not his virtues, but should delight in doing justice to them; and perhaps from a man of a different party, the testimony would be more to his honour. I do not call myself of different principles; because a man that thinks himself bound by his oath, can be a man of no principle if he violates it.

I do not mean to deny but many men might think k. James's breach of his oath, a dispensation from theirs; but, if they did not think so, or did not think their duty to their country oblige them to renounce their king, I should never defend those who took the new oaths from interest.

LETTER CXII.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 2d, 1777.

I AM a little uneasy, dear sir, at not hearing that you have received your precious volume. I sent it as you ordered to the Queen's Head, in Gray's-inn-lane, yesterday was sevennight, and my own servant carried it, and they assured him you would receive it the next day. With it I troubled you with a little parcel for Mr. Essex. As he promised me to come hither the beginning of this month, I am in hopes he is coming, and will bring me word of your having received your book. I should be out of my wits if you had not.

Your's ever.

LETTER CXIII.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 19th, 1777.

I THANK you much, dear sir, for the sight of the book, which I return by Mr. Essex. It is not new to me that Burnet paid his court on the other side in the former part of his life: nor will I insist that he changed on conviction, which might be said and generally is for all converts, even those who shift their principles the most glaringly from interest. Duke Lauderdale indeed was such a dog, that the honestest man must have been driven to detest him, however connected with him. I doubt Burnet could not be blind to his character when he wrote the dedication. In truth I have given up many of my saints, but not on the accusations of such wretches as Dalrymple and Macpherson: nor can men, so much their opposites, shake my faith in lord Russel and Alger-

non Sydney. I do not relinquish those that sealed their integrity with their blood, but such as have taken thirty pieces of silver.

I was sorry you said we had any variance. We have differed in sentiments but not in friendship. Two men, however unlike in principles may be perfect friends, when both are sincere in their opinions as we are. Much less shall we quarrel about those of our separate parties, since very few on either side have been so inwardly consistent as you and I have been; and therefore we are more sure of each other's [illegible] than that of men whom we know less, and who did vary from [illegible] As to you and I are only speculative persons and no actors [illegible] very idle to squabble about those that d[illegible] In short, I trust, in as perfect good humour with each o[illegible] have [illegible] forty years.

Pray do not hurry yourself about the anecdotes, Mr. [illegible]ker, nor neglect other occupations on that account. I shall certainly not have time to do any thing this year. I expect the dutchess of Gloucester in a very few days, must go to town as soon as they arrive, and shall probably have not much idle leisure before next summer.

It is not very discreet to look even so far forward, nor am I apt any longer to lay distant plans. A little sedentary literary amusement is indeed no very lofty castle in the air, if I do lay the foundation in idea seven or eight months beforehand.

Wh[illegible]r MSS you [illegible] I shall be very grateful for. They entertain [illegible]xceedingly, and I promise you, we will not have the shadow of an ar[illegible]ment about them. I do not love disputation even with those most [illegible]rent to me. For pardon I must sincerely beg for having contested a single point with you. I am sure it was not with a grain of ill-humour towards you. On the contrary, it was from wishing at that moment that you had not approved though I disliked—but even that I give up as [illegible] as [illegible].

You are in the right, dear sir, not to apply to Masters for any papers he may have relating to Mr. Baker. It is a trumpery fellow from whom one would rather receive a refusal than an obligation.

I am sorry to hear Mr. Lort has the gout, and still more concerned that you still suffer from it. Such patience and temper as yours are the only palliatives. As the bootikins have so much abridged and softened my [illegible] return with the alarm and horror I used to do, and that is [illegible] of one half the complaints. I had scarce any [illegible] and did not keep my bed a day, and had no gout at all in either foot. May not I ask you if this is not some merit in the bootikins? To have cured me of my apprehensions, is to me a vast deal, for now the intervals do not connect the fits. You will understand, that I [illegible] to speak a word to you in favour of the bootikins, for can one feel benefit, and not wish to impart it to a suffering friend?

Indeed I am

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER CXIV.

[illegible] Street, March 31st, 1778.

I DID think it long indeed, dear sir, [illegible] heard from you, and am very sorry the gout was the cause. I hope after such long persecution you will have less now than you apprehend.

I should not have been silent myself, had I had any thing to tell you that you would have cared to hear.

Politics have been the only language, and abuse the only expression of the winter, neither of which are, or deserve to be, inmates of your peaceable hermitage. I wish, however, they may not have grown so serious as to threaten every retreat with intrusion! I will let you know when I am settled at Strawberry-hill, and can look over your kind collections relating to Mr. Baker. He certainly deserves his place in the Biographia, but I am not surprised that *you* would not submit to *his* being instituted and inducted by a presbyterian. In truth, I who have not the same zeal against dissenters, do not at all desire to peruse the History of their Apostles, which are generally very uninteresting.

You must excuse the shortness of this, in which too I have been interrupted: my nephew is as suddenly recovered as he did last time; and, though I am far from thinking him perfectly in his senses, a great deal of his disorder is removed, which, though it will save me a great deal of trouble, hurries me at present, and forces me to conclude.

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER CXV.

Strawberry-hill, April 23d, 1778.

I THANK you, dear sir, for the notice of William Le Worcestre's appearance, and will send for my book as soon as I go to town, which will not be till next week.

I have been here since Friday as much a hermit as yourself. I wanted air and quiet, having been much fatigued on my nephew's amendment.

trying to dissuade him from making the campaign with his militia; but in vain! I now dread hearing of some eccentric freak. I am sorry Mr. Tyson has quite dropped me, though he sometimes comes to town. I am still more concerned at your frequent disorders—I hope their chief seat is unwillingness to move.

Your Bakeriana will be very welcome about June: I shall not be completely resident here till then; at least not have leisure, as May is the month I have most visits from town. As few spare hours as I have, I have contrived to go through Mr. Pennant's Welsh Tour, and Mr. Warton's second volume; both which come within the circle of your pursuits. I have far advanced too in lord Hardwicke's first volume of State Papers. I have yet found nothing that appears a new scene, or sets the old in a new light; yet they are rather amusing, though not in proportion to the bulk of the volumes. One likes to hear actors speak for themselves—but, on the other hand, they use a great many more words than are necessary: and when one knows the events from history, it is a little tiresome to go back to the details and the delays.

I should be glad to employ Mr. Essex on my offices, but the impending war with France deters me. It is not a season for expense: I could like to leave my little castle complete; but though I am only a spectator, I cannot be indifferent to the melancholy aspect of the times, as the country gentleman was, who was going out with his hounds, as the two armies at Edge-hill were going to engage! I wish for peace and tranquillity, and should be glad to pass my remaining hours in the idle and retired amusements I love, and without any solicitude for my country.

Adieu!

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER CXVI.

Arlington-street, May 21st, 1778.

I WILL not flatter you: I was not in the least amused with either Simon, Simeon, or William of Wyrcestre. If there was any thing tolerable in either, it was the part omitted, or the part I did not read, which was the Journey to Jerusalem, about which I have not the smallest curiosity. I thank you for mentioning the Gentleman's Magazine, which I sent for.

Mr. Essex has called upon me, and left me the drawing of a bridge, with which I am perfectly pleased—but I was unluckily out of town; he left no direction, and I know not where to seek him in this overgrown bottle of hay. I still hope he will call again before his return.

May not I, should not I, wish you joy on the restoration of popery? I expect soon to see capuchins tramping about, and Jesuits *in high places*. We are relapsing fast to our pristine state, and have nothing but our island, and our old religion.

Mr. Nasmith's publication directed me to the MSS. in Bennet Library, which I did not know was printed. I found two or three from which I should be glad to have transcripts, and would willingly pay for; but I left the book at Strawberry, and must trouble you another time with that commission.

The city wants to bury lord Chatham in St. Paul's, which, as a person said to me this morning, would literally be *robbing Peter to pay Paul.* I wish it could be so, that there might be some decoration in that nudity, *en attendant*, the re-establishment of various altars. It is not my design to purchase the new edition of the Biographia; I trust they will give the old purchasers the additions as a supplement. I had corrected

the errata of the press throughout my copy, but I could not take the trouble of transcribing them, nor could lend them the originals, as I am apt to scribble notes in the margins of all my books that interest me at all. Pray let me know if Baker's Life is among the additions, and whether you are satisfied with it, as there could not be events enough in his retired life to justify two accounts of it.

There are no new *old news*, and you care for nothing within the memory of man. I am always intending to draw up an account of my intercourse with Chatterton, which I take very kindly you remind me of, but some avocation or other has still prevented it. My perfect innocence of having indirectly been an ingredient, in his dismal fate, which happened two years after our correspondence, and after he had exhausted both his resources and his constitution, have made it more easy to prove that I never saw him, knew nothing of his ever being in London, and was the first person instead of the last, on whom he had practised his impositions, and founded his chimeric hopes of promotion. My very first, or at least second letter, undeceived him in those views, and our correspondence was broken off before he quitted his master's business and Bristol—so that his disappointment with me was but his first ill-success; and he resented my incredulity so much, that he never condescended to let me see him. Indeed, what I have said now to you, and which cannot be controverted by a shadow of a doubt, would be sufficient vindication. I could only add to the proofs a vain regret of never having known his distresses, which his amazing genius would have tempted me to relieve, though I fear he had no other claim to compassion. Mr. Warton has said enough to open the eyes of every one that is not greatly prejudiced to his forgeries. Dr. Milles is one who will not make a bow to dr. Percy for not being as wilfully blind as himself—but when he gets a beam in his eye that he takes for an antique truth, there is no persuading him to submit to be couched.

Adieu, dear sir,

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER CXVII.

Strawberry-hill, June 3d, 1778.

I WILL not dispute with you, dear sir, on patriots and politics. One point is past controversy, that the ministers have ruined this country; and if the church of England's satisfied with being reconciled to the church of Rome, and thinks it a compensation for the loss of America, and all credit in Europe, she is as silly an old woman as any granny in an alms-house. France is very glad we are grown such fools, and soon saw that the presbyterian, dr. Franklin, had more sense than our ministers together. She has got over all her prejudices, has expelled the Jesuits, and made the protestant Swiss Necker, her comptroller-general. It is a little woful, that we are relapsing into the nonsense the rest of Europe is shaking off! and it is the more deplorable, as we know by repeated experience, that this country has always been disgraced by tory administrations. The rubric is the only gainer by them in a few martyrs.

I do not know yet what is settled about the spot of lord Chatham's interment. I am no more an enthusiast to his memory than you. I knew his faults and his defects—yet one fact cannot only not be controverted, but I doubt more remarkable every day—I mean, that under him we attained, not only our highest elevation, but the most solid authority in Europe. When the names of Marlborough and Chatham are still pronounced with awe in France, our little cavils make a puny sound. Nations that are beaten cannot be mistaken. I have been looking out for your friend a set of my heads of painters, and find I want six or seven. I think I have some odd ones in town; if I have not, I will have deficiencies supplied from the plates, though I fear they will not be good, as so many have been taken off. I should be very ungrateful for all your kindnesses if I neglected any opportunity of obliging you, dear

sir. Indeed, our old and unalterable friendship is creditable to us both, and very uncommon between two persons who differ so much in their opinions relative to church and state—I believe the reason is, that we are both sincere, and never meant to take advantage of our principles, which I allow is too common on both sides, and I own too fairly more common on my side of the question than on your's. There is a reason too for that: the honours and emoluments are in the gift of the crown: the nation has no separate treasury to reward its friends.

If Mr. Tyrrwhit has opened his eyes to Chatterton's forgeries, there is an instance of conviction against strong prejudice! I have drawn up an account of my transaction with that marvellous young man; you shall see it one day or other, but I do not intend to print it. I have taken a thorough dislike to being an author; and if it would not look like begging you to compliment me, by contradicting me, I would tell you what I am most seriously convinced of, that I find what small share of parts I had, grown dulled—and when I perceive it myself, I may well believe that others would not be less sharp-sighted. It is very natural; mine were spirits rather than parts; and as time has abated the one, it must surely destroy their resemblance to the other: pray don't say a syllable in reply on this head, or I shall have done exactly what I said I would not do. Besides, as you have always been too partial to me, I am on my guard, and when I will not expose myself to my enemies, I must not listen to the prejudices of my friends; and as nobody is more partial to me than you, there is nobody I must trust less in that respect.

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER CXVIII.

Strawberry-hill, June 10th, 1778.

I AM as impatient and in as much hurry as you was, dear sir, to clear myself from the slightest intention of censuring your politics. I know the sincerity and disinterested goodness of your heart, and when I must be convinced how little certain we all are of what is truth, it would be very presumptuous to condemn the opinions of any good man, and still less an old and unalterable friend, as I have ever found you. The destruction that violent arbitrary principles have drawn on this blinded country has moved my indignation. We never were a great and happy country till the Revolution. The system of these days tended to overturn, and has overturned that establishment, and brought on the disgraces that ever attended the foolish and wicked councils of the house of Stuart. If man is a rational being, he has a right to make use of his reason, and to enjoy his liberty. We, we alone almost had a constitution, that every other nation upon earth envied or ought to envy. This is all I contend for. I will give you up whatever descriptions of men you please; that is, the leaders of parties, not the principles. These cannot change, those generally do, when power falls into the hands of them or their party, because men are corruptible, which truth is not. But the more the leaders of a party dedicated to liberty are apt to change, the more I adore the principle, because it shews that extent of power is not to be trusted even with those that are the most sensible of the value of liberty. Man is a domineering animal; and it has not only been my principle, but my practice too, to quit every body at the gate of the palace. I trust we shall not much differ on these outlines, but we will bid adieu to the subject: it is never an agreeable one to those who do not mean to make a trade of it.

I heartily wish you may not find the pontiff, what I think the order and what I know him, if you mean the high priest of Ely. He is all I have been describing and worse: and I have too good an opinion of you, to believe that he will ever serve you.

What I said of disclaiming authorship, by no means alluded to Mr. Baker's life. It would be enough that you desire it for me to undertake it. Indeed, I am inclined to it, because he was what you and I are, a party-man from principle, not from interest; and he who was so candid surely is entitled to the strictest candour. You shall send me your papers whenever you please. If I can succeed to your satisfaction I shall be content; though I assure you there was no affectation in my saying that I find my small talent decline. I shall write the life to oblige you without any thoughts of publication, unless I am better pleased than I expect to be, and even then not in my own life. I had rather shew that I am sensible of my own defects, and that I have judgment enough not to hope praise for my writings; for surely when they are not obnoxious, and only leaves them behind one, it is a mark that one is not very vain of them.

I have found the whole set of my Painters, and will send them the first time I go to town; and I will have my papers on Chatterton transcribed for you, though I am much chagrined at your giving me no hope of seeing you again here. I will not say more of it; for while it is in my power, I will certainly make you a visit now and then, if there is no other way of our meeting. Mr. Tyrrwhit, I hear, has actually published an Appendix, in which he gives up Rowley. I have not seen it, but will. Shall I beg you to transcribe the passage in which dr. Kippis abuses my father and me, for I shall not buy the new edition, only to purchase abuse on me and mine: I may be angry with liberties he takes with sir Robert, but not with myself; I shall rather take it as flattery to be ranked with him; though there can be nothing worse said of my father than to place us together. Oh! that great, that good man! dr. Kippis may as well throw a stone at the sun!

I am sorry you have lost poor Mr. Bentham. Will you say a civil thing for me to his widow if she is living, and you think it not improper? I have not forgotten their great kindness to me. Pray send me your papers on Mr. Prior's generosity to Mr. Baker. I am sorry it was not so, Prior is much a favourite with me, *though a tory*, nor did I ever hear any thing ill of him. He left his party, but not his friends, and seems to me to have been very amiable. Do you know I pretend to be very impartial sometimes? Mr. Hollis wrote against me for not being whig enough. I am offended with Mrs. Macaulay for being too much a whig. In short, we are all silly animals, and scarce ever more so than when we affect sense.

Your's ever.

LETTER CXIX.

July 12th, 1778.

Mr. Lort has delivered your papers to me, dear sir, and I have already gone through them. I will try if I can make any thing of them, but fear I have not art enough, as I perceive there is absolutely but one fact—the expulsion. You have certainly very clearly proved that Mr. Baker was neither supported by Mr. Prior nor bp. Burnet; but these are mere negatives. So is the question, whether he intended to compile an *Athenæ Cantabrigiensis* or not; and on that you say but little as you have not seen his papers in the Museum. I will examine the printed catalogue, and try if I can discover the truth thence, when I go to town. I will also borrow the new Biographia, as I wish to know more of the expulsion. As it is our only fact, one would not be too dry on it. Upon the whole, I think that it would be preferable to draw up an ample cha-

racter of Mr. Baker, rather than a life. The one was most beautiful, amiable, conscientious; the other totally barren of more than one event: and though you have taken excellent pains to discover all that was possible, yet there is an obscurity hangs over the circumstances that even did attend him; as his connexion with bp. Crewe and his living. His own modesty comes out the brighter, but then it composes a character, not a life.

As to Mr. Kippis and his censures I am perfectly indifferent to them. He betrays a pert malignity in hinting an intention of being severe on my father, for the pleasure of exerting a right I allowed and do allow to be a just one, though it is not just to do it for that reason; however, let him say his pleasure. The truth will not hurt my father; falsehood will recoil on the author.

His asserting that my censure of Mr. Addison's character of lord Somers is not to be justified, is a silly *ipse dixit*, as he does not, in truth cannot, shew why it is not to be justified. The passage I alluded to is the argument of an old woman; and Mr. Addison's being a writer of true humour is not a justification of his reasoning like a superstitious gossip. In the other passage you have sent me, Mr. Kippis is perfectly in the right, and corrects me very justly. Had I ever seen archbishop Abbot's Preface, with the outrageous flattery on, and lies of James 1st, I should certainly never have said, *Honest Abbot could not flatter.* I should have said and do say, I never saw grosser perversion of truth. One can almost excuse the faults of James when his bishops were such base sycophants. What can a king think of human nature, when it produces such wretches? I am too impartial to prefer puritans to clergymen, or *vice versa*, when Whitgift and Abbot only ran a race of servility and adulation: the result is, that priests of all religions are the same. James and his Levites were worthy of each other; the golden calf and the idolaters were well coupled, and it is pity they ever came out of the wilderness. I am very glad Mr. Tyson has escaped death and disappointment; pray wish him joy of both from me. Has not this Indian summer dispersed your

complaints? We are told we are to be invaded. Our Abbots and Whitgifts now see with what successes and consequences their preaching up a crusade against America has been crowned! Archbishop Markham may have an opportunity of exercising his martial prowess. I doubt he would resemble bp. Crewe more than good Mr. Baker. Let us respect those only who are Israelites indeed. I surrender dr. Abbot to you. Church and presbytery are human nonsense invented by knaves to govern fools. Church and king are terms for monopolies. *Exalted notions of church matters* are contradictions in terms to the lowliness and humility of the gospel.—There is nothing sublime but the Divinity. Nothing is sacred but as his work. A tree or a brute stone is more respectable as such, than a mortal called an archbishop, or an edifice called a church, which are the puny and perishable productions of men. Calvin and Wesley had just the same views as the pope; power and wealth their objects. I abhor both, and admire Mr. Baker.

P. S. I like popery as well as you, and have shewn I do. I like it as I like chivalry and romance. They all furnish one with ideas and visions which presbyterianism does not. A gothic church or a convent fill one with romantic dreams—but for the mysterious, the church in the abstract; it is a jargon that means nothing, or a great deal too much, and I reject it and its apostles, from Athanasius to bishop Keene.

LETTER CXX.

Strawberry-hill, July 24th, 1776.

Upon reviewing your papers, dear sir, I think I can make more of them than I at first conceived. I have even commenced the life, and do not dislike my ideas for it, if the execution does but answer. At present I am interrupted by another task, which you too have wished

me to undertake. In a word, somebody has published Chatterton's works, and charged me heavily for having discountenanced him. He even calls for the indignation of the public against me. It is somewhat singular, that I am to be offered up as a victim at the altar of a notorious impostor! but as many saints have been impostors, so many innocent persons have been sacrificed to them. However, I shall not be patient under this attack, but shall publish an answer—the narrative I mentioned to you.

I would, as you know, have avoided entering into this affair if I could; but as I do not despise public esteem, it is necessary to shew how groundless the accusation is. Do not speak of my intention, as perhaps I shall not execute it immediately.

I am not in the least acquainted with the Mr. Bridges you mention, nor know that I ever saw him.

The tomb for Mr. Gray is actually erected, and at the generous expense of Mr. Mason, and with an epitaph of four lines, as you heard, and written by him—but the scaffolds are not yet removed.

I was in town yesterday, and intended to visit it, but there is digging a vault for the family of Northumberland, which obstructs the removal of the boards.

I rejoice in your amendment, and reckon it among my obligations to the fine weather, and hope it will be the most lasting of them.

Your's ever.

LETTER CXXI.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 15th, 1778.

YOUR observation of Rowley not being mentioned by William of Wyrcestre, is very strong indeed, dear sir, and I shall certainly take notice of it. It has suggested to me, that he is not named by Bale or Pitts—is he? Will you trouble yourself to look? I conclude he is not, or we should have heard of it. Rowley is the reverse of king Arthur, and all those heroes that have been expected a second time; he is to come again for the first time—I mean, as a great poet. My defence amounts to thirty pages of the size of this paper: yet I believe, I shall not publish it. I abhor a controversy, and what is it to me whether people believe in an impostor or not? Nay, shall I convince every body of my innocence, though there is not the shadow of reason for thinking I was to blame? If I met a beggar in the street, and refused him sixpence, thinking him strong enough to work, and two years afterwards he should die of drinking, might not I be told I had deprived the world of a capital rope dancer? in short, to shew one's self sensible to such accusations, would only invite more; and, since they accuse me of contempt, I will have it for my accusers.

My brass plate for bishop Walpole was copied exactly from the print in Dart's Westminster, of the tomb of Robert Dalby, bishop of Durham, with the sole alteration of the name. I shall return, as soon as I have time, to Mr. Baker's Life, but I shall want to consult you, or at least the account of him in the New Biographia, as your notes wants some dates. I am not satisfied yet with what I have sketched; but I shall correct it. My small talent was grown very dull.

This attack about Chatterton has a little revived it; but it warns me to have done; for, if one comes to want provocatives, the produce will soon be feeble. Adieu.

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER CXXII.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 22d, 1778.

I BEG you will feel no uneasiness, dear sir, at having shewn my name to dr. Glyn. I can never suspect you, who are giving me fresh proofs of your friendship, and solicited for my reputation, of doing any thing unkind. It is true I do not think I shall publish any thing about Chatterton. Is not it an affront to innocence, not to be perfectly satisfied in her? My pamphlet, for such it would be, is four times as large as the narrative in your hands, and I think would not discredit me—but, in truth, I am grown much fonder of truth than fame, and scribblers or their patrons shall not provoke me to sacrifice the one to the other. Lord Hardwicke, I know, has long been my enemy—latterly, to get a sight of the Conway papers, he has paid great court to me, which, to shew how little I regarded his enmity, I let him see, at least the most curious. But as I set as little value on his friendship, I did not grant another of his requests. Indeed, I have made more than one foe by not indulging the variety of those who have made application to me; and I am obliged to them, when they augment my contempt by quarrelling with me for that refusal. It was the case of Mr. Masters, and is now of lord Hardwicke. He solicited me to reprint his Bœotian volume of sir Dudley Carleton's papers, for which he had two motives. The first he inherited from his father, the desire of saving money; for though his fortune is so much larger than mine, he knew I would not let out my press for hire, but should treat him with the expense, as I have done for those I have obliged. The second was, that the rarity of my editions makes them valuable; and, though I cannot make men read dull books, I can make them purchase them. His lordship, therefore, has bad grace in affecting to overlook one, whom he had in vain courted, yet he again is grown my enemy, because I would not be my own. For my writings, they do not depend on him or the venal authors he

patronizes (I doubt very frugally), but on their own merits or demerits. It is from men of sense they must expect their sentence, not from boobies and hireling authors; whom I have always shunned with the whole fry of minor wits, critics, and monthly censors. ' I have not seen the review you mention, nor ever do, but when something particular is pointed out to me. Literary squabbles I know preserve one's name, when one's work will not; but I despise the fame that depends on scolding, till one is remembered, and remembered by whom? The scavingers of literature! Reviewers are like sextons, who in a charnel-house can tell you to what John Thompson or to what Tom Matthews such a scull or such belonged—but who wishes to know? The fame that is only to be found in such vaults, is like the fires that burn unknown in tombs, and go out as fast as they are discovered. Lord Hardwicke is welcome to live among the dead if he likes it, and can contrive to live no where else.

Chatterton did abuse me under the title of Baron of Otranto, but unluckily the picture is more like dr. Milles and Chatterton's own devotees, than to me, who am but a recreant antiquary, and as the poor lad found by experience, did not swallow every fragment that was offered to me as antique; though that is a feature he has bestowed upon me.

I have seen too the criticism you mention on the Castle of Otranto, in the preface to the Old English Baron. It is not at all oblique, but though mixed with high compliments, directly attacks the visionary part, which, says the author or authoress, makes one laugh. I do assure you, I have not had the smallest inclination to return that attack. It would even be ungrateful, for the work is a professed imitation of mine, only stript of the marvellous—and so entirely stript, except in one awkward attempt at a ghost or two, that it is the most insipid dull nothing you ever saw. It certainly does not make one laugh; for what makes one doze, seldom makes one merry.

I am very sorry to have talked for near three pages on what relates

to myself, who should be of no consequence; if people did not make me so, whether I will or not. My not replying to them, I hope is a proof I do not seek to make myself the topic of conversation.—How very foolish are the squabbles of authors! They buzz and are troublesome to-day, and then repose for ever on some shelf in a college library, close by their antagonists, like Henry VI. and Edward IV. at Windsor.

I shall be in town in a few days, and will send you the heads of painters, which I left there; and along with them for yourself a translation of a French play, that I have just printed there. It is not for your reading, but as one of the Strawberry editions, and one of the rarest, for I have printed but seventy-five copies.

It was to oblige lady Craven, the translatress; and will be an aggravation of my offence to *Sir Dudley's State Papers*.

I hope this Elysian summer, for it has been above Indian, has dispersed all your complaints. Yet it does not agree with fruit; the peaches and nectarines are shrivelled to the size of damsons, and half of them drop. Yet you remember what portly bellies the peaches had at Paris, where it is generally as hot. I suppose our fruit trees are so accustomed to rain, that they don't know how to behave without it. Adieu.

Your's ever.

P. S. I can divert you with a new adventure, that has happened to me in the literary way. About a month ago, I received a letter from a Mr. Jonathan Scott, at Shrewsbury, to tell me he was possessed of a MS. of lord Herbert's account of the court of France, which he designed to publish by subscription, and which he desired me to subscribe to, and to assist in the publication. I replied, that having been obliged to the late lord Powis and his widow, I could not meddle with any such thing, without knowing that it had the consent of the present earl and his mother.

Another letter, commending my reserve, told me Mr. Scott had applied for it formerly, and would again now. This shewed me they did not consent. I have just received a third letter, owning the approbation is not yet arrived; but, to keep me employed in the mean time, the modest Mr. Scott, whom I never saw, nor know more of than I did of Chatterton, proposes to me to get his fourth son a place in the civil department in India; the father not choosing it should be in the military, his three elder sons being engaged in that branch already.—If this fourth son breaks his neck, I suppose it will be laid to my charge!

P. S. 25th. I shall send the prints to the coach to-morrow.

LETTER CXXIII.

Sept. 1st, 1778.

I HAVE now seen the Critical Review, with lord Hardwicke's note, in which I perceive the sensibility of your friendship for me, dear sir, but no rudeness on his part. Contemptuous it was to reprint Jane Shore's letter without any notice of my having given it before; the apology too is not made to me—but I am not affected by such incivilities, that imply more ill-will than boldness. As I expected more from your representation, I believe I expressed myself with more warmth than the occasion deserved; and, as I love to be just, I will, now I am perfectly cool, be so to lord H. His dislike of me was meritorious in him, as I conclude it was founded on my animosity to *his* father, as mine had been, from attachment to *my own*, who was basely betrayed by the late earl. The present has given me formerly many peevish marks of enmity; and I sus-

pect, I don't know if justly, that he was the mover of the cabal in the Antiquarian Society against me—but all their understandings were of a size that made me smile rather than provoke me. The earl, as I told you, has since been rather wearisome in applications to me, which I received very civilly, but encouraged no farther. When he wanted me to be his printer, I own I was not good Christian enough not to be pleased with refusing, and yet, in as well-bred excuses as I could form, pleading, what was true at the time, as you know, that I had laid down my press—but so much for this idle story. I shall think no more of it, but adhere to my pacific system. The antiquarians will be as ridiculous as they used to be; and, since it is impossible to infuse taste into them, they will be as dry and dull as their predecessors. One may revive what perished, but it will perish again, if more life is not breathed into it than it enjoyed originally. Facts, dates, and names, will never please the multitude, unless there is some style and manner to recommend them, and unless some novelty is struck out from their appearance. The best merits of the Society lies in their prints; for their volumes, no mortal will ever touch them but an antiquary. Their Saxon and Danish discoveries are not worth more than monuments of the Hottentots, and for Roman remains in Britain, they are upon a foot with what ideas we should get of Inigo Jones, if somebody was to publish views of huts and houses that our officers run up at Senegal and Goree. Bishop Lyttleton used to torment me with barrows and Roman camps, and I would as soon have attended to the turf graves in our church-yards. I have no curiosity to know how awkward and clumsy men have been in the dawn of arts, or in their decay.

I exempt you entirely from my general censure on antiquaries, both for your singular modesty in publishing nothing yourself, and for collecting stone and brick for others to build with. I wish your materials may ever fall into good hands—perhaps they will: our empire is falling to pieces; we are relapsing to a little island. In that state men are apt to inquire how great their ancestors have been; and, when a kingdom is past doing any thing, the few, that are studious, look into the memorials of

past time; nations, like private persons, seek lustre from their progenitors, when they have none in themselves, and the further they are from the dignity of their source. When half its colleges are tumbled down, the ancient university of Cambridge will revive from your collections, and you will be quoted as a living witness that saw its splendour.

Since I began this letter, I have had another curious adventure. I was in the Holbein chamber, when a chariot stopped at my door. A letter was brought up—and who should be below but—dr. Kippis. The letter was to announce himself and his business, flattered me on my writings, desired my assistance, and particularly my direction and aid for his writing the life of my father. I desired he would walk up, and received him very civilly, taking not the smallest notice of what you had told me of his flirts at me in the New Biographia.

I told him, if I had been applied to, I could have pointed out many errors in the old edition, but as they were chiefly in the printing, I supposed they would be corrected. With regard to my father's life, I said, it might be partiality, but I had such confidence in my father's virtues, that I was satisfied the more his life was examined, the clearer they would appear. That I also thought that the life of any man written under the direction of his family, did nobody honour; and that as I was persuaded my father's would stand the test, I wished that none of his relations should interfere in it. That I did not doubt but the doctor would speak impartially, and that was all I desired. He replied, that he did suppose I thought in that manner, and that all he asked was to be assisted in facts and dates. I said, if he would please to write the life first, and then communicate it to me, I would point out any errors in facts that I should perceive. He seemed mightily well satisfied—and so we parted—but is not it odd, that people are continually attacking me, and then come to me for assistance?—but when men write for profit, they are not very delicate.

I have resumed Mr. Baker's life, and pretty well arranged my plan,

but I shall have little time to make any progress, till October, as I am going soon to make some visits.

I hope you have received the heads of the painters.

Your's ever.

LETTER CXXIV.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 18th, 1778.

I WRITE a few words to satisfy you, dear sir, that I received both your letters together. If I did not mention them, you might think the franked one had strayed.

I rejoice that the heat of the weather has been so serviceable to you, and I hope the little return of tenderness in your feet will not last as the season continues so dry.

I have run through the new articles in the Biographia, and think them performed but by a heavy hand. Some persons have not trusted the characters of their ancestors, as I did my father's, to their own merits. On the contrary, I have met with one whose corruption is attempted to be palliated by imputing its punishment to the revenge of *my father*—which, by the way, is confessing the guilt of the convict.

This was the late lord Barrington, who, I believe, was a very dirty fellow; for, besides being expelled the House of Commons on the affair of Harburg lottery, he was reckoned to have twice sold the dissenters to the court; but, in short, what credit can a Biographia Britannica, which

ought to be a standard work, deserve, when the editor is a mercenary writer, who runs about to relations for directions, and adopts any tale they deliver to him: this very instance is a proof that it is not a jot more credible than a peerage. The authority is said to be a nephew of judge Foster, (consequently, I suppose, a friend of judge Barrington) and he pretends to have found a scrap of paper, nobody knows on what occasion written, that seems to be connected with nothing, and is called, a palliative, if not an excuse of lord B.'s crime.

A man is expelled from parliament for a scandalous job, and it is called a sufficient excuse to say the minister was his enemy; and this near forty years after the death of both; and without any impeachment of the justice of the sentence: instead of which we are told that lord B. was *suspected* of having offended sir R. W. who took that opportunity of being revenged. Supposing he did, which at most you see is a suspicion grounded on a suspicion, it would at least imply that he had found a good opportunity—a most admirable acquittal! Sir R. Walpole was expelled for having indorsed a note that was not for his own benefit, nor ever supposed to be, and it was the act of a whole outrageous party; yet, abandoned as parliaments sometimes are, a minister would not find them very complaisant in gratifying his private revenge against a member without some notorious crime. Not a syllable is said of any defence the culprit made; and, had my father been guilty of such violence and injustice, it is totally incredible that he, whose minutest acts and his most innocent, were so rigorously scrutinized, tortured, and blackened, should never have heard that act of power complained of. The present lord Barrington who opposed him saw his fall, and the secret committee appointed to canvas his life, when a retrospect of twenty years was desired, and only ten allowed, would certainly have pleaded for the longer term, had he had any thing to say in behalf of his father's sentence. Would so warm a patriot then, though so obedient a courtier now, have suppressed the charge to this hour? This lord B. when I was going to publish the second edition of my Noble Authors, begged it as a favour of me to suppress all mention of his father—a strong presumption

that he was ashamed of him—I am well repaid! but I am certainly now at liberty to record that good man. I shall—and shall take notice of the satisfactory manner in which his sons have whitewashed their patriarch!

I recollect a saying of the present peer that will divert you when contrasted with forty years of servility, which even in this age makes him a proverb. It was in his days of virtue. He said "If I should ever be so unhappy as to have a place that would make it necessary for me to have a fine coat on a birth-day, I would pin a bank bill on my sleeve."—he had a place in less than two years I think—and has had almost every place that every administration could bestow. Such were the patriots that opposed that excellent man, my father; allowed by all parties to have been as incapable of revenge as ever minister was—but whose experience of mankind drew from him that memorable saying, "that very few men ought to be prime ministers, for it is not fit many should know how bad men are:" one can see a little of it without being a prime minister, If one shews mankind and flies to book, one meets with their meanness and falsehood there too: one has reason to say,—there is but one good, that is God.—Adieu!

Your's ever.

LETTER CXXV.

October 14, 1778.

I THINK you take in no newspapers, nor I believe condescend to read any more modern than the Paris à la Main at the time of the Ligue—consequently you have not seen a new scandal on my father, which you will

not wonder offends me. You cannot be interested in his defence; but, as it comprehends some very curious anecdotes, you will not grudge my indulging myself to a friend in vindicating a name so dear to me.

In the accounts of lady Chesterfield's death and fortune, it is said that the late king, at the instigation of sir R. W. burnt his father's will, which contained a large legacy to that his supposed daughter, and I believe his real one, for she was very like him, as her brother, general Schulembourg, is in black to the late king. The fact of suppressing the will is indubitably true, the instigator most false, as I can demonstrate thus :—

When the news arrived of the death of George 1st, my father carried the account from lord Townshend to the then prince of Wales. One of the first acts of royalty is for the new monarch to make a speech to the privy council. Sir Robert asked the king who he would please to have draw the speech, which was, in fact, asking, who was to be prime minister; to which his majesty replied—Sir Spencer Compton. It is a wonderful anecdote, and but little known, that the new premier, a very dull man, could not draw the speech, and the person to whom he applied was the deposed premier. The queen, who favoured my father, observed how unfit a man was for successor, who was reduced to beg assistance of his predecessor. The council met as soon as possible, the next morning at latest. There archbishop Wake, with whom one copy of the will had been deposited, (as another was, I think, with the duke of Wolfenbuttle, who had a pension for sacrificing it, which, *I know*, the late duke of Newcastle transacted) advanced, and delivered the will to the king, who put it into his pocket, and went out of council without opening it, the archbishop not having courage or presence of mind to desire it to be read, as he ought to have done.

These circumstances, which I solemnly assure you are strictly true, prove that my father neither advised, nor was consulted; nor is it credible that the king in one night's time should have passed from the inten-

tion of disgracing him, to make him his bosom confident on so delicate an affair.

I was once talking to the late lady Suffolk, the former mistress, on that extraordinary event. She said, "I cannot justify the deed to the lega-"tees, but towards his father the late king was justifiable; for George "the first had burnt two wills made in favour of George the second." I suppose they were the testaments of the duke and duchess of Zell, parents of George the first's wife, whose treatment of her they always resented.

I said, *I know* the transaction of the duke of N. The late lord Waldegrave shewed me a letter from that duke to the first earl of Waldegrave, then ambassador at Paris, with directions about that transaction, or, at least, about payment of the pension, I forget which. I have somewhere, but cannot turn to it now, a memorandum of that affair, and who the prince was, whom I may mistake in calling duke of Wolfenbuttle. There was a third copy of the will, I likewise forget with whom deposited.

The newspaper says, which is true, that lord Chesterfield filed a bill in chancery against the late king to oblige him to produce the will, and was silenced, I think, by payment of £20,000. There was another legacy to his own daughter, the queen of Prussia, which has at times been, and, I believe, is still claimed by the king of Prussia.

Do not mention any part of this story, but it is worth preserving, as I am sure you are satisfied with my scrupulous veracity. It may perhaps be authenticated hereafter by collateral evidence that may come out. If ever true history does come to light, my father's character will have just honour paid to it. Lord Chesterfield, one of his sharpest enemies, has not, with all his prejudices, left a very unfavourable account of him, and it would alone be raised by a comparison of their two characters. Think of one who calls sir Robert the corrupter of youth, leaving a sys-

tem of education to poison them from their nursery! Chesterfield, Pulteney and Bolingbroke were the saints that reviled my father!

I beg your pardon, but you will allow me to open my heart to you when it is full.

Yours ever.

LETTER CXXVI.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 26th, 1778.

Mr. Kerrick shall have a ticket, dear sir, to see Strawberry, whenever he wishes for it next spring.

I have finished the Life of Mr. Baker, will have it transcribed, and send it to you. I have omitted several little particulars that are in your notes for two reasons; one, because so much is said in the Biographia, and the other, because I have rather drawn a character of him, than meant a circumstantial life. In the justice I have done to him, I trust I shall have pleased you. I have much greater doubt of that effect in what I have said of his principles and party. It is odd, perhaps, to have made use of the life of a high churchman for expatiating on my own very opposite principles, but it gave me so fair an opportunity of discussing those points, that I very naturally embraced it. I have done due honour to his immaculate conscience, but have not spared the cause in which he fell, or rather rose; for the ruin of his fortune was the triumph of his virtue.

As you know I do not love the press, you may be sure I have no thoughts of printing this Life at present; nay, I beg you will not only

not communicate it, but take care it never should be printed without my consent. I have written what presented itself; I should perhaps choose to soften several passages; and I trust it to you for your own satisfaction, not as a finished thing, or as I am determined it should remain.

Another favour I beg of you is to criticise it as largely and severely as you please: you have a right so to do, as it is built with your own materials; nay, you have a right to scold, if I have, nay, since I have employed them so differently from your intention. All my excuse is, that you communicated them to one who did not deceive you, and who you was pretty sure would make nearly the use of them that he has made. Was not you? did not you suspect a little that I could not write even a Life of Mr. Baker without talking whiggism!—Well, if I have ill-treated the cause, I am sure I have exalted the martyr. I have thrown new light on his virtue from his notes on the Gazettes, and you will admire him more, though you may love me less, for my chemistry. I should be truly sorry if I did lose a scruple of your friendship. You have ever been as candid to me, as Mr. Baker was to his antagonists, and our friendship is another proof that men of the most opposite principles can agree in every thing else, and not quarrel about them.

As my MS. contains above twenty pages of my writing on larger paper than this, you cannot receive it speedily—however, I have performed my promise, and I hope you will not be totally discontent, though I am not satisfied with myself. I have executed by snatches and by long interruptions; and, not having been eager about it, I find I wanted that ardour to inspire me; another proof of what I told you, that my small talent is waning, and wants provocatives. It shall be a warning to me. Adieu.

P. S. I have long had a cast of one part of the great seal of queen Henrietta, that you mention, as you may find in the catalogue of Strawberry in the green closet. It is her figure under a canopy.

LETTER CXXVII.

Arlington-street, Nov. 4th, 1778.

You will see by my secretary's hand that I am not able to write myself; indeed, I am in bed with the gout in six places, like Daniel in the den; but as the lions are slumbering round me, and leave me a moment of respite, I employ it to give you one. You have misunderstood me, dear sir, I have not said a word that will lower Mr. Baker's character; on the contrary, I think he will come out brighter from my ordeal. In truth, as I have drawn out his Life from your papers, it is a kind of political epic, in which his conscience is the hero that always triumphs over his interest upon the most opposite occasions. Shall you dislike your saint in this light?

I had transcribed about half when I fell ill last week. If the gout does not seize my right hand, I shall probably have full leisure to finish it during my recovery, but shall certainly not be able to send it to you by Mr. Lort.

Your promise fully satisfies me. My life can never extend to twenty years. Any one that saw me this moment would not take me for a Methusalem. I have not strength to dictate more now, except to add, that if Mr. Nicholls has seen my narrative about Chatterton, it can only be my letter to Mr. B——, of which you have a copy; the larger one has not yet been out of my own house.

I am, dear sir,

Your's most sincerely.

P. S. I forgot to say that you certainly shall have every scrap of your MSS. carefully returned to you; and you will find that I have barely sipt here and there, and exhausted nothing.

LETTER CXXVIII.

Strawberry-hill, Jan. 3d, 1779.

At last after ten weeks I have been able to remove hither, in hopes change of air and the frost will assist my recovery; though I am not one of those ancients that forget the register, and think they are to be as well as ever after every fit of illness. As yet I can barely creep about the room in the middle of the day.

I have made my printer, now my secretary, copy out the rest of Mr. Baker's Life, for my own hands will barely serve to write necessary letters, and complains even of them. If you know of any very trusty person passing between London and Cambridge, I would send it to you, but should not care to trust it by the coach, nor to any giddy undergraduate that comes to town to see a play; and, besides, I mean to return you your own notes. I will say no more than I have said in my apology to you for the manner in which I have written this Life. With regard to Mr. Baker himself, I am confident you will find that I have done full justice to his work and character. I do not expect you to approve the inferences I draw against some other persons—and yet if his conduct was meritorious, it would not be easy to excuse those who were *active* after doing what he would not do. You will not understand this sentence till you have seen the Life. I hope you have not been untiled or unpaled by the tempest on new-year's morning. I have lost two beautiful elms in a row before my windows here, and had the sky-light demolished in town. Lady Pomfret's gothic house in my street lost one of the stone towers, like those at King's Chapel, and it was beaten through the roof. The top of our Cross too at Ampthill was thrown down, as I hear from lady Ossory this morning. I remember to have been told that bishop

Kidder and his wife were killed in their bed in the palace of Gloucester in 1709, and yet his heirs were sued for delapidations.

Lord de Ferrars, who deserves his ancient honours, is going to repair the castle at Tamworth, and has flattered me that he will consult me. He has a violent passion for ancestry—and, consequently, I trust will not state the patrimony of the Ferrarii, Townshends, and Comptons, at the hazard table. A little pride would not hurt our nobility, cock and hen. Adieu, dear sir; send me a good account of yourself.

Your's ever.

LETTER CXXIX.

January 15th, 1779.

I SEND you by Dr. Jacob, as you desired, my Life of Mr. Baker, and with it your own materials. I beg you will communicate my MS. to nobody—but, if you think it worth your trouble, I will consent to your transcribing it—but on one condition, and a silly one for me to exact, who am as old as you, and broken to pieces, and very unlikely to survive you; but should so improbable a thing happen, I must exact that you will keep your transcript sealed up, with orders written on the cover to be restored to me in case of an accident, for I should certainly dislike very much to see it printed without my consent.

I should not think of your copying it, if you did not love to *transcribe*, and sometimes things of as little value as my MS. I shall beg to have it returned to me by a safe hand as soon as you can, for I have nothing

but the foul copy, which nobody can read, I believe, but I and my secretary.

I am actually printing my justification about Chatterton, but only two hundred copies to give away; for I hate calling in the whole town to a fray, of which otherwise probably not one thousand persons would ever hear.

You shall have a copy as soon as ever it is finished, which my printer says will be in three weeks.

You know my printer is my secretary too: do not imagine I am giving myself airs of a numerous household of officers. I shall be glad to see the letter of Mr. Baker you mention. You will perceive two or three notes in my MS. in a different hand from mine, or that of my *amanuensis*, (still the same officer) they were added by a person I lent it to, and I have effaced part of the last.

I must finish, lest Dr. Jacob should call, and my parcel not be ready. I hope your sore throat is gone; my gout has returned again a little with taking the air only, but did not stay—however, I am still confined, and almost ready to remain so, to prevent disappointment.

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER CXXX.

Arlington-street, Jan. 28th, 1779.

I WRITE in as much hurry as you did, dear sir, and thank you for the motive of your's: mine is to prevent your fatiguing yourself in copying my MS. for which I am not in the least haste: pray keep it till another safe conveyance presents itself. You may bring the gout, that is, I am sorry to hear, flying about you, into your hand, by wearying it.

How can you tell me I may well be cautious about my MS. and yet advise me to print it?—no—I shall not provoke nests of hornets, till I am dust, as they will be too.

If I dictated tales when ill in my bed, I must have been worse than I thought; for, as I know nothing of it, I must have been light-headed. Mr. Lort was certainly misinformed, though he seems to have told you the story kindly to the honour of my philosophy or spirits—but I had rather have no fame than what I do not deserve.

I am fretful or low-spirited at times in the gout, like other weak old men, and have less to boast than most men. I have some strange things in my drawer, even wilder than the Castle of Otranto, and called Hieroglyphic Tales—but they were not written lately, nor in the gout, nor, whatever they may seem, written when I was out of my senses. I shewed one or two of them to a person since my recovery, who may have mentioned them, and occasioned Mr. Lort's misintelligence. I did not at all perceive that the latter looked ill; and hope he is quite recovered. You shall see Chatterton soon.

Adieu!

LETTER CXXXI.

Feb. 4, 1779.

I HAVE received the MS. and though you forbid my naming the subject more, I love truth, and truth in a friend so much, that I must tell you, that so far from taking your sincerity ill, I had much rather you should act with your native honest sincerity than say you was pleased with my MS. I have always tried as much as is in human nature to divest myself of the self-love of an author; in the present case I had less difficulty than ever, for I never thought my Life of Mr. Baker one of my least indifferent works. You might, believe me, have sent me your long letter, whatever it contained; it would not have made a momentary cloud between us. I have not only friendship, but great gratitude for you, for a thousand instances of kindness—and should detest any writing of mine that made a breach with a friend, and, still more, if it could make me forget obligations.

I am,

Your's most cordially.

LETTER CXXXII.

Feb. 18th, 1779.

I SENT you my Chattertoniad last week, in hopes it would sweeten your pouting, but I find it has not, or has miscarried; for you have not acknowledged the receipt with your usual punctuality.

Have you seen Hasted's new History of Kent? I am sailing through it, but am stopped every minute by careless mistakes. They tell me the author has good materials, but is very negligent; and so I perceive. He has not even given a list of monuments in the churches, which I do not remember in any history of a county—but he is rich in pedigrees; though I suppose they have many errors too, as I have found some in those I am acquainted with. It is unpardonable to be inaccurate in a work, in which one nor expects nor demands any thing but fidelity.

We have a great herald arising in a very noble race, lord de Ferrars. I hope to make him a gothic architect too, for he is going to repair Tamworth Castle and flatters me that I shall give him sweet counsel. I enjoin him to Kernellare. Adieu.

Your's ever.

LETTER CXXXIII.

Strawberry-hill, March 28th, 1779.

Your last called for no answer; and I have so little to tell you, that I only write to-day to avoid the air of remissness. I came hither on Friday, for this last week has been too hot to stay in London; but March is arrived this morning with his north-easterly malice, and I suppose will assert his old style claim to the third of April. The poor infant apricots will be the victim to that Herod of the almanack. I have been much amused with new travels through Spain by a Mr Swinburne —at least with the Alhambra, of the inner parts of which there are two beautiful prints. The Moors were the most polished, and had most taste of any people in the gothic ages; and I hate the knave Ferdinand

and his bigoted queen for destroying them. These new travels are simple, and do tell you a little more than late voyagers, by whose accounts one would think there was nothing in Spain but Muleteers and Fandangos.—In truth, there does not seem to be much worth seeing, but prospects—and those, unless I were a bird, I would never visit, when the accommodations are so wretched.

Mr. Cumberland has given the town a masque, called Calypso, which is a prodigy of dulness. Would you believe, that such a sentimental writer would be so gross as to make cantharides one of the ingredients of a love potion for enamouring Telemachus? If you think I exaggerate, here are the lines:

> To these, the hot Hispanian fly,
> Shall bid his languid pulse beat high.

Proteus and Antiope are Minerva's missioners for securing the prince's virtue, and in recompense they are married and crowned king and queen!

I have bought at Hudson's sale, a fine design of a chimney piece, by Holbein, for Henry the 8th.—If I had a room left, I would erect. It is certainly not so gothic as that in my Holbein room; but there is a great deal of taste for that bastard style, perhaps it was executed at Nonsuch. I do intend, under Mr. Essex's inspection, to begin my offices next spring.—It is late in my day, I confess, to return to brick and mortar; but I shall be glad to perfect my plan, or the next possessor will marry my castle to a Doric stable. There is a perspective through two or three rooms in the Alhambra, that might easily be improved into gothic, though there seems but small affinity between them; and they might be finished within with Dutch tiles, and painting, or bits of ordinary marble, as there must be gilding. Mosaic seems to be their chief ornaments, for walls, ceilings and floors. Fancy must sport in the furniture, and mottos might be gallant, and would be very Arabesque. I

would have a mixture of colours, but with a strict attention to harmony and taste; and some one should predominate, as supposing it the favourite colour of the lady who was sovereign of the knight's affections who built the house. Carpets are classically Mahometans and fountains—but, alas! our climate till last summer was never romantic! Were I not so old I would at least build a Moorish novel—for you see my head runs on Granada—and by taking the most picturesque parts of the Mahometan and catholic religions, and with the mixture of African and Spanish names, one might make something very agreeable—at least I will not give the hint to Mr. Cumberland. Adieu!

Your's ever.

LETTER CXXXIV.

Arlington-street, April 12th, 1779.

As your gout was so concise I will not condole on it, but I am sorry you are liable to it if you do but take the air. Thank you for telling me of the vendible curiosities at the alderman's. For St. Peter's portraits to hang to a fairie's watch. I shall not think of it, both as I do not believe it very like, and as it is composed of invisible writing, for which my eyes are not young enough. In truth, I have almost left off making purchases; I have neither room for any thing more, nor inclination for them, as I reckon every thing very dear when one has so little time to enjoy it. However, I cannot say but the plates by Rubens do tempt me a little—yet, as I do not care to buy even Rubens' in a poke, I should wish to know if the alderman would let me see if it were but

one. Would he be persuaded? I would pay for the carriage, though I should not buy them.

Lord de Ferrars will be infinitely happy with the sight of the pedigree, and I will certainly tell him of it, and how kind you are.

Strype's account, or rather Stow's, of Richard's person, is very remarkable—but I have done with endeavouring at truth. Weeds grow more naturally than what one plants. I hear your Cantabrigians are still unshaken Chattertonians. Many men are about falsehood like girls about the first man that makes love to them: a handsomer, a richer, or even a sincerer lover cannot eradicate the first impression—but a sillier swain, or a sillier legend, sometimes gets into the head of the miss or the learned man, and displaces the antecedent folly. Truth's kingdom is not of this world.

I do not know whether our clergy are growing Mahometans or not: they certainly are not what they profess themselves—but as you and I should not agree perhaps in assigning the same defects to them—I will not enter on a subject which I have promised you to drop. All I allude to now is, the shocking murder of Miss Hay by a divine. In my own opinion we are growing more fit for Bedlam, than for Mahomet's paradise. The poor criminal in question, I am persuaded is mad—and the misfortune is, the law does not know how to define the shades of madness; and thus there are twenty out-pensioners of Bedlam, for one that is confined. You, dear sir, have chosen a wiser path to happiness by depending on yourself for amusement. Books and past ages draw one into no scrapes, and perhaps it is best not to know much of men till they are dead. I wish you health—you want nothing else.

Your's most truly.

LETTER CXXXV.

DEAR SIR, Arlington-street, April 20th, 1779.

I HAVE received the plates very safely, but hope you nor the alderman will take it ill that I return them. They are extremely pretty and uncommonly well preserved—but I am sure they are not by Rubens, nor I believe after his designs, for I am persuaded they are older than his time. In truth, I have a great many of the same sort, and do not wish for more. I shall send them back on Thursday by the Fly, and will beg you to inquire after them; and I trust they will arrive as safely as they did to;

Your's ever.

LETTER CXXXVI.

April 23d, 1779.

I OUGHT not to trouble you so often when you are not well; but that is the very cause of my writing now. You left off abruptly from disorder, and therefore I wish to know it is gone.

The plates I hope got home safe. They are pretty, especially the reverses; but the drawing in general is bad.

Pray tell me what you mean by a *priced* catalogue of the pictures at Houghton. Is it a printed one? if it is, where is it to be had?—odd questions from *me*, and which I should not wish to have mentioned as

coming from me. I have been told to-day that they are actually sold to the Czarina—*sic transcit!* mortifying enough, were not every thing transitory! we must recollect that our griefs and pains are so, as well as our joys and glories; and, by balancing the account, a grain of comfort is to be extracted—Adieu! I shall be heartily glad to receive a better account of you.

LETTER CXXXVII.

Arlington-street, May 21st, 1779.

As Mr. Essex has told me that you still continue out of order, I am impatient to hear from yourself how you are. Do, send me a line: I hope it will be a satisfactory one.

Do you know that Dr. Ducarel has published a translation of a History of the Abbey of Bec! There is a pretty print to it; and one very curious circumstance, at least valuable to us disciples of *Alma Mater Etonensis*. The ram-hunting was derived from the manor of Wrotham in Norfolk, which formerly belonged to Bec, and being forfeited, together with other alien priories, was bestowed by Henry VI. on our college. I do not repine at reading any book from which I can learn a single fact that I wish to know. For the lives of the abbots, they were, according to the author, all pinks of piety and holiness—but there are few other facts amusing, especially with regard to the customs of those savage times—especially that the empress Matilda was buried in a bull's hide, and afterwards had a tomb covered with silver. There is another new book called *Sketches from Nature*, in two volumes by Mr. G. Keate, in which I found one fact too, that, if authentic, is worth knowing. The work is an imitation of Sterne, and has a sort of merit, though nothing that arrives at originality.

For the foundation of the church of Reculver, he quotes a MS. said to be written by a dominican friar of Canterbury, and preserved at Louvain. The story is evidently metamorphosed into a novel, and has very little of an antique air; but it affirms that the monkish author attests the beauty of Richard III. This is very absurd, if invention has nothing to do with the story: and therefore one should suppose it genuine. I have desired Dodsley to ask Mr. Keate, if there truly exists such a MS. —if there does—I own I wish he had printed it rather than his own production; for I agree with Mr. Gray, "that any man living may make a book worth reading, if he will but set down with truth what he has seen or heard, no matter whether the book is well written or not."—Let those who can't write, glean.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

Strawberry-hill, June 2d, 1779.

I AM most sincerely rejoiced, dear sir, that you find yourself at all better—and trust it is an omen of farther amendment. Mr. Essex surprised me by telling me, that you who keep yourself so warm and so numerously clothed, do yet sometimes, if the sun shines, sit and write in your garden for hours at a time. It is more than I should readily do, whose habitudes are so very different from your's. Your complaints seem to demand perspiration—but I do not venture to advise. I understand no constitution but my own, and should kill Milo, if I managed him as I treat myself. I sat in a window on Saturday, with the east wind blowing on my neck, till near two in the morning—and it seems to have done me good, for I am better within these two days than I have been these six months. My spirits have been depressed, and my nerves so aspen, that

the smallest noise disturbed me. To-day I do not feel a complaint; which is something at near sixty-two.

I don't know whether I have not misinformed you, nor am sure it was Dr. Ducarel who translated the account of the Abbey of Bec—he gave it to Mr. Lort; but I am not certain he ever published it. You was the first that notified to me the fifth volume of the Archæologia—I am not much more edified than usual; but there are three pretty prints of Reginal Seals. Mr. Pegge's tedious dissertation, which he calls a brief one, about the foolish legend of St. George, is despicable: all his arguments are equally good for proving the existence of the dragon. What diversion might laughers make of the society! Dolly Pentraeth, the old woman of Mousehole, and Mr. Penneck's nurse, p. 81, would have furnished Foote with two personages for a farce. The same grave dissertation on patriarchal customs, seems to have as much to do with British antiquities, as the Lapland witches that sell wind—and pray what business has the society with Roman inscriptions in Dalmatia! I am most pleased with the account of Nonsuch, imperfect as it is—it appears to have been but a villa, and not considerable for a royal one. You see lilacs were then a novelty—well, I am glad they publish away. The vanity of figuring in these repositories, will make many persons contribute their MSS., and every now and then something valuable will come to light, which its own intrinsic merit might not have saved.

I know nothing more of Houghton. I should certainly be glad to have the prized catalogue; and if you will lend me your's, my printer shall transcribe it—but I am in no hurry. I conceive faint hopes, as the sale is not concluded—however, I take care not to flatter myself.

I think I told you I had purchased, at Mr. Ive's sale, a handsome coat in painted glass, of Hobart impaling Boleyn—but I can find no such match in my pedigree—yet I have heard that Blickling belonged to Ann Boleyn's father. Pray reconcile all this to me.

Lord de Ferrars is to dine here on Saturday; and I have got to treat him with an account of ancient painting, formerly in the hall of Tamworth Castle; they are mentioned in Warton's Observations on the Fairy Queen, Vol. 1. p. 43.

Do not put yourself to pain to answer this—only be assured I shall be happy to know when you are able to write with ease. You must leave your cloister, if your transcribing leaves you.

TO THE REV. MR. LORT.

LETTER CXXXIX.

Strawberry-hill, June 4, 1779.

I AM sorry, dear sir, you could not let me have the pleasure of your company; but, I own, you have partly, not entirely, made me amends by the sight of your curious MS. which I return you, with your other book of inaugurations.

The sight of the MS. was particularly welcome to me, because the long visit of Henry VI., and his uncle Gloucester to St. Edmund's Bury, accounts for those rare altar tablets that I bought at Mr. Ives's sale, on which are incontestably the portraits of duke Humphrey, cardinal Beaufort, and the same archbishop that is in my marriage of Henry VI. I know the house of Lancaster were patrons of St. Edmund's Bury: but so long a visit is demonstration.

The fourth person on my pannels is unknown. Over his head is a coat of arms. It may be that of W. Curteys the abbot, or the alderman, as he is in scarlet. His figure and the duke's are far superior to the other two, and worthy of a good Italian master. The cardinal and the archbishop are in the dry hard manner of the age. I wish you would

call and look at them; they are at Mr. Bonus's in Oxford road; the two prelates are much damaged. I peremptorily enjoined Bonus to repair only, and not repaint them; and thus by putting him out of his way, I have put him so much out of humour too, that he has kept them these two years, and not finished them yet. I design them for the four void spaces in my chapel, on the sides of the shrine. The duke of Gloucester's face is so like, though younger, that it proves I guessed right at his figure in my marriage. The tables came out of the abbey of Bury, were procured by old Peter Le Neve, norroy, and came by his widow's marriage to Tom Martin, at whose sale Mr. Ives bought them. We have very few princely portraits so ancient, so authentic, and none so well painted as the duke and fourth person. These were the insides of the doors which I had split into two, and value them extremely. This account I think will be more satisfactory to you than notes.

Pray tell me how you like the pictures when you have examined them. I shall search in Edmondson's new Vocabulary of Arms for the coat, which contains three bull's heads on six pieces; but the colours are either white and black, or the latter is become so by time. I hope you are not going out of town yet; I shall probably be there some day in next week.

I see advertized a book something in the way of your inaugurations, called *Le Costume;* do you know any thing of it? Can you tell me who is the author of the Second Anticipation on the Exhibition? Is not it Barry the painter?

Your much obliged.

LETTER CXL.

Strawberry-hill, July 12, 1779.

I AM concerned, dear sir, that you gave yourself the trouble of transcribing the catalogue and prices, which I received last night, and for which I am exceedingly obliged to you. Partial as I am to the pictures at Houghton, I confess I think them much overvalued. My father's whole collection, of which alone he had preserved the prices, cost but £40,000; and after his death, there were three sales of pictures, among which were all the whole lengths of Vandyke but three, which had been sent to Houghton, but not fitting any of the spaces left, came back to town. Few of the rest sold were very fine, but no doubt sir Robert had paid as dear for many of them; as purchasers are not perfect connoisseurs at first.

Many of the valuations are not only exorbitant, but injudicious. They who made the estimate seem to have considered the rarity of the hands more than the excellence. Three, the magic offering, by Carlo Maratti, as it is called, and two, supposed Paul Veronese, are very indifferent copies, and yet all are roundly valued, and the first ridiculously. I do not doubt of another picture in the collection but the last supper, by Raphael, and yet this is set down at £500. I miss three pictures, at least that are not set down, the sir Thomas Wharton, and Laud and Gibbons. The first is most capital; yet, I recollect, I have had some doubts on the Laud, though the University of Oxford once offered £400 for it—and if queen Henrietta is by Vandyke, it is a very indifferent one. The affixing a higher value to the Pietro Cortona than to the octagan Guido is most absurd—I have often gazed on the latter, and preferred it even to the doctor's. In short, the appraisers were determined to see what the Czarina *could* give, rather than what the pictures were really worth—I am glad she seems to think so, for I hear

no more of the sale—it is not very wise in me, still to concern myself at my age, about what I have so little interest in—it is still less wise to be anxious on trifles, when one's country is sinking. I do not know which is most mad, my nephew, or our ministers—both the one and the other increase my veneration for the founder of Houghton!

I will not rob you of the prints you mention, dear sir, one of them at least I know Mr. Pennant gave me. I do not admire him for his punctiliousness with you. Pray tell me the name of your glass-painter: I do not think I shall want him, but it is not impossible. Mr. Essex agreed with me—that Jarvis's windows for Oxford after sir Joshua Reynolds, will not succeed. Most of his colours are opake, and their great beauty depending on a spot of light for sun or moon, is an imposition. When his paintings are exhibited at Charing-cross, all the rest of the room is darkened to relieve them. That cannot be done at New College; or if done, the chapel would be too dark. If there are other lights, the effect will be lost.

This sultry weather will I hope quite restore you; people need not go to Lisbon and Naples, if we continue to have such summers.

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER CXLI.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 12th, 1779.

I WRITE from decency, dear sir, not from having any thing particular to say, but to thank you for your offer of letting me see the arms of painted glass, which, however, I will decline, lest it should be broken;

and as at present I have no occasion to employ the painter. If I build my offices perhaps I may have; but I have dropped that thought for this year. The disastrous times do not inspire expense. Our alarms, I conclude, do not ruffle your hermitage. We are returning to our state of islandhood, and shall have little, I believe, to boast but of what we have been!

I see a History of Alien Priories announced; do you know any thing of it, or of the author?

I am,

Ever your's, most sincerely.

LETTER CXLII.

Berkeley-square, Nov. 16th, 1779.

You ought not to accuse yourself only, when I have been as silent as you. Surely we have been friends too long to admit ceremony as a go-between. I have thought of writing to you several times, but found I had nothing worth telling you. I am rejoiced to hear your health has been better: mine has been worse the whole summer and autumn than ever it was without any positive distemper, and thence I conclude it is a failure in my constitution—of which, being a thing of course, we will say no more—nobody but a physician is bound to hear what he cannot cure—and if we will pay for what we cannot expect, it is our own fault.

I have seen dr. Lort, who seems pleased with becoming a limb of Canterbury. I heartily wish the mitre may not devolve before it has beamed

substantially on him. In the mean time he will be delighted with ransacking the library at Lambeth; and, to do him justice, his ardour is literary, not interested.

I am much obliged to you, dear sir, for taking the trouble of transcribing Mr. Tyson's Journal, which is entertaining—but I am so ignorant as not to know where Hatfield Priory is. The three heads I remember on the gate at Whitehall; there were five more. The whole demolished structure was transported to the great park at Windsor by the late duke of Cumberland, who intended to re-edify it, but never did; and now I suppose

Its ruins ruined, as its place no more.

I did not know what was become of the heads, and am glad any are preserved. I should doubt their being the works of Torregiano. Pray who is Mr. Nichols, who has published the Alien Priories; there are half a dozen or more pretty views of French cathedrals. I cannot say that I found any thing else in the book that amused me—but, as you deal more in ancient lore than I do, perhaps you might be better pleased.

I am told there is a new History of Gloucestershire, very large, but ill executed, by one Reedhall—still I have sent for it, for Gloucestershire is a very historic county.

It was a wrong scent on which I employed you. The arms I have empaled were certainly not Boleyn's.—You lament removal of friends—alas! dear sir, when one lives to our age, one feels that in a higher degree than from their change of place! but one must not dilate those common moralities. You see by my date I have changed place myself. I am got into an excellent, comfortable, cheerful house; and as, from necessity and inclination, I live much more at home than I used to do, it is very agreeable to be so pleasantly lodged, and to be in a warm inn as one passes through the last vale. Adieu!

Your's ever.

LETTER CXLIII.

Berkeley-square, Dec. 27th, 1779.

I HAVE two good reasons against writing—nothing to say, and a lame muffled hand; and *therefore* I choose to write to you, for it shews remembrance. For these six weeks almost I have been a prisoner with the gout, but begin to creep about my room. How have you borne the late deluge and the present frost? How do you like an earl bishop? Had not we one before in ancient days? I have not a book in town, but was not there an Anthony Beck, or a Hubert de Burgh, that was bishop of Durham and earl of Kent, or have I confounded them?

Have you seen Rudder's new History of Gloucestershire? His addition to sir Robert Atkyns make it the most sensible history of a county that we have had yet, for his descriptions of the scite, soil, products and prospects of each parish, are extremely good and picturesque; and he treats fanciful prejudices, and Saxon etymologies, when unfounded, and traditions, with due contempt.

I will not spin this note any further, but shall be glad of a line to tell me you are well. I have not seen Mr. Lort since he roosted under the metropolitan wings of his grace of Lambeth.

Your's ever.

LETTER CXLIV.

Berkeley-square, Jan. 5th, 1780.

When you said that you feared that your particular account of your very providential escape would deter me from writing to you again, I am sure, dear sir, that you spoke only from modesty, and not from thinking me capable of being so criminally indifferent to any thing, much less under such danger as you have run, that regards so old a friend, and one to whom I owe so many obligations. I am but too apt to write letters on trifling or no occasions, and should certainly have told you the interest I take in your accident, and how happy I am that it had no consequences of any sort. It is hard, that temperance itself, which you are, should be punished for a good-natured transgression of your own rules, and where the excess was only staying out beyond your usual hour. I am heartily glad you did not jump out of your chaise; it has often been a much worse precaution than any consequences from risking to remain in it; as you are lame too, might have been very fatal. Thank God! all ended so well. Mr. Masters seems to have been more frightened, with not greater reason. What an absurd man to be impatient to notify a disagreeable event to you, and in so boisterous a manner, and which he could not know was true, since it was not!

I shall take extremely kind your sending me your picture in glass. I have carefully preserved the slight out-line of yourself in a gown and night cap, which you once was so good as to give me, because there was some likeness to your features, though it is too old even now. For a portrait of me in return, you might have it by sending the painter to the anatomical school, and bidding him draw the first skeleton he sees. I should expect any limner would laugh in my face if I offered it to him to be copied.

I thought I had confounded the ancient count bishops, as I had, and you have set me right. The new temporal ecclesiastical peer's estate is more than twelve thousand a year, though I can scarce believe it is eighteen, as the last lord said.

The picture found near the altar in Westminsier Abbey, about three years ago, was of king Sebert; I saw it, and it was well preserved, with some others worse—but they have foolishly buried it again behind their new altar-piece; and so they have a very fine tomb of Ann of Cleve, close to the altar, which they did not know till I told them whose it was, though her arms are upon it, and though there is an exact plate of it in Sandford. They might at least have cut out the portraits, and removed the tomb to a conspicuous situation—but though this age is grown so antiquarian, it has not gained a grain more of sense in that walk, witness, as you instance, in Mr. Grose's Legends, and in the dean and chapter reburying the crown, robes, and sceptre of Edward 1st,—there would surely have been as much piety in preserving them in their treasury, as in consigning them again to decay. I did not know that the salvation of robes and crowns depended on receiving Christian burial. At the same time the chapter transgress that prince's will, like all their antecessors, for he ordered his tomb to be opened every year or two years, and receive a new sere cloth or pall—but they boast now of having inclosed him so substantially, that his ashes cannot be violated again.

It was the present bishop Dean who shewed me the pictures and Ann's tomb, and consulted me on the new altar-piece.—I advised him to have a light octangular canopy, like the cross at Chichester, placed over the table or altar itself, which would have given dignity to it, especially if elevated by a flight of steps; and, from the side arches, of the octagon, I would have had a semicircle of open arches that should have advanced quite to the seats of the prebends, which would have discovered the pictures; and through the octagon itself you would have perceived the shrine of Edward the Confessor, which is much higher than the level of the choir

—but men who ask advice seldom follow it, if you do not happen to light on the same ideas with themselves.

Your's most sincerely.

P. S. The Houghton pictures are not lost—but to Houghton and England!

LETTER CLXV.

Berkeley-square, February 5th, 1780.

I HAVE been turning over the new second volume of the Biographia, and find the additions very poor and lean performances.

The lives entirely new are partial and flattering, being contributions of the friends of those whose lives are recorded. This publication, made at a time when I have lived to see several of my contemporaries deposited in this national temple of fame, has made me smile, and reflect that many preceding authors, who have been installed there with much respect, may have been as trifling personages as those we have known and now behold consecrated to memory. Three or four have struck me particularly, as dr. Birch, who was a worthy, good-natured soul, full of industry and activity, and running about like a young setting dog in quest of any thing new or old, and with no parts, taste, or judgment. Then there is dr. Blackwell, the most impertinent literary coxcomb upon earth—but the editor has been so just as to insert a very merited satire on his Court of Augustus.

The third is dr. Browne, that mountebank, who for a little time made as much noise by his Estimate, as ever quack did by a nostrum. I do not know if I ever told you how much I was struck the only time I ever saw him. You know one object, and the anathemas of his Estimate was the Italian opera—yet did I find him one evening, in passion week, accompanying some of the Italian singers at a concert at lady Carlisle's. A clergyman, no doubt, is not obliged to be on his knees the whole week before Easter, and music and a concert are harmless amusements; but when Cato or Calvin are out of character, reformation becomes ridiculous—but poor dr. Brown was mad, and therefore might be in earnest, whether he played the fool, or the reformer.

You recollect, perhaps, the threat of dr. Kippis to me, which is to be executed on my father, for my calling the first edition of the Biographia the Vindicatio Britannica—but observe how truth emerges at last! In his new volume he confesses that the article of lord Arlington, which I had specified as one of the most censurable, is the one most deserving that censure, and that the character of lord Arlington is *palliated beyond all truth and reason*—words stronger than mine—yet mine deserved to draw vengeance on my father! so a presbyterian divine inverts Divine judgment, and visits the sins of the children on the parents!

Cardinal Beaton's character, softened in the first edition, gentle dr. Kippis pronounces *extremely detestable*—yet was I to blame for hinting such defects in that work!—and yet my words are quoted to shew that lord Orrery's poetry was ridiculously bad. In like manner, Mr. Dr. Cumberland, who assumes the whole honour of publishing his grandfather's Lucan, and does not deign to mention its being published at Strawberry-hill (though by the way I believe it will be oftener purchased for having been printed there, than for wearing Mr. Cumberland's name to the dedication), and yet he quotes me for having praised his ancestor in one of my publications. These little instances of pride and spleen divert me—and then make me reflect sadly on human weaknesses. I am very apt myself to like what flatters my opinions or passions, and to reject scornfully what

thwarts them, even in the same persons. The more one lives, the more one discovers one's uglinesses in the features of others!

Adieu! dear sir—I hope you do not suffer by this severe season.

Your's ever.

P. S. I remember two other instances, where my impartiality, or at least my sincerity, have exposed me to double censure.

You perhaps condemned my severity on Charles 1st, yet the late Mr. Hollis wrote against me in the newspapers, for condemning the republicans for their destruction of ancient monuments. Some blamed me for undervaluing the Flemish and Dutch pictures in my preface to to the Odes Walpolianæ.

Barry the painter, because I laughed at his extravagancies, says, in his rejection of that school, "But I leave them to be admired by the hon. H. W. and such judges."—Would not one think I had been their champion!

LETTER CXLVI.

Berkeley-square, Feb. 27th, 1780.

UNAPT as you are to inquire after news, dear sir, you wish to have admiral Rodney's victory confirmed. I can now assure you, that he has had a considerable advantage, and took at least four Spanish men of

war, and an admiral, who they say is since dead of his wounds.—We must be glad of these deplorable successes—but I heartily wish we had no longer occasion to hope for the destruction of any of our species—but, alas! it looks as if devastation would still open new fields of blood! The prospect darkens even at home—but, however you and I may differ in our political principles, it would be happy if every body would pursue their's with as little rancour. How seldom does it happen in political contests, that any side can count any thing but its wounds! your habitudes seclude you from meddling in our divisions; so do my age and my illnesses me. Sixty-two is not a season for bustling among young partizans. Indeed, if the times grow perfectly serious, I shall not wish to reach sixty-three. Even a superannuated spectator is then a miserable being; for though insensibility is one of the softenings of old age, neither one's feelings or enjoyments can be accompanied with tranquillity. We veterans must hide ourselves in inglorious insecurity, and lament what we cannot prevent; nor shall be listened to, till misfortunes have brought the actors to their senses; and then it will be too late, or they will calm themselves faster than we could preach—but, I hope the experience of the last century will have some operation and check our animosities. Surely too, we shall recollect the ruin a civil war would bring on, when accompanied by such collaterals as French and Spanish wars. Providence alone can steer us amidst all these rocks. I shall watch the interposition of its ægis with anxiety and humility. It saved us this last summer, and nothing else I am sure did—but often the mutual follies of enemies are the instruments of Heaven.—If it pleases not to inspire wisdom, I shall be content if it extricates us by the reciprocal blunders and oversights of all parties—of which, at least, we ought never to despair. It is almost my systematic belief, that as cunning and penetration are seldom exerted for good ends, it is the absurdity of mankind that often acts as a succedaneum, and carries on and maintains the equilibrium that Heaven designed should subsist. Adieu, dear sir. Shall we live to lay down our heads in peace?

Your's ever.

28th.—A second volume of sir George Rodney's exploits is arrived to-day; do not know the authentic circumstances, for I have not been abroad yet, but they say he has taken four more Spanish ships of the line and five frigates; of the former, one of ninety guns. Spain was sick of the war before—how fortunate if she would renounce it!

I have just got a new history of Leicester, in six small volumes. It seems to be superficial—but the author is young and talks modestly, which, if it will not serve instead of merit, makes one at least hope he will improve, and not grow insolent on age and more knowledge. I have also received from Paris a copy of an illumination from la Cite des dames of Christina of Piza in the French king's library. There is her own portrait, with three allegoric figures. I have learnt much more about her, and of her amour with an English peer, but I have not time to say more at present.

LETTER CXLVII.

Berkeley-square, March 6th, 1780.

I HAVE this moment received your portrait in glass, dear sir, and am impatient to thank you for it, and tell you how much I value it. It is better executed than I own I expected, and yet I am not quite satisfied with it. The drawing is a little incorrect, the eyes too small in proportion, and the mouth exaggerated. In short, it is a strong likeness of your features, but not of your countenance, which is better and more serene. However, I am enough content to place it at Strawberry amongst all my favourite, brittle, transitory relics, which will soon vanish with their founders—and with his no great unwillingness for himself.

I take it ill, that you should think I should suspect you of asking *indirectly* for my Noble Authors—and much more if you would not be so free as to ask for them *directly*—a most trifling present surely—and from you who have made me a thousand! I know I have some copies in my old house in Arlington-street, I hope of both volumes, I am sure of the second—I will soon go thither and look for them.

I have gone through the six volumes of Leicester. The author is so modest and so humble, that I am quite sorry it is so very bad a work; the arrangement detestable, the materials trifling, his reflexions humane but silly. He disposes all under reigns of Roman emperors and English kings, whether they did any thing or nothing at Leicester. I am sorry I have such predilection for the histories of particular counties and towns: there certainly does not exist a worse class of reading.

Dr. E. made me a visit last week.—He is not at all less vociferous for his disgrace. I wish I had any Guinea fowls.—I can easily get you some eggs from lady Ailesbury, and will ask her for some, that you may have the pleasure of rearing your own chicks—but how can you bear their noise? they are more discordant and clamorous than peacocks. How shall I convey the eggs?

I smiled at dr. Kippis's bestowing the victory on dean Milles, and a sprig on Mr. Masters. I regard it as I should if the sexton of Broad-street, St. Giles's, were to make a lower bow to a cheesemonger of his own parish than to me. They are all three haberdashers of small wares, and welcome to each other's civilities. When such men are summoned to a jury, on one of their own trade, it is natural they should be partial. They do not reason, but recollect how much themselves have overcharged some yards of buckram. Adieu.

Your's most cordially.

P. S. Mr. Pennicott has shewn me a most curious and delightful pic-

ture. It is Rose, the royal gardener, presenting the first pine-apple raised in England to Charles the 2d. They are in a garden, with a view of a good private house, such as there are several at Sunbury and about London. It is by far the best likeness of the king I ever saw; the countenance cheerful, good-humoured, and very sensible. He is in brown, lined with orange, and many black ribbands, a large flapped hat, dark wig, not tied up, nor yet bushy, a point cravat, no waistcoat, and a tasselled handkerchief hanging from a low pocket. The whole is of the smaller landscape size, and extremely well coloured, with perfect harmony. It was a legacy from London, grandson of him who was partner with Wise.

LETTER CXLVIII.

Strawberry-hill, March 13th, 1780.

You compliment me, my good friend, on a sagacity that is surely very common. How frequently do we see portraits that have catched the features, and missed the countenance or character—which is far more difficult to hit. Nor is it unfrequent to hear that remark made.

I have confessed to you that I am fond of local histories. It is the general execution of them that I condemn, and that I call *the worst kind of reading*. I cannot comprehend but that they might be performed with taste. I did mention this winter the new edition of Atkyns's Gloucestershire, as having additional descriptions of situations that I thought had merit. I have just got another, a View of Northumberland, in two volumes quarto, with cuts; but I do not devour it fast, for the author's predilection is to Roman antiquities, which, such as are found in this island, are very indifferent, and inspire me with little curiosity. A barbarous country, so remote from the seat of empire and occupied by a few legions, that very rarely decided any great events, is not very inte-

resting, though one's own country.—Nor do I care a straw for a stone that preserves the name of a standard bearer of a cohort, or of a colonel's daughter. Then I have no patience to read the tiresome disputes of antiquaries to settle forgotten names of vanished towns, and to prove that such a village was called something else in Antoninus's Itinerary. I do not say the gothic antiquities I like are of more importance; but at least they exist. The site of a Roman camp, of which nothing remains but a bank, gives me not the smallest pleasure. One knows they had square camps—has one a clearer idea from the spot, which is barely distinguishable? How often does it happen that the lumps of earth are so imperfect, that it is never clear whether they are Roman, Druidic, Danish, or Saxon fragments —the moment it is uncertain, it is plain they furnish no specific idea of art or history, and then I neither desire to see or read of them. I have been diverted too by another work, in which I am personally a little concerned. Yesterday was published an octavo pretending to contain the correspondence of Hackman and miss Wray, that he murdered. I doubt whether the letters are genuine, and yet, if fictitious, they are executed well, and enter into his character—her's appears less natural; and yet the editors were certainly more likely to be in possession of her's than his. It is not probable that lord Sandwich should have sent what he found in her apartments to the press. No account is pretended to be given of how they came to light.

You will wonder how I should be concerned in this correspondence, who never saw either of the lovers in my days. In fact, my being dragged in is a reason for doubting the authenticity; nor can I believe that the long letter in which I am frequently mentioned, could be written by the wretched lunatic. It pretends that miss Wray desired him to give her a particular account of Chatterton. He does give a most ample one—but is there a glimpse of probability, that a being so frantic should have gone to Bristol and sifted Chatterton's sister and others with as much cool curiosity as Mr. Lort could do? and at such a moment! Besides, he murdered miss Wray—I think in March; my printed defence was not at all dispersed before the preceding January or February, nor do I conceive that

Hackman could even see it. There are notes indeed by the editor, who has certainly seen it—but I rather imagine that the editor, whoever he is, composed the whole volume.—I am acquitted of being accessary to the lad's death, which is gracious, but much blamed for speaking of his bad character, and for being too hard on his forgeries, though I took so much pains to specify the innocence of them; and for his character, I only quoted the words of his own editor and panegyrist. I did not repeat what dr. Goldsmith told me at the Royal Academy, where I first heard of his death, that he went by the appellation of *The Young Villain* —but it is not new to me, as you know, to be blamed by two opposite parties. The editor has in one place confounded me and my uncle, who, he says, as is true, checked lord Chatham for being too forward a young man in 1740. In that year I was not even come into parliament; and must have been absurd indeed if I had taunted lord Chatham with youth, who was at least six or seven years younger than he was—and how could he reply by reproaching me with old age, who was then not twenty-three? I shall make no answer to these absurdities, nor to any part of the work. Blunder I see people will, and talk of what they do not understand; and what care I? There is another trifling mistake of still less consequence. The editor supposes it was Macpherson who communicated Ossian to me. It was sir David Dalrymple who sent me the first specimen. Macpherson did once come to me—but my credulity was then a little shaken.

Lady Ailesbury has promised me Guinea eggs for you, but they have not yet begun to lay.

I am well acquainted with lady Craven's little tale dedicated to me. It is careless and incorrect, but there are very pretty things in it.

I will stop, for I fear I have written to you too much lately. One you did not mention: I think it was of the 28th of last month.

Your's entirely.

LETTER CXLIX.

Berkeley-square, March 30th, 1780.

I CANNOT be told that you are extremely ill and refrain from begging to hear that you are better—Let me have but one line; if it is good, it will satisfy me. If you was not out of order, I would scold you, for again making excuses about the Noble Authors; it was not kind to be so formal about a trifle.

We do not differ so much in politics as you think, for when they grow too serious, they are so far from inflaming my zeal, they make me more moderate; and I can as easily discern the faults on my own side as on the other; nor would assist whigs more than tories in altering the constitution.

The project of annual parliaments, or of adding a hundred members to the House of Commons, would I think be very unwise, and will never have my approbation—but a temperate man is not likely to be listened to in turbulent times; and when one has not youth and lungs, or ambition to make one's self attended to, one can only be silent, and lament, and preserve one's self blameless of any mischief that is done or attempted.

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER CL.

Berkeley-square, May 11th, 1780.

Mr. Godfrey, the engraver, told me yesterday that Mr. Tyson is dead. —I am sorry for it, though he had left me off. A much older friend of mine died yesterday, but of whom I must say the same, George Montagu, whom you must remember at Eton and Cambridge. I should have been exceedingly concerned for him a few years ago, but he had dropt me, partly from politics and partly from caprice, for we never had any quarrel; but he was grown an excessive humourist, and had shed almost all his friends as well as me. He had parts, and infinite vivacity and originality till of late years, and it grieved me much that he had changed towards me after a friendship of between thirty and forty years.

I am told that a nephew of the provost of King's has preached and printed a most flaming sermon, which condemns the whole opposition to the stake. Pray who is it, and on what occasion? Mr. Bryant has published an answer to dr. Priestley. I bought it, but though I have a great value for the author, the subject is so metaphysical and so above human decision, I soon laid it aside.

I hope you can send me a good account of yourself, though the spring is so unfavourable.

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER CLI.

Friday Night, May 19th, 1780.

By to-morrow's coach you will receive a box of Guinea-hen's eggs, which lady Ailesbury sent me to-day from Park-place. I hope they will arrive safe and all be hatched.

I thank you for the account of the sermon and the portrait of the uncle. They will satisfy me without buying the former. As I knew Mr. Jos. Spence, I do not think I should have been so much delighted as dr. Kippis with reading his letters. He was a good-natured, harmless little soul, but more like a silver penny than a genius. It was a neat fiddle-faddle bit of sterling, that had read good books and kept good company, but was too trifling for use, and only fit to please a child.

I hesitate on purchasing Mr. Gough's second edition. I do not think there was a guinea's worth of entertainment in the first; how can the additions be worth a guinea and a half? I have been aware of the royal author you tell me of, and have noted him for a future edition; but that will not appear in my own time—because, besides that, it will have the castrations in my original copy, and other additions that I am not impatient to produce. I have been solicited to reprint the work, but do not think it fair to give a very imperfect edition, when I could print it complete, which I do not choose to do, as I have an aversion to literary squabbles, one seems to think one's self too important, when one engages in a controversy on one's writings; and when one does not vindicate them, the answer passes for victor, as you see dr. Kippis allots the palm to Dr. Milles, though you know I have so much more to say in defence of my hypothesis, I have actually some hopes of still more, of which I have heard, but till I see it, I shall not reckon upon it as on my side.

Mr. Lort told me of king James's procession to St. Paul's, but they ask such a price for it, and I care so little for James 1st, that I have not been to look at the picture.

Your electioneering will probably be increased immediately. Old Mr. Thomas Townsend is at the point of death. The parliament will probably be dissolved before another session. We wanted nothing but drink to inflame our madness, which I do not confine to politics—but what signifies it to throw out general censures? We old folks are apt to think nobody wise but ourselves.—I wish the disgraces of these last two or three years did not justify a little severity more than flows from the peevishness of years!

Your's ever.

LETTER CLII.

Berkeley-square, May 30th, 1780.

I HOPE you will bring your eggs to a fair market. At last I have got from Bonus my altar doors which I bought at Mr. Ives's; he has repaired them admirably. I would not suffer him to repaint or varnish them. Three are indubitably duke Humphrey of Gloucester, cardinal Beaufort, and archbishop Kemp. The fourth I cannot make out. It is a man in a crimson garment lined with white, and not tonsured. He is in the stable with cattle, and has the air of Joseph—but over his head hangs a large shield with these arms.[1]

* * * * *

[1] Here Mr. Walpole had sketched in a rough draught of the arms.

The Cornish choughs are sable on or, the other three divisions are gules, on the first of which is a gold crescent.

The second arms have three bull's heads sable, horned or. The chevron was so changed that Bonus thought it sable, but I think it was gules, and then it would be Bullen or Boleyn. Lord de Ferrars says, the first are the arms of sir Bartholomew Tate, who he finds married a Sanders. Edmondson's new Dictionary of Heraldry confirms both arms for Tate and Sanders, except that Sanders bore the chevron ermine—which it may have been. But what I wish to discover is, whether sir Bartholomew Tate was a benefactor to St. Edmondsbury, whence these doors came, or was in any shape a retainer to the duke of Gloucester or cardinal Beaufort. The duke's and sir Bartholomew's figures were on the insides of the doors (which I have had sawed into four pannels) and are painted in a far superior style to the cardinal and the archbishop, which are very hard and dry. The two others are so good that they are in the style of the school of the Caracci. They at least were painted by some Italian; the draperies have large and bold folds, and one wonders how they could be executed in the reign of Henry 6th. I shall be very glad if you can help me to any lights, at least about sir Bartholomew. I intend to place them in my chapel, as they will aptly accompany the shrine. The duke and archbishops agree perfectly with their portraits in my marriage of Henry 6th, and prove how rightly I guessed. The cardinal's is rather a longer and thinner visage—but that he might have in the latter end of life; and in the marriage he has the red bonnet on, which shortens his face. On the door he is represented in the character he ought to have possessed, a pious contrite look, not the truer resemblance which Shakespear drew—he dies and makes no sign!—but Annibal Caracci himself could not paint like our Raphael poet?—Pray don't venture yourself in any more electioneering riots—you see the mob do not respect poets, nor, I suppose Antiquaries.

P.S. I am in no haste for an answer to my queries.

LETTER CLIII.

Strawberry-hill, June 15th, 1780.

You may like to know one is alive, dear sir, after a massacre, and the conflagration of a capital. I was in it, both on the Friday, and on the *Black Wednesday*, the most horrible sight I ever beheld, and which for six hours together, I expected to end in half the town being reduced to ashes. I can give you little account of the original of this shocking affair; negligence was certainly its nurse, and religion only its godmother. The ostensible author is in the Tower. Twelve or fourteen thousand men have quelled all tumults, and as no bad account is come from the country, except for a moment at Bath, and as eight days have passed, nay more since the commencement, I flatter myself the whole nation is shocked at the scene; and that, if plan there was, it was laid only in and for the metropolis. The lowest and most villainous of the people, and to no great amount, were almost the sole actors.

I hope your electioneering riotry has not, nor will mix in these tumults. It would be most absurd; for lord Rockingham, the duke of Richmond, sir George Saville and Mr. Burke, the patrons of toleration, were devoted to destruction as much as the ministers. The rails torn from St. George's house were the chief weapons and instruments of the mob. For the honour of the nation I should be glad to have it proved that the French were the engineers. You and I have lived too long for our comfort—shall we close our eyes in peace? I will not trouble you more about the arms I sent you; I should like that they were those of the family of Boleyn; and since I cannot be sure they were not, why should not I fancy them so? I revert to the prayer for peace. You and I, that can amuse ourselves with our books and papers, feel as much indignation at the turbulent, as they have scorn for us. It is hard at least that they who disturb nobody, can have no asylum in which to pursue their innoxious indolence! Who is secure against Jack Straw and a whirlwind? How I abominate

Mr. Banks and dr. Solander, who routed the poor Otaheitans out of the centre of the ocean, and carried our abominable passions amongst them! not even that poor little speck could escape European restlessness—well! I have seen many tempestuous scenes and outlived them! the present prospect is too thick to see through—it is well Hope never forsakes us! adieu.

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER CLIV.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, July 4th, 1780.

I ANSWER your letter the moment I receive it, to beg you will by no means take any notice, not even indirectly and without my name, of the Life of Mr. Baker. I am earnest against its being known to exist. I should be teazed to shew it.—Mr. Gough might enquire about it—I do not desire his acquaintance; and above all things I am determined, if I can help it, to have no controversy while I live. You know I have hitherto suppressed my answers to the critics of Richard 3d, for that reason;—and above all things, I hate theologic or political controversy—nor need you fear my disputing with you, though we disagree very considerably indeed about papists and presbyterians. I hope you have not yet sent the MS. to Mr. Lort, and if you have not, do intreat you to efface undecypherably what you have said about my Life of Mr. Baker.

I am heartily glad you enjoy health, and am equally sorry you are teazed about Burnham. I have, thank God, been better lately than for a year past—but I have some thoughts of going to Malvern for a month or six weeks the end of this month.

I am sorry the eggs failed. If the journey was too long, it is vain to offer you more, though I can procure them next season.

Pray satisfy me that no mention of Mr. Baker's life shall appear in print. I can by no means consent to it, and I am sure you will prevent it.

Your's sincerely.

LETTER CLV.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, Sept. 27th, 1780.

I MUST inquire how you do after all your electioneering agitations, which have growled even around your hermitage. Candidates and their emissaries are like Pope's authors,

They pierce our thickets, through our groves they glide.

However, I have barred my doors; and when I would not go to an election for myself, I would not for any one else.

Has not a third real summer, and so very dry one, assisted your complaints? I have been remarkably well, and better than for these five years. Would I could say the same of all my friends—but alas! I expect every day to hear that I have lost my dear old friend madame du Deffand. She was indeed near eighty-four, but retained all her interior faculties—two days ago the letters from Paris forbad all hopes. So I reckon myself dead as to France, where I have kept up no other connexion.

I am going at last to publish my fourth volume of Painters, which though printed so long, I have literally treated by Horace's rule, *Nonum que prematur in annum*. Tell me how I shall send it to you.

Your's ever.

LETTER CLVI.

Berkeley-square, Oct. 3d, 1780.

I DID not go to Malvern, and therefore cannot certify you, my good sir, whether Tom Hearne mistook stone for brass or not, though I dare to say your criticism is just.

My book, if I can possibly, shall go to the inn to-morrow, or next day at least. You will find a great deal of rubbish in it, with all your partiality —but I shall have done with it.

I cannot thank you enough for your goodness about your notes that you promised Mr. Grose—but I cannot possibly be less generous and less disinterested: nor can by any means be the cause of your breaking your word. In short, I insist on your sending your notes to him—and as to my Life of Mr. Baker, if it is known to exist, nobody can make me produce it sooner than I please, nor at all if I do not please; so pray send your accounts, and leave me to be stout with our antiquaries, or curious. I shall not satisfy the latter, and don't care a straw for the former.

The master of Pembroke (who he is, I don't know) is like the lover who said,

Have I not seen thee where thou hast not been?

I have been in Kent with Mr. Barrett, but was not at Ramsgate; the master, going thither, perhaps saw me. It is a mistake not worth rectifying. I have no time for more, being in the midst of the delivery of my books.

Your's ever.

LETTER CLVII.

Berkeley-square, Nov. 11th, 1780.

I AM afraid you are not well, my good sir; for you are so obligingly punctual, that I think you would have acknowledged the receipt of my last volume, if you were not out of order.

Lord Dacre lent me the new edition of Mr. Gough's Typography, and the ancient maps and quantity of additions tempted me to buy it. I have not gone through much above half of the first volume, and find it more entertaining than the first edition. This is no partiality, for I think he seems rather disposed, though civilly, to find cavils with me. Indeed, in the passage in which I am most mentioned, he not only gives a very confused, but quite a wrong account: as in other places, he records some trifles in my possession not worth recording—but I know that we antiquaries are but too apt to think, that whatever has had the honour of entering our ears, is worthy of being laid before the eyes of every body else. The story I mean is p. xi. of the preface. Now the three volumes of drawings and tombs, by Mr. Lethueillier and sir Charles Fredericke, for which Mr. G. says I refused £200, and are now lord Bute's—are not lord Bute's, but mine, and for which I never was asked £200, and for which I gave £60—full enough. The circumstances were much more entertaining than Mr. G.'s perplexed account. Bishop Lyttleton told me sir Ch. Fredericke complained of Mr. L.'s not bequeathing them to him, as he had been a joint labourer with him; and that sir Charles wished I would not bid against him for them, as they were to be sold by auction. I said this was a very reasonable request, and that I was ready to oblige sir Charles; but as I heard others meant to bid high for the books, I should wish to know how far he would go, and that I would not oppose him—but should the books exceed the price sir Charles was willing to give, I should like to be at liberty to bid for them against others. How-

ever, added I, as sir Charles (who lived then in Berkeley-square, as I did then in Arlington-street) passes by my door every time he goes to the House of Commons, if he will call on me, we will make such agreement: you will scarce believe the sequel. The dignity of sir Charles Fredericke was hurt that I should propose his making me the first visit, though to serve himself; nothing could be less out of my imagination than the ceremonial of visits; though, when he was so simple as to make a point of it, I could not see how in any light I was called on to make the first visit—and so the treaty ended; and so I bought the books. There was another work, I think in two volumes, which was their Diary of their Tour, with a few slight views. Bishop Lyttleton proposed them to me, and engaged to get them for me from Mr. Lethueillier's sister for ten guineas. She hesitated, the bishop died, I thought no more of them, and they may be what lord Bute has. There is another assertion in Mr. Gough, which I can authentically contradict. He says sir Matthew Decker first introduced Ananas, p. 134. My very curious picture of Rose, the royal gardiner, presenting the first Ananas to Charles 2d, proves the culture here earlier by several years.

P. 373, he seems to doubt my assertion of Gravelot's making drawings of tombs in Gloucestershire, because he never met with any engravings from them. I took my account from Vertue, who certainly knew what he said. I bought at Vertue's own sale some of Gravelot's drawings of our regal monuments, which Vertue engraved—but, which is stronger, Mr. Gough himself, a few pages after, viz. in p. 387, mentions Gravelot's drawings of Tewkesbury church, which being in Gloucestershire, Mr. G. might have believed me that Gravelot did draw in that county. This is a little like Mr. Master's being angry with me for taking liberties with bishops and chancellors, and then abusing grossly one who had been both bishop and chancellor. I forgot that in the note on sir Ch. Fredericke, Mr. Gough calls Mr. Worseley Wortley. In p. 354, he says Rooker exhibited a drawing of Waltham-cross to the Royal Academy of Sciences—pray where is that academy? I suppose he means that of painting. I find a few omissions; one very comical; he says Penshurst was celebrated

by Ben Jonson, and seems totally in the dark as to how much more fame it owes to Waller. We antiquaries are a little apt to get laughed at for knowing what every body has forgotten, and for being ignorant of what every child knows. Do not tell him of these things, for I do not wish to vex him. I hope I was mistaken, and shall hear that you are well.

Your's ever.

LETTER CLVIII.

Berkeley-square, Nov. 24th, 1780.

I AM sorry I was so much in the right in guessing you had been ill, but at our age there is little sagacity in such divination. In my present holidays from the gout, I have a little rheumatism, or some of those accompaniments.

I have made several more notes to the New Typography, but none of consequence enough to transcribe. It is well it is a book only for the adept, or the scorners would often laugh. Mr. Gough, speaking of some cross that has been removed, says, there is now *an unmeaning market-house* in its place. Saving his reverence and our prejudices, I doubt there is a good deal more *meaning* in a market-house than in a cross. They tell me that there are numberless mistakes. Mr. Pennant, whom I saw yesterday, says so. *He* is not one of our plodders; rather the other extreme. His *corporal* spirits (for I cannot call them animal) do not allow him time to digest any thing. He gave a round jump from ornithology to antiquity—and, as if they had any relation, thought he understood every thing that lay between them. These adventures divert me,

who am got on shore, and find how sweet it is to look back on those who are toiling in deep waters, whether in ships, or cock-boats, or on old rotten planks. I am sorry for the dean of Exeter; if he dies, I conclude the leaden mace of the Antiquarian Society will be given to judge Barrington,

Et simili frondescet Virga metallo.

I endeavoured to give our antiquaries a little wrench towards taste—but it was in vain. Sandby and our engravers have lent them a great deal—but there it stops. Capt. Grose's Dissertations are as dull and silly as if they were written for the ostrogoth maps of the beginning of the New Typography; and which are so square and so incomprehensible, that they look as if they were ichnographies of the New Jerusalem. I am delighted with having done with the professions of author and printer, and intend to be most comfortably lazy, I was going to say idle (but that would not be new), for the rest of my days.

If there was a peace, I would build my offices—if there is not soon, we shall be bankrupt—nay, I do not know what may happen as it is—well, Mr. Grose will have plenty of ruins to engrave. The Royal Academy will make a fine mass, with what remains of old Somerset-house.

Adieu, my good sir. Let me know you are well. You want nothing else, for you can always amuse yourself, and do not let the foolish world disturb you.

Your's, most sincerely,

LETTER CLIX.

Berkeley-square, Nov. 30th, 1780.

I AM sorry, my dear sir, that you should be so humble with me your ancient friend, and to whom you have ever been so liberal, as to make an apology for desiring me to grant the request of another person. I am not less sorry that I shall not, I fear, be able to comply with it; and you must have the patience to hear my reasons. The first edition of the Anecdotes was of three hundred of the two first volumes, and of as many of the third volume, and of the volume of engravers; then there was an edition of three hundred of all four. Unluckily, I did not keep any number back of the two first volumes, and literally have none but those I reserved for myself. Of the other two I have two or three; and, I believe, I have a first, but without the cuts. If I can, with some odd volumes that I kept for corrections, make out a decent set, the library of the university shall have them; but you must not promise them, lest I should not be able to perform.

Of my new fourth volume I printed six hundred; but as they *can* be had, I believe not a third part is sold. This, a very plain lesson to me, that my editions sell for their curiosity, and not for any merit in them—and so they would if I printed Mother Goose's Tales, and but a few. As my Anecdotes of Painting have been published at such distant periods, and in three divisions, complete sets will be seldom seen; so, if I am humbled as an author, I may be vain as a printer; and, when one has nothing else to be vain of, it is certainly very little worth while to be proud of that.

I will now trust you with a secret, but beg Mr. Gough may not know it, for he will print it directly. Though I forgot *Alma Mater*, I have not forgotten my *Alma Nutrices*, wet or dry, I mean Eton and King's. I

have laid aside for them, and left them in my will as complete a set as I could of all I have printed. A few I did give them at first—but I have for neither a perfect set of the Anecdotes, I mean not the two first volumes. I should be much obliged to you, if, without naming me, you could inform yourself if I did send to King's those two first volumes —I believe not.

I will now explain what I said above of Mr. Gough. He has learnt, I suppose from my engravers, that I have had some views of Strawberry-hill engraved.—Slap dash down it went, and he has even specified each view in his second volume. This curiosity is a little impertinent—but he has made me some amends by a new blunder, for he says they are engraved for a second edition of my Catalogue. Now I have certainly printed but one edition, for which the prints are designed. He says truly, that I printed but a few for use; consequently, I by no means wished the whole world should know it; but he is very silly, and so I will say no more of him. Dr. Lort called yesterday, and asked if I had any message for you; but I had written too lately.

Mr. Pennant has been, as I think I told you, in town: by this time I conclude he is, as lady Townley says of fifty pounds, all over the kingdom. When dr. Lort returns, I shall be very glad to read your transcript of Wolsey's Letters; *for*, in your hand, I *can* read them. I will not have them but by some very safe conveyance, and will return them with equal care.

I can have no objection to Robin Masters being wooden-head of the Antiquarian Society; but, I suppose, he is not dignified enough for them. I should prefer the judge too, because a coif makes him more like an old woman, and I reckon that society the midwives of superannuated miscarriages. I am grieved for the return of your head-aches—I doubt you write too much.

Your's most sincerely.

P. S. It will be civil to tell dr. Farmer that I do not know whether I can obey his commands; but that I will if I can. As to a distinguished place, I beg not to be preferred to much better authors; nay, the more conspicuous, the more likely to be stolen for the reasons I have given you, of there being few complete sets, and true collectors are mighty apt to steal.

LETTER CLX.

Berkeley-square, Dec. 19th, 1780.

I CANNOT leave you for a moment in error, my good sir, when you transfer a compliment to me, to which I have not the most slender claim, and defraud another of it to whom it is due.

The friend of Mr. Gray, in whom authorship caused no jealousy or variance, as Mr. Mainwaring says truly, is Mr. Mason. *I* certainly never excelled in poetry, and never attempted the species of poetry alluded to, odes. Dr. L. I suppose is removing to a living or prebend, at least; I hope so. He may run a risk, if he carries his books to Lambeth. *Sono sonate ventri tre hore e mezza*, as Alexander VIII. said to his nephew, when he was chosen pope in extreme old age. My lord of Canterbury's is not extreme, but very tottering. I found in Mr. Gough's new edition, that in the Pepysian library is a view of the theatre in Dorset-gardens, and views of four or five other ancient great mansions. Do the folk of Magdalen ever suffer copies of such things to be taken? If they would, is there any body at Cambridge that could execute them, and reasonably? Answer me quite at your leisure; and, also, what and by whom the altar-piece is that lord Carlisle has given to King's. I did not know he had

been of our college. I have two or three plates of Strawberry more than those you mention, but my collections are so numerous, and from various causes my prints have been in such confusion, that at present I neither know where the plates or proofs are. I intend next summer to set about completing my plan of the Catalogue and its prints; and, when I have found any of the plates or proofs, you shall certainly have those you want. There are the two large views of the house, one of the cottage, one of the library, one of the front to the road, and the chimney-piece in the Holbein room. I think these are all that are finished—oh! yes, I believe the prior's garden; but I have not seen them these two years. I was so ill the summer before last, that I attended to nothing; the little I thought of in that way last summer was to get out my last volume of the Anecdotes—now I have nothing to trouble myself about as an editor, and that not publicly, but to finish my Catalogue—and that will be awkwardly enough; for so many articles have been added to my collection since the description was made, that I must add them in the appendix, or reprint it: and, what is more inconvenient, the positions of many of the pictures have been changed; and so it will be a lame piece of work. Adieu, my dear sir,

Your's most cordially.

LETTER CLXI.

DEAR SIR, Berkeley-square, Feb. 7th, 1781.

I WILL not leave you a moment in suspense about the safety of your very valuable volume, which you have so kindly sent me, and which I have just received, with the inclosed letters, and your other yesterday. I have not time to add a word more at present, being full of business,

having the night before last received an account of lady Orford's death at Pisa, and a copy of her will, which obliges me to write several letters, and to see my relations. She has left every thing in her power to her *friend* cavalier Mozzi, at Florence; but her son comes into a large estate, besides her great jointure. You may imagine, how I lament that he had not patience to wait sixteen months before he sold his pictures!

I am very sorry you have been at all indisposed. I will take the utmost care of your 59th volume (for which I give you this receipt), and will restore it the instant I have had time to go through it.

Witness my hand.

LETTER CLXII.

Feb. 9th, 1781.

I HAD not time, dear sir, when I wrote last, to answer your letter, nor do more than cast an eye on your MS. To say the truth, my patience is not tough enough to go through Wolsey's negociations. I see that *your* perseverance was forced to make the utmost efforts to transcribe them. They are immeasurably verbose, not to mention the blunders of the first copyist. As I read only for amusement, I cannot, so late in my life, purchase information on what I do not much care about, at the price of a great deal of *ennui*. The old wills at the end of your volume diverted me much more than the obsolete politics. I shall say nothing about what you call *your old leaven*. Every body must judge for himself in those matters: nor are you or I of an age to change long-formed opinions, as neither of us is governed by self-interest. Pray tell me how I may most safely return your volume. I value all your MSS. so much, that I should never forgive myself, if a single

one came to any accident, by your so obligingly lending them to me. They are great treasures, and contain something or other that must suit most tastes: not to mention your amazing industry, neatness, legibility, with notes, arms, &c.—I know no such repositories. You will receive with your MS. Mr. Kerrick's and Mr. Gough's letters. The former is very kind. The inauguration of the *Antiquated* Society is burlesque—and so is their dearth of materials for another volume: can they ever want such rubbish as compose their preceding annals?

I think it probable, that *story* should be *stone*: however, I never piqued myself on recording every mason. I have preserved but too many that did not deserve to be mentioned. I dare to say, that when I am gone, many more such will be added to my volumes. I had not heard of poor Mr. Pennant's misfortune. I am very sorry for it, for I believe him to be a very honest good-natured man. He certainly was too lively for his proportion of understanding, and too impetuous to make the best use of what he had. However, it is a credit to us antiquaries, to have one of our class disordered by vivacity.

I hope your goutiness is dissipated, and that this last fine week has set you on your feet again.

Your's most sincerely and gratefully.

P. S. Your letters were all put into the post.

LETTER CLXIII.

DEAR SIR, Berkeley-square, March 2d, 1781.

As you have not lighted on a trusty person to fetch your MS. I am unwilling to detain it longer from you, and therefore shall send my printer with it to-morrow morning to the Green Dragon, according to your directions; though I should not have ventured it in that manner, unless you yourself had warranted me. I do not know on what day the waggon sets out, but I have ordered the book to be left at Mr. Salmon's, at Cambridge, till called for.

My lady Orford ordered herself to be buried at Leghorn, the only place in Tuscany where protestants have burial. Therefore I suppose she did not affect to change. On the contrary, I believe she had no preference for any *sect*, but rather laughed at all. I know nothing new, neither in novelty nor antiquity. I have had no gout this winter, and therefore I call it my *leap year*. I am sorry it is not your's too. It is an age since I saw dr. Lort. I hope illness is not the cause.

You will be diverted with hearing that I am chosen an honorary member of the new Antiquarian Society at Edinburgh; I accepted for two reasons. First, it is a feather that does not demand my flying thither; and secondly, to shew contempt for our own old fools. To me it will be a perfect sinecure; for I have molted all my pen feathers, and shall have no ambition of nestling into their printed transactions.—Adieu, my good sir.

Your much obliged.

LETTER CLXIV.

March 5th, 1781.

You will have found by a letter that I thought you would receive yesterday, that I sent your MS. dear sir, to the Green Dragon in Bishopsgate-street, and I shall be very glad to hear that you have received it safe.

I do not in the least guess or imagine what you mean by dr. Hardwicke's publication of a *Walpoliana*. Naturally it should mean a collection of sayings or anecdotes of my father, according to the French *Anas*, which began, I think, with those of Menage. Or, is it a collection of letters and state-papers during his administration? I own I am curious to know at least what this piece contains. I had not heard a word of it; and, were it not for the name, I should have very little inquisitiveness about it: for nothing upon earth ever was duller than the three heavy tomes his lordship printed of sir Dudley Carleton's Negotiations, and of what he called State Papers. Pray send me an answer as soon as you can, at least of as much as you have heard about this thing.

I shall be obliged to you for a sight of the old wills you mention, but not just yet, as I should not have time to read them now, and might detain them too long.

Your MS. went to the Green Dragon on Friday night, and they said the waggon would set out the next day.

Your's ever.

LETTER CLXV.

Berkeley-square, March 29th, 1781.

You are so good-natured that I am sure you will be glad to be told that the report of Mr. Pennant being disordered is not true. He is come to town—has been with me, and at least is as composed as ever I saw him. He is going to publish another part of his Welch Tour, which he can well afford, though I believe he does not lose by his works. An aunt is dead exceedingly rich, who had given some thousands to him and his daughter, but suddenly changed her mind and left all to his sister, who has most nobly given him all that had been destined in the cancelled will.

Dr. Nash has just published the first volume of his Worcestershire. It is a folio of prodigious corpulence, and yet dry enough—but then it is finely dressed, and has many heads and views.

Dr. Lort was with me yesterday and I never saw him better, nor has he been much out of order. I hope your gout has left you; but here are winds bitter enough to give one any thing.

Your's ever.

LETTER CLXVI.

April 3d, 1781.

I AM very sorry, dear sir, that in my last letter but one, I took no notice of what you said about lord Hardwicke; the truth was I am perfectly indifferent about what he prints or publishes. There is generally a little indirect malice, but so much more dulness, that the latter soon suffocates the former. This is telling you that I could not be offended at any thing you said of him—nor am I likely to suspect a sincere friend of disobliging me. You have proved the direct contrary these forty years. I have not time to say more, but am

Ever most truly,

Your's.

P. S. I am very sorry you have been indisposed again.

LETTER CLXVII.

Berkeley-square, May 4th, 1781.

I SHALL not only be ready to shew Strawberry-hill, at any time he chuses, to dr. Farmer, as your friend; but to be honoured with his acquaintance; though I am very shy now of contracting new. I have great respect for his character and abilities, and judicious taste; and am very clear that he has elucidated Shakspeare in a more reasonable and satisfactory manner, than any of his affected commentators, who only com-

plimented him with learning that he had not, in order to display their own.

Pray give me timely notice whenever I am likely to see dr. Farmer, that I may not be out of the way, when I can have an opportunity of shewing attention to a friend of your's, and pay a small part of your gratitude to him. There shall be a bed at his service; for you know Strawberry cannot be seen in a moment; nor an Englishman so *liants* as to get acquainted in the time they are walking through a house.

But now, my good sir, how could you suffer your prejudiced partiality to me, to run away with you so extravagantly, as to call me one of the greatest characters of the age! You are too honest to flatter, too much a hermit to be interested, and I am too powerless and insignificant to be an object of court, were you capable of paying it from mercenary views. I know then that it could proceed from nothing but the warmth of your heart.—But if you are blind towards me, I am not so to myself. I know not how others feel on such occasions; but if any one happens to praise me, all my faults rush into my face, and make me turn my eyes inward and outward with horror. What am I but a poor old skeleton tottering towards the grave, and conscious of ten thousand weaknesses, follies, and worse! and, for talents, what are mine, but trifling and superficial; and, compared with those of men of real genius, most diminutive! Mine a great character! mercy on me! I am a composition of Anthony Wood and madame Danois, and I know not what trumpery writers. This is the least I can say to refute your panegyric, which I shall burn presently; for I will not have such an encomiastic letter found in my possession, lest I should seem to have been pleased with it. I enjoin you, as a penance, not to contradict one tittle I have said here; for I am not begging more compliments, and shall take it seriously ill, if you ever pay me another. We have been friends above forty years; I am satisfied of your sincerity and affection—but does it become us at past threescore each, to be saying fine things to one another?—consider how soon we shall both be nothing.

I assure you, with great truth, I am at this present very sick of my little vapour of fame. My tragedy has wandered into the hands of some banditti booksellers; and I am forced to publish it myself to prevent piracy. All I can do is to condemn it myself; and that I shall.

I am reading Mr. Pennant's new Welsh Tour; he has pleased me by making very handsome mention of you.—But I will not do what I have been blaming.

My poor dear madame du Deffand's little dog is arrived. She made me promise to take care of it the last time I saw her; that I will most religiously, and make it as happy as is possible. I have not much curiosity to see your Cambridge Raphael, but great desire to see you, and will certainly this summer accept your invitation, which I take much kinder than your *great character*, though both flowed from the same friendship. Mine for you is exactly what it has been ever since you knew (and few men can boast so uninterrupted a friendship as yours and that of)—

P. S. I have seen the Monthly Review.

LETTER CLXVIII.

Strawberry-hill, May (June) 16th, 1781.

Your last account of yourself was so indifferent, that I am impatient for a better: pray send me a much better.

I know little in your way but that sir Richard Worseley has just published a History of the Isle of Wight, with many views poorly done

enough. Mr. Bull is honouring me, at least my Anecdotes of Painting, exceedingly. He has let every page into a pompous sheet, and is adding every print of portrait, building, &c. that I mention, and that he can get, and specimens of all our engravers. It will make eight magnificent folios, and be a most valuable body of our arts. Nichols the printer has published a new Life of Hogarth of near two hundred pages —many more, in truth, than it required—chiefly it is *the life* of his works, containing all the variations, and notices of any persons whom he had in view. I cannot say there are discoveries of many prints which I have not mentioned, though I hear Mr. Gulston says he has fifteen such; but I suppose he only fancies so. Mr. Nichols says our printsellers are already adding Hogarth's name to several spurious. Mr. Steevens, I hear, has been allowed to ransack Mrs. Hogarth's house for obsolete and unfinished plates, which are to be completed and published. Though she was not pleased with my account of her husband, and seems by these transactions to have encouraged the second, I assure you I have much more reason to be satisfied than she has, the editor or editors being much civiller to living me than to dead Hogarth—yet I should not have complained. Every body has the same right to speak their sentiments. Nay, in general, I have gentler treatment than I expected, and I think the world and I part good friends.

I am now setting about the completion of my Odes Strawberrianæ. A painter is to come hither on Monday to make a drawing of the Tribune, and finish T. Sandby's fine view of the gallery, to which I could never get him to put the last hand. They will then be engraved with a few of the chimney-pieces, which will complete the plates. I must add an appendix of curiosities, purchased or acquired since the catalogue was printed. This will be awkward, but I cannot afford to throw away an hundred copies. I shall take care if I can that Mr. Gough does not get fresh intelligence from my engravers, or he will advertise my supplement, before the book appears. I do not think it was very civil to publish such private intelligence, to which he had no right without my leave; but every body seems to think he may do what is good in his own eyes. I

saw the other day, in a collection of seats (exquisitely engraved) a very rude insult on the duke of Devonshire. The designer went to draw a view of Chiswick, without asking leave, and was—not hindered, for he has given it; but he says he was treated *illiberally*, the house not being shewn without tickets, which he not only censures, but calls a singularity, though a frequent practice in other places, and practised *there* to my knowledge for these thirty years.—So every body is to come into your house, if he pleases, draw it whether you please or not, and, by the same rule, I suppose, put any thing into his pockets that he likes. I do know, by experience, what a grievance it is to have a house worth being seen, and though I submit in consequence to great inconveniences, they do not save me from many rudenesses. Mr. Southcote was forced to shut up his garden, for the savages who came as connoisseurs, scribbled a thousand brutalities, in the buildings, upon his religion. I myself, at Canons, saw a beautiful table of oriental alabaster that had been split in two by a buck in boots, jumping up backwards to set upon it.

I have placed the oaken head of Henry 3d over the middle arch of the armoury. Pray tell me what the church of Barnwell, near Oundle, was, which his majesty endowed, and whence his head came.

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER CLXIX.

Strawberry-hill, July 7th, 1781.

My good sir, you forget that I have a cousin, eldest son of lord Walpole, and of a marriageable age, who has the same Christian name as I. The miss Churchill he has married is my niece, second daughter of my

sister, lady Mary Churchill, so that if I were in my dotage, I must have looked out for another bride—in short, I hope you will have no occasion to wish me joy of any egregious folly. I do congratulate you on your better health, and on the duke of Rutland's civilities to you. I am a little surprised at his brother, who is a seaman, having a propensity to divinity, and wonder you object to it; the church navigant would be an extension of its power. As to *orthodoxy*, excuse me if I think it means nothing at all but every man's own opinion. Were every man to define his faith, I am persuaded that no two men are or ever were exactly of the same opinion in *all* points; and as men are more angry at others for differing with them on a single point, than satisfied with their concurrence in all others, each would deem every body else a heretic. Old or new opinions are exactly of the same authority, for every opinion must have been new when first started; and no man has nor ever had more right than another to dictate, unless inspired. St. Peter and St. Paul disagreed from the earliest time, and who can be sure which was in the right: and if one of the apostles was in the wrong, who may not be mistaken? When you will tell me which was the orthodox, and which the heterodox apostle, I will allow that you know what orthodoxy is. You and I are perhaps the two persons who agree the best with very different ways of thinking—and perhaps the reason is, that we have a mutual esteem for each other's sincerity, and from an experience of more than forty years, are persuaded that neither of us has any interested views. For my own part I confess honestly that I am far from having the same charity for those whom I suspect of mercenary views. If dr. Butler, when a private clergyman, wrote whig pamphlets, and when bishop of Oxford preaches tory sermons, I should not tell him that he does not know what orthodoxy is, but I am convinced he does not care what it is. The duke of Rutland seems much more liberal than Butler, or I, when he is so civil to you, though you voted against his brother. I am not acquainted with his grace, but I respect his behaviour; he is above prejudices.

The story of poor Mr. Cotton is shocking, whichever way it happened, but most probably it was accident.

I am ashamed at the price of my book, though not my fault, but I have so often been guilty myself of giving ridiculous prices for rarities, though of no intrinsic value, that I must not condemn the same folly in others. Every thing tells me how silly I am! I pretend to reason and yet am a virtuoso!—Why should I presume that at sixty-four I am too wise to marry?—and was you who know so many of my weaknesses, in the wrong to suspect me of one more? Oh! no, my good friend: nor do I see any thing in your belief of it, but the kindness with which you wish me felicity on the occasion. I heartily thank you for it, and am

Most cordially your's.

LETTER CLXX.

Strawberry-hill, July 26th, 1781.

I WILL not delay thanking you, dear sir, for a second letter, which you wrote out of kindness, though I have time but to say a word, having my house full of company. I think I have somewhere or other mentioned the *Robertus Comentarius* (probably on some former information from you, which you never forget to give me) at least the name sounds familiar to me—but just now I cannot consult my papers or books from the impediment of my guests. As I am actually preparing a new edition of my Anecdotes, I shall very soon have occasion to search.

I am sorry to hear you complain of the gout, but trust it will be a short parenthesis.

Your's most gratefully.

LETTER CLXXI.

Berkeley-square, Dec. 30th, 1781.

We are both hearty friends, my dear sir, for I see we have both been reproaching ourselves with silence at the same moment. I am much concerned that you have had cause for yours. I have had less, though indisposed too in a part material for correspondence, my right hand, which has been in labour of chalk stones this whole summer, and at times so nervous as to tremble so much, that except when quite necessary, I have avoided a pen. I have been delivered of such a quantity of chalky matter, that I am not only almost free from pain, but hope to avoid a fit this winter. How there can be a doubt what the gout is amazes me! what is it but a concretion of humours, that either stop up the fine vessels, cause pain and inflammation, and pass away only by perspiration; or which discharge themselves into chalk stones, which sometimes remain in their beds, sometimes make their passage outwardly. I have experienced all three. It may be objected that the sometimes instantaneous removal of pain from one limb to another is too rapid for a current of chalk—true, but not for the humour before coagulated. As there is, evidently, too, a degree of wind mixed with the gout, may not that wind be impregnated with the noxious effluvia, especially as the latter are pent up in the body and may be corrupted? I hope your present complaint in the foot will clear the rest of your person: many thanks for your etching of Mr. Browne Willis: I shall value it not only as I am a collector, but because he was your friend. What shall I say about Mr. Gough? he is not a pleasant man, and I doubt will teaze me about many things, some of which I never cared about, and all which I interest myself little about now, when I seek to pass my remnant in most indolent tranquillity. He has not been very civil to me, he worships the fools I despise, and I conceive has no genuine taste—yet as to trifling resentments, when the ob-

jects have not acted with bad hearts, I can most readily lose them. Please Mr. Gough I certainly shall not; I cannot be very grave about such idle studies as his and my own, and am apt to be impatient, or laugh, when people imagine I am serious about them. But there is a stronger reason why I shall not satisfy Mr. Gough. He is a man to minute down whatever one tells him that he may call information, and whip it into his next publication. However, though I am naturally very frank, I can regulate myself by those I converse with; and as I shall be on my guard, I will not decline visiting Mr. Gough, as it would be illiberal or look surly if I refused. You shall have the merit, if you please, of my assent, and shall tell him, I shall be glad to see him any morning at eleven o'clock. This will save you the trouble of sending me his new work, as I conclude he will mention it to me.

I more willingly assure you that I shall like to see Mr. Steevens, and to shew him Strawberry. You never sent me a person you commended, that I did not find deserved it.

You will be surprised when I tell you, that I have only dipped into Mr. Bryant's book, and lent the dean's before I had cut the leaves, though I had peeped into it enough to see that I shall not read it. Both he and Bryant are so diffuse on our antiquated literature, that I had rather believe in Rowley than go through their proofs. Mr. Warton and Mr. Tyrrwhit have more patience, and intend to answer them—and so the controversy will be two hundred years out of my reach. Mr. Bryant, I did find, begged a vast many questions, which proved to me his own doubts. Dr. Glynn's foolish evidence made me laugh—and so did Mr. Bryant's sensibility *for me;* he says Chatterton treated me very *cruelly* in one of his writings. I am sure I did not feel it so. I suppose Bryant means under the title of Baron of Otranto, which is written with humour. I must have been the sensitive plant if any thing in that character had hurt me! Mr. Bryant too, and the dean, as I see by extracts in the papers, have decorated Chatterton with sanctimonious honour. Think of that young rascal's note, when summoning up his gains and losses by writing for and against

Beckford, he says, "am glad he is dead by £3. 13*s.* 6*d.*" *There* was a lad of too nice honour to be capable of forgery! and a lad who, they do not deny, forged the poems in the style of Ossian, and fifty other things. In the parts I did read, Mr. Bryant, as I expected, reasons admirably, and staggered me; but when I took up the poems called Rowley's again, I protest I cannot see the smallest air of antiquity but the old words. The whole texture is conceived on ideas of the present century. The liberal manner of thinking of a monk so long before the Reformation is as stupendous—and where he met with Ovid's Metamorphoses, Eclogues, and plans of Greek tragedies, when even Caxton, a printer, took Virgil's Ænead for so rare a novelty, are not less incomprehensible—though on these things I speak at random, nor have searched for the era when the Greek and Latin classics came again to light—at present I imagine long after our Edward 4th.

Another thing struck me in my very cursory perusal of Bryant. He asks, where Chatterton could find so much knowledge of English events? I could tell him where he might, by a very natural hypothesis, though merely an hypothesis. It appears by the evidence, that Canninge left six chests of MSS. and that Chatterton got possession of some or several. Now what was therein *so probably* as a diary drawn up by Canninge himself or some churchwarden, or wardens, or by a monk, or monks? Is any thing more natural, than for such a person, amidst the events at Bristol, to set down such other public facts as happened in the rest of the kingdom? Was not such almost all the materials of our ancient story? There is actually such an one, with some curious collateral facts, if I am not mistaken, for I write by memory, in the history of Furnese or Fountain's Abbey, I forget which. If Chatterton found such an one, did he want the extensive literature on which so much stress is laid? Hypothesis for hypothesis,—I am sure this is as rational an one, as the supposition, that six chests were filled with poems never else heard of.

These are my indigested thoughts on this matter—not that I ever

intend to digest them—for I will not at sixty-four sail back into the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and be drowned in an ocean of monkish writers of those ages or of this!

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER CLXXII.

Berkeley-square, Jan. 27th, 1782.

For these three weeks I have had the gout in my left elbow and hand, and can yet but just bear to lay the latter on the paper while I write with the other. However, this is no complaint, for it is the shortest fit I have had these sixteen years, and with trifling pain; therefore, as the fits decrease, it does ample honour to my bootikens, regimen, and method. Next to my bootikens, I ascribe much credit to a diet drink of dock roots, of which dr. Turton asked me for the receipt, as the best he had ever seen, and which I will send you if you please. It came from an old physician at Richmond, who did amazing service with it in inveterate scurvies; the parents, or ancestors at least, I believe, of all gouts. Your fit I hope is quite gone.

Mr. Gough has been with me.—I never saw a more dry, or more cold gentleman. He told me his new plan is a series of English monuments. I do like the idea, and offered to lend him drawings for it.

I have seen Mr. Steevens too, who is much more flowing. I wish you had told me it was the editor of Shakspeare, for on his mentioning dr. Farmer, I launched out and said, he was by much the most rational of Shakspeare's commentators, and had given the only sensible account of

the authors our great poet had consulted. I really meant those who wrote before dr. Farmer. Mr. Steevens seemed a little surprised, which made me discover the blunder I had made, for which I was very sorry, though I had meant nothing by it: however, do not mention it. I hope he has too much sense to take it ill, as he must have seen I had no intention of offending him; on the contrary, that my whole behaviour marked a desire of being civil to him as your friend, in which light only you had named him to me. Pray take no notice of it, though I could not help mentioning it, as it lies on my conscience to have been even undesignedly and indirectly unpolite to any body you recommend. I should not, I trust, have been so unintentionally to any body, nor with intention unless provoked to it by great folly or dirtiness. Adieu!

My good sir,

Your's sincerely.

LETTER CLXXIII.

Berkeley-square, Feb. 14th, 1782.

I HAVE received such treasures from you, dear sir, through the channel of Mr. Nichols, that I neither know how to thank you, nor to find time to peruse them so fast as I am impatient to do. You must complete your kindness by letting me detain them a few days, till I have gone through them, when I will return them most carefully by the same intervention; and particularly the curious piece of enamel; for though you are, as usual, generous enough to offer it to me, I have plundered you

too often already: and indeed I have room left for nothing more, nor have that miserly appetite of continuing to hoard what I cannot enjoy, nor have much time left to possess.

I have already looked into your beautiful illuminated MS. copied from dr. Stukeley's letter, and with Anecdotes of the Antiquaries of Bennet College; and I have found therein so many charming instances of your candour, humility, and justice, that I grieve to deprive Mr. Gough for a minute even of the possession of so valuable a tract. I will not injure him or it, by begging you to cancel what relates to me, as it would rob you of part of your defence of Mr. Baker. If I wish to have it detained from Mr. Gough till the period affixed in the first leaf, or rather to my death, which will probably precede your's, it is for this reason only; Mr. Gough is apt, as we antiquaries are, to be impatient to tell the world all he knows, which is unluckily much more than the world is at all impatient of knowing. For what you call *your flaming zeal*, I do not in the least object to it. We have agreed to tolerate each other, and certainly are neither of us infallible. I think, on what we differ most is, your calling *my* opinions *fashionable*—they were when we took them up: I doubt it is your's that are most in fashion now, at least in this country. The emperor seems to be of *our* party; but, if I like his notions, I do not admire his judgment, which is too precipitate to *be* judgment.

I smiled at Mr. Gough's idea of my declining his acquaintance as a member of that *obnoxious* society of antiquaries. It is their folly alone that is obnoxious to me—and can they help that? I shall very cheerfully assist him.

I am glad you are undeceived about the controversial piece in the Gentleman's Magazine, which I should have assured you, as you now know, that it was not mine. I declared, *in my Defence*, that I would publish nothing more about that question. I have not, nor intend it. Neither was it I that wrote the prologue to the Count of Narbonne, but Mr. Jephson himself. On the opposite page I will add the receipt for

the diet drink: as to my regimen, I shall not specify it. Not only you would not adopt it, but I should tremble to have you. In fact, I never do prescribe it, as I am persuaded it would kill the strongest man in England, who was not exactly of the same temperament with me, and who had not embraced it early. It consists in temperance to quantity as to eating—I do not mind the quality; but I am persuaded that great abstinence with the gout is dangerous; for, if one does not take nutriment enough, there cannot be strength sufficient to fling out the gout, and then it deviates to palsies. But my great nostrum is the use of cold water, inwardly and outwardly, on all occasions, and total disregard of precaution against catching cold. A hat you know I never wear, my breast I never button, nor wear great coats, &c. I have often had the gout in my face, (as last week) and eyes, and instantly dip my head in a pail of cold water, which always cures it, and does not send it any where else. All this I dare do, because I have so for these forty years, weak as I look—but Milo would not have lived a week if he had played such pranks. My diet drink is not all of so Quixote a disposition; any of the faculty will tell you how innocent it is, at least. In a few days, for I am a rapid reader when I like my matter, I will return all your papers and letters; and in the mean time thank you most sincerely for the use of them, and am,

Your's ever obliged.

P. S. My old friend, and your acquaintance, dr. Dodd, died last Saturday—not of cold water. He and I were born on the very same day, but took to different elements. I doubt he had hurt his fortune as well as health.

LETTER CLXXIV.

Feb. 15th, 1782.

I WAS so impatient to peruse all the literary stores you sent me, dear sir, that I staid at home on purpose to give up a whole evening to them. I have gone through all, your own MS. which I envy Mr. Gough, his specimen, and the four letters to you from the latter and Mr. Steevens. I am glad they were both satisfied with my reception. In truth, you know I am neither formal nor austere, nor have any grave aversion to our antiquaries, though I do now and then divert myself with their solemnity about errant trifles—yet, perhaps, we owe much to their thinking those trifles of importance, or the Lord knows how they would have patience to investigate them so indefatigably. Mr. Steevens seemed pleasant, but I doubt I shall never be demure enough to conciliate Mr. Gough. Then I have a wicked quality in an antiquary—nay, one that annihilates the essence: that is, I cannot bring myself to habit of minute accuracy about very indifferent prints. I do not doubt but there is a swarm of diminutive inaccuracies in my Anecdotes. Well! if there is, I bequeath free leave of correction to the microscopic intellects of my continuators. I took dates and facts from the sedulous and faithful Vertue, and piqued myself on little but on giving an idea of the spirit of the times with regard to the arts at the different periods.

The specimen you present me of Mr. Gough's detail of our monuments is very differently treated; proves vast industry, and shews most circumstantial fidelity. It extends too much farther than I expected, for it seems to embrace the whole mass of our monuments, nay, of some that are vanished. It is not what I thought, an intention of representing our modes of dress from figures on monuments, but rather a history of our tombs. It is fortunate, though he may not think so, that so many of the more ancient are destroyed, since, for three or four centuries, they were

clumsy, rude, and ugly. I know I am but a fragment of an antiquary, for I abhor all Saxon doings, and whatever did not exhibit some taste, grace, or elegance, and some ability in the artists. Nay, if I may say so to you, I do not care a straw for archbishops, bishops, mitred abbots, and cross-legged knights. When you have one of a sort you have seen all. However, to so superficial a *student in antiquity* as I am, Mr. Gough's work is not unentertaining. It has frequently anecdotes and circumstances of kings, queens, and historic personages, that interest me, though I care not a straw about a series of bishops who had only Christian names, or were removed from one old church to a newer. Still I shall assist Mr. Gough with whatever he wants in my possession. I believe he is a very worthy man, and I should be a churl not to oblige any man who is so innocently employed. I have felt the selfish, the proud avarice of those who hoard literary curiosities for themselves alone, as other misers do money.

I observed in your account of the count, bishop Hervey, that you call one of his dedicators Martin Sherlock, *Esq.* p. 53. That Mr. Sherlock is an Irish clergyman; I am acquainted with him. He is a very amiable, good-natured man, and wants judgment, not parts. He is a little damaged by aiming at Sterne's capricious pertness, which the original wore out; and which, having been admired and cried up to the skies by foreign writers of reviews, was on the contrary too severely treated by our own. That injustice shocked Mr. Sherlock, who has a good heart and much simplicity, and sent him in dudgeon last year to Ireland, determined to write no more: yet I am persuaded he will, so strong is his propensity to being an author; and, if he does, correction may make him more attentive to what he says and writes: he has no gall; on the contrary, too much benevolence in his indiscriminate praise—but he has made many ingenious criticisms. He is a just, a due enthusiast to Shakspeare; but, alas! he scarce likes Richardson less! Pray would it be possible to get a print of Mr. Cowper by Mr. Tyson, mentioned in your MS. p. 45? Beware! Do not plunge into your natural generosity and say, "I have *one* at your service." You have put me on my guard

against your bountiful spirit. I vow solemnly I will not accept *an only one;* nor without that vow would I have named it.

There is another favour I am inclined to ask, but upon condition too that you refuse it if you have the least objection. 'I have a curiosity to see what the count bishop and Wilkes wrote in an Album you mention in p. 52. It is merely a curiosity to *see* them. I give you my honour I will return your transcript without transcribing it; yet, decline my request, if it is not agreeable to you.

The first minute I can spare a servant to send into the city, all your papers, written and printed, and the enamel, shall be conveyed to Mr. Nichols; every thing but the two prints of Mr. Br. Willis, for which I thank you. Mr. Nichols has been with me himself—he is a very modest, intelligent man.

Now I have done with writing, and am pretty sick of the world and the great world, I have less objection to amusing myself with writers. They divert me when I have nothing to read, especially as I have little else to do.

Adieu!

Your's most sincerely.

P. S. Saturday, 16th. The parcel for you will go this evening to Mr. Nichols, so you will inquire for it at the Rose next week.

LETTER CLXXV.

Feb. 22, 1782.

I DOUBT you are again in error, my good sir, about the letter in the Gentleman's Magazine against the Rowleians, unless Mr. Malone sent it to you; for he is the author, and not Mr. Steevens, from whom I imagine you received it. There is a report that some part of Chatterton's forgery is to be produced by an accomplice—but this I do not answer for, nor know the circumstances. I have scarce seen a person who is not persuaded that the *fashion* of the poems was Chatterton's own, though he might have found some old stuff to work upon, which very likely was the case; but now that the poems have been so much examined, nobody (that has an ear) can get over the modernity of the modulations, and the recent cast of the ideas and phraseology, corroborated by such palpable pillage of Pope and Dryden. Still the boy remains a prodigy, by whatever means he procured or produced the edifice erected—and still it will be found inexplicable how he found time or materials for operating such miracles.

You are in another error about sir Harry Englefield, who cannot be going to marry a daughter of lord Cadogan, unless he has a natural one, of whom I never heard. Lord Cadogan has no daughter by his first wife, and his eldest girl by my niece is not five years old. The act of the emperor to which I alluded, is the general destruction of convents in Flanders, and, I suppose, in his German dominions too. The pope suppressed the carnival as mourning, and proposes a journey to Vienna to implore mercy. This is a little different from the time when the pontiffs trampled on the necks of emperors, and called it trampling *super Aspidem et Draconem.* I hope you have received your cargo back undamaged. I was much obliged to you, and am,

Your's ever.

LETTER CLXXVI.

Berkeley-square, March 9th, 1782.

THOUGH I have scarce time, I must write a line to thank you for the print of Mr. Cowper, and to tell you how ashamed I am that you should have so much attention to me on the slightest wish I express, when I fear my gratitude is not half so active, though it ought to exceed obligations.

Dr. Farmer has been with me, and, though it was but a short visit, he pleased me so much by his easy simplicity and good sense, that I wish for more acquaintance with him.

I do not know whether the emperor will atone to you for demolishing the cross, by attacking the crescent. The papers say he has declared war with the Turks. He seems to me to be a mountebank who professes curing all diseases. As power is his only panacea, the remedy methinks is worse than the disease. Whether Christianity will be laid aside I cannot say. As nothing of the spirit is left, the forms, I think, signify very little. Surely it is not an age of morality and principle; does it import whether profligacy is baptized or not? I look to motives, not to professions. I do not approve of convents; but, if Cæsar wants to make soldiers of monks, I detest his reformation, and think that men had better not procreate than commit murder; nay, I believe that monks get more children than soldiers do: but what avail abstracted speculations? Human passions wear the dresses of the times, and carry on the same views, though in different habits. Ambition and interest set up religions or pull them down, as fashion presents a handle; and the conscientious must be content, when the mode favours their wishes, or sigh when it does not.

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER CLXXVII.

April 13th, 1782.

YOUR partiality to me, my good sir, is much overseen, if you think me fit to correct your Latin. Alas! I have not skimmed ten pages of Latin these dozen years. I have dealt in nothing but English, French, and a little Italian, and do not think, if my life depended on it, I could write four lines of pure Latin. I have had occasion once or twice to speak that language, and soon found that all my verbs were Italian with Roman terminations. I would not on any account draw you into a scrape, by depending on my skill in what I have half forgotten. But you are in the metropolis of Latium. If you distrust your own knowledge, which I do not, especially from the specimen you have sent me, surely you must have good critics at your elbow to consult.

In truth, I do not love Roman inscriptions in lieu of our own language, though, if any were proper in an university—neither can I approve writing what the Romans themselves would not understand. What does it avail to give a Latin tail to a Guildhall? Though the word used by moderns, would *major* convey to Cicero the idea of a *mayor? Architectus*, I believe, is the right word; but I doubt whether *veteris-jam perantiquæ* is classic for a dilapidated building—but do not depend on me; consult some better judges.

Though I am glad of the late *revolution*, a word for which I have great reverence, I shall certainly not dispute with you thereon. I abhor exultation. If the change produces peace, I shall make a bonfire in my heart. Personal interest I have none; you and I shall certainly never profit by the politics to which we are attached. The archæologic epistle

I admire exceedingly, though I am sorry it attacks Mr. Bryant, whom I love and respect. The dean is so absurd an oaf, that he deserves to be ridiculed. Is any thing more hyperbolic than his preferences of Rowley to Homer, Shakspeare, and Milton? Whether Rowley or Chatterton was the author, are the poems in any degree comparable to those authors? is not a ridiculous author an object of ridicule? I do not even guess at your meaning in your conclusive paragraph on that subject. Dictionary-writer, I suppose, alludes to Johnson, but surely you do not equal the compiler of a dictionary to a genuine poet! Is a brickmaker on a level with Mr. Essex? Nor can I hold that exquisite wit and satire are Billingsgate; if they were, Milles and Johnson would be able to write an answer to the epistle. I do as little guess whom you mean that got a pension by toryism—if Johnson too, he got a pension for having abused pensioners, and yet took one himself, which was contemptible enough. Still less know I who preferred opposition to principles, which is not a very common case; whoever it was, as Pope says,

"The way he took was strangely round about."

With Mr. Chamberlayne I was very little acquainted, nor ever saw him six times in my life. It was with lord Walpole's branch he was intimate, and to whose eldest son Mr. Chamberlayne had been tutor. This poor gentleman had a most excellent character universally, and has been more feelingly regretted than almost any man I ever knew. This is all I am able to tell you. I forgot to say, I am also in the dark as to the person you guess for the author of the epistle. It cannot be the same person to whom it is generally attributed, who certainly neither has a pension, nor has deserted his principles, nor has reason to be jealous of those he laughed at; for their abilities are far below his. I do not mean that is his, but is attributed to him. It was sent to me, nor did I ever see a line of it till I read it in print. In one respect it is most credible to be his, for there are not two such inimitable poets in England. I smiled on reading it, and said to myself, "Dr. Glynn is well off to have escaped!" His language indeed about me has been Billingsgate; but peace be to his and the manes

of Rowley, if they have ghosts who never existed. The epistle has not put an end to that controversy, which was grown so tiresome. I rejoice at having kept my resolution of not writing a word more on that subject: The dean had swollen it to an enormous bladder; the archæologic poet pricked it with a pin; a sharp one indeed, and it burst. Pray send me a better account of yourself if you can.

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER CLXXVIII.

Berkeley-square, May 14th, 1782.

I AM very sorry for the shock you have had, in the loss of your niece, dear sir; and so I am for my old friend dr. Apthorpe. I would say more, but as I am confined with an uncommon complaint for me, a violent cold, cough, and tightness on my breast, for which I have been blooded two days together, with all possible success; yet as my arm is bound up, it is rather awkward to write—however, I could not help telling you, I partake of whatever affects you, nor defer complying with your request. I prefer sending a card, lest Margaret, who is no scholar but by rote, should make any mistake in giving her verbal or written orders—to which she is less accustomed than to cards.

I hope you will soon recover your indisposition and flurry; and am

Ever your's.

LETTER CLXXIX.

Berkeley-square, May 24th, 1782.

You are always kind to me, dear sir, in all respects, but I have been forced to recur to a rougher prescription than ass's milk. The pain and oppression on my breast obliged me to be blooded two days together, which removed my cold and fever; but, as I foresaw, left me the gout in their room. I have had it in my left foot and hand for a week, but it is going. This cold is very epidemic; I have at least half a dozen nieces and great nieces confined with it, but it is not dangerous or lasting. I shall send you, within this day or two, the new edition of my Anecdotes of Painting: you will find very little new; it is a cheap edition for the use of artists, and that at least they who really want the book, and not the curiosity, may have it, without being forced to give the outrageous price at which the Strawberry edition sells, merely because it is rare.

I could assure Mr. Gough, that the letter on Chatterton cost me very small pains. I had nothing to do but recollect and relate the exact truth. There has been published another piece on it, which I cannot tell whether meant to praise or blame me, so wretchedly is it written; and I have received another anonymous one, dated Oxford, (which may be to disguise Cambridge) and which professes to treat me very severely, though stuffed with fulsome compliments. It abuses me for speaking modestly of myself—a fault I hope I shall never mend; avows agreeing with me on the supposition of the poems, which may be a lie, for it is not uncharitable to conclude that an anonymous writer is a liar; acquits me of being at all accessory to the poor lad's catastrophe; and then, with most sensitive nerves, is shocked to death, and finds me guilty of it, for having, after it happened, dropped, that had he lived he might have fallen into more serious forgeries, though I declare that I never heard that he

did, To be sure, no Irishman ever blundered more than to accuse one of an *ex post facto* murder! If this Hibernian casuist is smitten enough with his own miscarriage to preserve it in a magazine-phial, I shall certainly not answer it, not even by this couplet which it suggested:

So fulsome, yet so captious too, to tell you much it grieves me,
That though your flattery makes me sick, your peevishness relieves me.

Adieu, my good sir—pray inquire for your books, if you do not receive them. They go by the Cambridge Fly.

Your's ever.

LETTER CLXXX.

Berkeley-square, June 1st, 1782.

I THANK you much, dear sir, for your kind intention about Elizabeth of York; but it would be gluttony and rapacity to accept her. I have her already in the picture of her marriage, which was lady Pomfret's, besides Vertue's print of her with her husband, son, and daughter-in-law. In truth, I have not room for any more pictures any where; yet, without plundering you, or without impoverishing myself, I have supernumerary pictures, with which I can furnish your vacancies; but I must get well first to look them out: as yet I cannot walk alone; and my posture, as you see, makes me write ill. It is impossible to recover in such weather—never was such a sickly time.

I have not yet seen bp. Newton's Life. I will not give three guineas for what I would not give three-pence, his Works—his Life, I conclude, will be borrowed by all the magazines, and there I shall see it.

I know nothing of *Acciliator*—I have forgotten some of my good Latin, and luckily never knew any bad, having always detested monkish barbarism. I have just finished Mr. Pennant's new volume; parts of which amused me, though I knew every syllable that was worth knowing before, for there is not a word of novelty; and it is tiresome his giving such long extracts out of Dugdale and other common books, and telling one long stories about all the most celebrated characters in the English history, besides panegyrics on all who shewed him their houses: but the prints are charming—though I cannot conceive why he gave one of the countess of Cumberland, who never did any thing worth memory, but recording the very night on which she conceived.

The Fair Circassian was written by a Mr. Pratt, who has published several works under the name of Courtney Melmoth. The play might have been written by Cumberland—it is bad enough. I did read the latter's coxcombical Anecdotes; but saw nothing on myself, except mention of my Painters. Pray what is the passage you mean on me or Vertue? Do not write on purpose to answer this—it is not worth while.

I have just bought a most curious old picture, a portrait of one of whom I never saw a head—it is Robert Vere, duke of Ireland, the great favourite of Richard II. It is evidently very ancient, being only part of a larger piece on board. Behind the head is this remnant of an inscription, which, being defective, and thence unintelligible, shews it is not an imposition—I mean not a modern cheat; though, perhaps, not a genuine portrait: here is what remains—

Ro*bert*	The syllables under which	Robertus Verus
Dux	I have drawn a line are evi-	Dux Hibernia
Dub*lin*	dently more recent, not on	Dubliniæ Marchio
Oxon	the same piece of board. I	Oxoniæ Comes
Baron	imagine the part wanting	Baro ——
Rari	might be, as I have supplied	
Bula	it, on the right hand,	
Nebo		
Ob. 1393.		

but I can make nothing of the three last pieces of words, which might be parts of Irish baronies. Will you be so good as to look into Collins's House of Vere, or Dugdale, &c. for I have no book in town. Let this too be at your leisure; for I am in no hurry, except to hear that you are better. Adieu.

LETTER CLXXXI.

Berkeley-square, June 21st, 1782.

It is no trouble, my good sir, to write to you, for I am as well recovered as I generally do. I am very sorry you do not, and especially in your hands, as your pleasure and comfort so much depend on them. Age is by no means a burden, while it does not subject one to depend on others; when it does, it reconciles one to quitting every thing—at least I believe you and I think so, who do not look on solitude as a calamity. I shall go to Strawberry to-morrow, and will, as I might have thought of doing, consult Dugdale and Collins for the duke of Ireland's inferior titles. Mr. Gough I shall be glad of seeing, when I am settled there, which will not be this fortnight.

I think there are but eleven parts of Marianne, and that it breaks off in the nunn's story, which promised to be very interesting. Marivaux never finished Marianne, nor the Paysan Parvenu (which was the case too with the younger Crebillon with Les Egaremens). I have seen two bad conclusions of Marianne by other hands.

Elizabeth of York I beg you will keep—I really have not a place for it; but I shall send you by Monday's Fly, four very indifferent pictures, which

will not deserve the smallest thanks: I shall be content if one of them will serve to fill your vacancy, and if the others will be of any use to you. If they are not, I asure you they are not worth returning, though I bought them all at Mr. Sheldon's in lots with other articles: one is a portrait of Selden; the three others are an altar-piece with doors, and arms, which, by the flourishing sort of mantle round them, seem to be Flemish or Dutch. Mr. Cumberland's *brusquerie* is not worth notice, nor did I remember it. Mr. Pennant's impetuosity you must overlook too, though I love your delicacy about your friend's memory. Nobody that knows you will suspect you of wanting it; but, in the ocean of books, that overflows every day, who will recollect a thousandth part of what is in most of them? By the number of writers one should naturally suppose there were multitudes of readers; but if there are, which I doubt, the latter only read the productions of the day. Indeed, if they did read former publications, they would have no occasion to read the modern, which, like Mr. Pennant's, are borrowed wholesale from the more ancient: it is sad to say, that the borrowers add little new but mistakes. I have just been turning over Mr. Nichols's eight volumes of Select Poems, which he has swelled unreasonably with large collops of old authors, most of whom little deserved revivifying. I bought them for the biographical notes, in which I have found both inaccuracies and blunders. For instance, one that made me laugh. In lord Lansdowne's Beauties he celebrates a lady, or Mrs. Vaughan. Mr. Nichols turns to the peerage of that time, and finds a duke of Bolton married a lady Ann Vaughan; he instantly sets her down for the lady in question, and introduces her to posterity as a beauty. Unluckily she was a monster—so ugly, that the duke, then marquis of Winchester, being forced by his father to marry her for her great fortune, was believed never to have consummated, and parted from her as soon as his father died; but, if our predecessors are exposed to these misrepresentations, what shall we be, when not only all private history is detailed in the newspapers, but scarce ever with tolerable fidelity! I have long said, that if a paragraph in a newspaper contains a word of truth, it is sure to be accompanied with two or three blunders —yet who will believe that papers, published in the face of the whole

town, should be nothing but magazines of lies, every one of which fifty persons could contradict and disprove? Yet so it certainly is, and future history will probably be ten times falser than all preceding. Adieu.

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER CLXXXII.

Strawberry-hill, July 23d, 1782.

I HAVE been more dilatory than usual, dear sir, in replying to your last, but it called for no particular answer, nor have I now any thing worth telling you. Mr. Gough and Mr. Nichols dined with me on Saturday last. I lent the former three-and-twenty drawings of monuments out of Mr. Lethuillier's books, for his large work, which will be a magnificent one. Mr. Nichols is, as you say, a very rapid editor, and I must commend him for being a very accurate one. I scarce ever saw a book so correct as his Life of Mr. Bowyer. I wish it deserved the pains he has bestowed on it every way, and that he would not dub so many men *great*. I have known several of his *heroes*, who were very *little* men. Dr. Meade had nothing but pretensions, and Philip Carteret Webbe was a sorry knave, with still less foundation. To what a slender total do those shrink who are the idols of their own age! How very few are known at all at the end of the next century! But there is a chapter in Voltaire that would cure any body of being a great man even in his own eyes. It is a chapter in which a Chinese goes into a bookseller's shop, and marvels at not finding any of his own country's classics. It is a chapter that ought never to be out of the sight of any vain author.

I have just got the catalogue of the MSS. in the Museum. It is every way piteously dear—the method is extremely puzzling, and the contents chiefly rubbish: who would give a rush for dr. Birch's correspondence? Many of the pieces are in print. In truth, I set little store by a collection of MSS. A work must be of little value that never could get into print; I mean, if it has existed half a century. The articles that diverted me most were an absolute novelty; I knew Henry 8th was a royal author, but not a royal quack. There are several receipts of his own, and this delectable one amongst others. "The king's grace's oyntement made at St. James's, to coole, and dry, and comfort the ——." Another, to the same purpose, was devised at *Cawoode*. Was not that an episcopal palace? How devoutly was the head of the church employed! I hope that you have recovered your spirits, and that summer, which is arrived at last, will make a great amendment in you.

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER CLXXXIII.

Strawberry-hill, Nov. 5, 1782.

I HAD begun a letter in answer to another person, which I have broken off on receiving your's, dear sir. I am exceedingly concerned at the bad account you give of yourself; and yet, on weighing it, I flatter myself that you are not only out of all danger, but have had a fortunate crisis, which I hope will prolong your life. A bile surmounted, is a present from nature to us, who are not boys—and though you speak as

weary of life from sufferings, and yet with proper resignation and philosophy, it does not frighten me, as I know that any humour and gathering even in the gum is strangely dispiriting.

I do not write merely from sympathizing friendship, but to beg that if your bile is not closed or healing, you will let me know, for the bark is essential, yet very difficult to have genuine. My apothecary here, I believe, has some very good, and I will send you some directly.

I will thank you, but not trouble you with an account of myself. I had no fit of the gout, nor any new complaint; but it is with the utmost difficulty I keep the humour from laming me entirely, especially in my hands, which are a mine of chalk stones; but, as they discharge themselves, I flatter myself they prevent heavier attacks.

I do take in the European Magazine, and think it in general one of the best. I forgot what was said of me—sometimes I am corrected, sometimes flattered, and care for neither. I have not seen the answer to Mr. Warton, but will send for it.

I shall not be sorry on my own account, if dr. Lort quits Lambeth, and comes to Saville-row, which is in my neighbourhood—but I did not think a wife was the stall where he would set up his staff.

You have given me the only reason why I cannot be quite sorry that you do not print what you had prepared for the press. No kind intention towards me from you surprises me—but then I want no new proofs. My wish, for whatever shall be the remainder of my life, is to be quiet and forgotten. Were my course to recommence, and could think in youth, as one does at sixty-five, I have no notion I should have courage to appear as an author. Do you know, too, that I look on fame now as the idlest of all visions! but this theme would lead me too far.

I collect a new comfort from your letter. The *writing* is much better than in most of your latest letters. If your pain were not ceased, you could not have formed your letters so firmly and distinctly. I will not say more, lest I should draw you into greater fatigue; let me have but a single line in answer.

Your's most cordially.

THE END.

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